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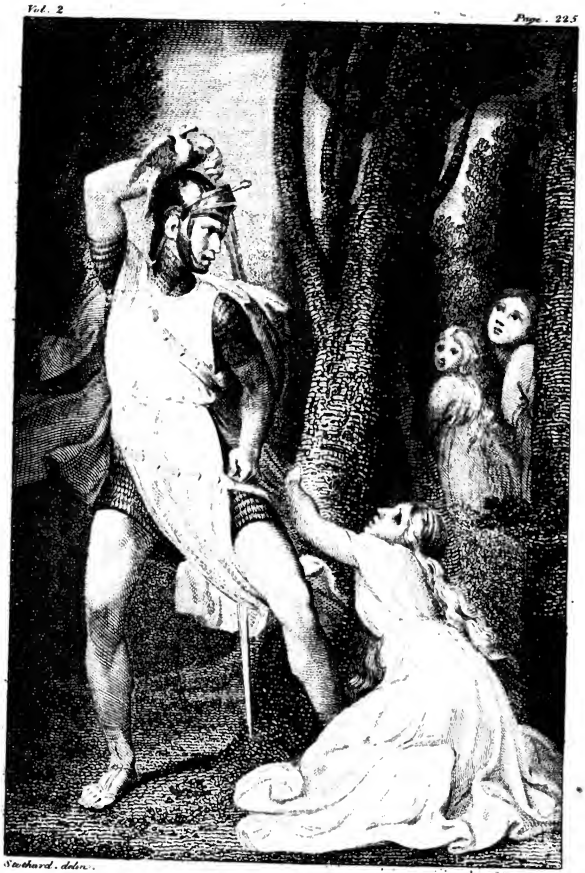

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BIBLIOTECA NAZ. VITTORIO EMANUELE

JERUSALEM DELIVERED;

AN

HEROIC POEM:

Tranſlated from the ITALIAN of

TORQUATO TASSO,

BY JOHN HOOLE.

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THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Chriſtians make a ſolemn proceſſion, and, with public prayers, implore the aſſiſtance of heaven. The next morning a general aſſault is given to the city; and numbers are ſlain on both ſides. A breach is made in the wall; Godfrey, preparing to enter firſt, is wounded by an arrow from Clorinda, and obliged to retire from the field. The day then ſeems to change in favour of the Pagans. Solyman and Argantes ſignalize themſelves. In the mean time Godfrey, being conveyed to his tent, is miraculouſly healed by an angel. He returns to the walls, and renews the attack, till night puts an end to the battle.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE Chriſtian leader now, with care oppreſs'd,
The near aſſault revolv'd within his breaſt:
But, while he haſtes his vaſt machines to frame,
Before his preſence reverend Peter came;
The hermit ſage apart the hero took,
And thus ſedate with awful words beſpoke.
You, mighty Prince! terreſtrial arms prepare,
But firſt another duty claims your care.
To heav'n your thoughts be turn'd, your vows be paid,
And call the angels and the ſaints to aid:
With public pray'rs their ſuccour ſeek to gain,
So may your arms the wiſh'd ſucceſs obtain.
Then let the prieſthood in proceſſion move,
And humbly ſupplicate the pow'rs above:

And you, O chiefs! the vulgar herd inſpire,
And kindle in their ſouls devotion's fire.
  Severely thus the holy hermit ſaid;
Th' obſervant leader his advice obey'd.
O ſervant, lov'd of JESUS! (he reply'd)
Well pleas'd I follow where thy counſels guide.
While I the chieftains of the camp invite,
Call thou the people's paſtors to the rite,
William and Ademar, (a reverend pair)
Thine be the ſacred pomp, and thine the care!
  Soon as th' enſuing morning's light aroſe,
The hermit with the prieſts aſſembled goes,
Where in a vale, to worſhip ſacred made,
The Chriſtians oft their pure devotions paid.
Robes, white as ſnow, the prieſtly band enfold;
The paſtors ſhone in mantles rich with gold,
That hung divided on their breaſts before,
And hallow'd wreaths around their brows they wore.
  Firſt Peter leads, and waves aloft in air
The ſign which ſaints in Paradiſe revere:

Ver. 25. *Soon as th' enſuing morning's light aroſe.*] Hiſtory relates, that before the general aſſault, the litany was chanted with a ſolemn religious proceſſion. I have elſewhere obſerved, and I believe the reader will agree with me, that the following paſſage, for ſolemnity of deſcription, is equal to any part of the poem.

Next

Next in two ranks, with ſolemn ſteps and ſlow,
The tuneful choir in lengthen'd order go:
Then, ſide by ſide, the holy chiefs appear,
William and Ademar, and cloſe the rear:
Next Godfrey comes, like one of high command,
Alone and foremoſt of his martial band.
By two and two the field the leaders tread;
Then, ſheath'd in arms, the warrior-hoſt ſucceed.
Thus from the trenches move the pious train,
Sedate and ſilent ſtretching o'er the plain;
Nor clang of arms, nor trumpet's ſound is heard,
But holy hymns from humble hearts preferr'd.
Thee, FATHER! firſt, omnipotent, they ſung,
Thee, SON, coequal! from the FATHER ſprung:
Thee, SPIRIT! in whoſe influence both combine;
Thee, Virgin-mother of the man divine!
And you, ye leaders! who in heaven above
Th' effulgent bands in triple circles move:
And thee, whoſe hand baptiz'd th' incarnate God
With the pure ſtream in Jordan's hallow'd flood.

Ver. 51. *And you, ye leaders!*—] The angelical orders thus claſſed by the theological writers of that time, ſeraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominations, principalities, and powers; virtues, angels, and archangels. Thus Milton:

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers!

Thee, Peter! they invoke in ſongs of praiſe,
The rock on which heav'n fix'd, his church to raiſe;
Where now thy great deſcendant holds the place,
T' uncloſe the gates of pardon and of grace:
And all the nunciates of th' ethereal reign,
Who teſtify'd the glorious death to man:
With thoſe, the martyrs for the truth, who ſtood
To ſeal the precious doctrine with their blood:
And thoſe, whoſe words or writings taught the way
To the loſt regions of eternal day:
And her, the damſel true, of Chriſt belov'd,
Whoſe pious choice the better life approv'd;
The virgins chaſte, in lonely cells enclos'd,
By myſtic rites to heav'n alone eſpous'd:
With every other name in torments try'd,
Whoſe zeal the nations and their kings defy'd!

Thus chanting hymns devout, the numerous train,
In ample circuit, mov'd along the plain:
Their penſive march to Olivet they frame,
(Fruitful in olives, whence it bears the name;
Eaſtward it riſes from the ſacred town,
A mount by fame through every region known)
So paſs the tuneful bands with cadence ſweet,
The hollow vales the lengthen'd notes repeat;

The

The winding caverns and the mountains high
A thouſand echoes to the ſounds reply.
Meantime, in wonder fix'd, the pagan band
All huſh'd and ſilent on the ramparts ſtand;
Struck with their ſolemn pace, their humble tone,
The pomp unuſual, and the rites unknown.
But when their wonder ceas'd, th' ungodly crew
From impious tongues blaſpheming curſes threw:
With barb'rous ſhouts they ſhake the bulwarks round,
The hills and vallies to the noiſe reſound!
But not their courſe the Chriſtian powers refrain,
Nor ceaſe their ritual or melodious ſtrain;
Fearleſs they move, nor heed the clamours more
Than cries of birds loquacious on the ſhore.
Then on the ſummit of the hill they rear'd
A ſplendid altar, for the prieſt prepar'd;
On either ſide, refulgent to behold,
A beamy lamp was plac'd of burniſh'd gold!
There William now, in coſtlier robes array'd,
His reverend homage at the altar paid;
There, with low voice, his humble ſuit prefers,
And ſupplicates with vows and holy prayers.

Ver. 73. *Their penſive march to Olivet they frame.*
81. —— *the pagan band*
All huſh'd and ſilent —] All theſe circumſtances are taken from the hiſtory.

Devoutly huſh'd the near aſſiſtants ſtand;
With eyes intent behold the diſtant band!
But when compleat the myſtic rites were ceas'd,
The ſacred fire th' attending train diſmiſs'd,
And with his prieſtly hand the ſquadrons bleſs'd.
The pious troops return (this duty o'er)
And tread the path their feet had trod before:
'Till, at the vale arriv'd, their ranks they broke,
When to the tents his courſe the hero took:
With ſmiles he parted from the vulgar band,
But there the captains of his hoſt detain'd
To due repaſt; and full before him plac'd
Thoulouſe's valiant earl with honours grac'd:
The call of thirſt and hunger now repreſt,
The chief of chiefs his leaders thus addreſs'd.
Soon as the morn aſcends her early throne,
Riſe all in arms t' aſſault Judæa's town:
Be that the day t' invade our impious foe,
The preſent hours to needful taſks beſtow.
This ſaid, the chiefs depart; with trumpet's ſound
Th' obedient heralds ſend his mandates round;
And bid each ardent warrior riſe to fight,
Array'd in armour, with the dawning light.
In different works the tedious day they waſte,
And various thoughts revolve in every breaſt,

Till

Till welcome night, that irkſome care relieves,
A grateful truce to mortal labour gives.
Aurora ſtill with doubtful luſtre gleams,
Scarce has the dawn diſplay'd her orient beams;
No ſtubborn ploughs the yielding furrows tear,
No watchful ſhepherds to the meads repair;
Each bird ſecure his peaceful ſlumber takes;
Nor hound nor horn the ſilent foreſt wakes:
When now the trumpet's echoes rouze the morn,
To arms! to arms! the vaulted ſkies return:
To arms! to arms! with univerſal cry
A hundred legions to the notes reply.
Firſt Godfrey roſe, but now neglects to bear
His ponderous cuiraſs, oft approv'd in war;
A ſlight defence the fearleſs hero choſe,
And o'er his limbs the lighter burthen throws;
Arm'd like the meaneſt of the martial name;
When aged Raymond to his preſence came:
Soon as he view'd the chief, his thoughts divin'd
What deed the leader's ſecret ſoul deſign'd.
Where is thy corſlet's maſſy weight (he cry'd)
Where all thy other arms of temper try'd?
What doſt thou ſeek? a private palm to gain,
To ſcale the walls amongſt the vulgar train?

Think

Think not this taſk a gen'ral's ſword demands:
Such dangers leave to leſs important hands.
Reſume thy arms: regard thy ſafety moſt,
And ſave a life, the ſpirit of our hoſt.

He ceas'd. The gen'rous leader thus reply'd:
When holy Urban girded to my ſide
This ſword in Clarmont; and when firſt 'twas giv'n
To Godfrey's hand to wage the wars of heav'n,
To God I vow'd my ſocial arms to wield,
A private warrior in the dangerous field.
Since I have every duty now diſplay'd
As fits a chief by whom the hoſt is led;
It next remains (with juſtice ſhalt thou own)
To march in equal arms t'aſſault the town.
Thus ſhall I keep the faith to heaven I gave;
His hand ſhall lead me, and his power ſhall ſave.

This ſaid; his brethren ſoon th'example took;
Each knight of France his heavy arms forſook;
The other chiefs leſs cumberous harneſs choſe,
And boldly march'd on foot t'invade the foes.

Ver. 155. *When holy Urban girded to my ſide*
This ſword in Clarmont —] Pope Urban went in perſon to the council of Clarmont, a city of France, where he appointed numbers to the cruſade, and among the firſt Godfrey, giving to each adventurer the ſacred badge of the expedition.

Alike prepar'd the pagan troops aſcend
Where tow'rds the north the crooked ramparts bend;
And where the weſt ſurveys the riſing towers,
Of leaſt defence againſt the hoſtile powers:
For, well ſecur'd on ev'ry part beſide,
The town th' attempts of all their hoſt defy'd.
Nor here alone the tyrant's watchful care
Had plac'd the beſt and braveſt of the war;
But, ſummon'd in this utmoſt riſque of ſtate,
Old age and childhood ſhare the toils of fate:
Theſe to the brave ſupply (as time requires)
Sulphur, and ſtones, and darts, and miſſile fires.
With vaſt machines and arms the walls they ſtow,
Whoſe riſing height commands the plain below;
There from aloft, the ſoldan ſtrikes the eyes,
In form a giant of ſtupendous ſize!
There on the ramparts, flaming from afar,
The fierce Argantes tow'rs with threatening air:
And where the higheſt fort its ſummit rears,
The fam'd Clorinda o'er the reſt appears,
And ſtor'd with darts her deadly quiver bears.
Already in her hand the bow ſhe tries,
Now ſtrains the nerve, and now the ſhaft applies.
Eager to ſtrike, the lovely archer ſtands,
And waits, with longing eyes, the hoſtile bands.

So

So feign'd of old, from heaven's ethereal height,
The Delian virgin dealt a feather'd flight.
  The hoary king, forgetful of his ſtate,
Within the city moves from gate to gate;
Renews again his orders on the wall,
And breathes a hope and confidence in all;
Here adds ſupplies of men, and there provides
Freſh ſtore of arms, and o'er the whole preſides.
But to the fanes the matrons ſad repair,
And ſeek their fabled god with fruitleſs prayer.
  O! hear our vows! thy righteous arm advance,
And ſudden break the Chriſtian robber's lance!
And him who dares thy hallow'd name offend,
Now prone beneath the lofty gates extend!
  While thus the city bends her different cares,
The pious chief his arms and troops prepares:
And firſt he leads the foot, a numerous train,
In ſkilful order marſhal'd on the plain:
Then in two ſquadrons he divides his powers
T' attack, on either ſide, the hoſtile towers.
The huge baliſtæ in the midſt appear,
And every dreadful implement of war;
Whence on the walls, like thunderbolts, are thrown
Enormous darts, and crags of ponderous ſtone.

The

The heavy arm'd the weaker foot ſuſtain;
The lighter horſe are ſent to ſcour the plain.
At length the word is giv'n, the ſignals ſound;
The bows are bent, the ſlings are whirl'd around:
Their deathful rage the mighty engines pour,
And gall the pagans with a rocky ſhower:
Some quit their poſts, and others headlong fall,
And thinn'd appear the ranks that guard the wall.
The Franks, impatient now to prove their force,
More near the walls advance with eager courſe.
Some, ſhield to ſhield in cloſeſt texture laid,
Above their heads an ample covering made:
And ſome, beneath machines, in ſafety move,
A ſure defence from falling ſtones above.
And now the foſſe th' advancing ſoldiers gain,
And ſeek the depth to level with the plain.
(The bottom firm a ſafe foundation ſhow'd)
This ſoon they fill'd, a late impervious road!
Adraſtus foremoſt of the troop appears,
And 'gainſt the walls a ſcaling-ladder rears:
Boldly he mounts, while round his head they pour
The ſtones and ſulphur in a mingled ſhower:
The fierce Helvetian wond'ring crowds ſurvey,
Who now had finiſh'd half his airy way:

When

When lo! with fury ſent, a rugged ſtone,
With rapid force, as from an engine thrown,
(Sent by the vigour of Circaſſia's knight)
Struck on his helm, and hurl'd him from his height.
Nor wound enſu'd, nor mortal was the ſtroke,
Yet prone he tumbled, ſenſeleſs with the ſhock.
Then thus Argantes with a threatening cry:
Fall'n is the firſt: who dares the ſecond try?
Behold, I fearleſs ſtand before your ſight,
Why, warriors! drew ye not to open fight?
Think not thoſe ſheds can fence your daſtard train,
For you, like beaſts, ſhall in your caves be ſlain!
He ſaid; yet not for this the Chriſtians ſtay;
But in their coverts ſtill purſue their way:
While others on their fencing bucklers bear
The ſtorm of arrows, and the rattling war.
Now to the walls the battering rams drew nigh,
Enormous engines, dreadful to the eye!
Strong iron plates their maſſy heads compoſe:
The gates and ramparts fear th' approaching blows.
'Gainſt theſe a hundred hands their aid ſupply,
And roll vaſt beams and ruins from on high;
The ponderous fragments thunder on the fields;
At once they break the well-compacted ſhields,
And the cruſh'd helmet to the fury yields!

The

The plain is ſtrewn with arms, and cover'd o'er
With ſhatter'd bones, and brains, and mingled gore!
The fierce aſſailants now, for bolder fight,
Forth from their covert ruſh'd to open light:
Some place their ladders, and the height aſcend;
Againſt the ramparts ſome their engines bend.
The rams begin to ſhake the batter'd wall,
The nodding bulwarks threat a ſudden fall.
But, watchful, from the town the foes prepare
Each various method of defenſive war:
And where the forceful beams impetuous drove,
A maſs of wool, ſuſpended from above,
Whoſe yielding ſubſtance breaks the dreadful blows,
The wary pagans 'gainſt the ſtorm oppoſe.
While thus, with dauntleſs hearts, the warrior-train
Againſt the walls the bold attack maintain;
Sev'n times her twanging bow Clorinda drew,
As oft her arrow from the bow-ſtring flew;
And every ſhaft that to the plain ſhe ſped,
Its ſteel and feathers dy'd with bluſhing red.
The nobleſt warriors drench'd her weapons o'er,
She ſcorn'd to dip their points in vulgar gore.
The firſt who, 'midſt the tumult of the war,
Felt her keen darts, was England's youngeſt care;

Scarce

Scarce from his fence his head appear'd in view,
When, wing'd with ſpeed, the vengeful arrow flew:
Swift thro' his better hand it held its courſe,
Nor could the ſteely gauntlet ſtop the force.
Diſabled thus, with grief he left the plain,
And deeper groan'd with anger than with pain.
Then, near the foſſe, the earl of Amboiſe fell:
Clotharius mounting found the deadly ſteel.
That, pierc'd from back to breaſt, reluctant dy'd:
This headlong fell, transfix'd from ſide to ſide.
The Flemiſh chief the battering engine heav'd,
When his left arm the ſudden wound receiv'd:
He ſtay'd, and furious ſtrove to draw the dart,
But left the ſteel within the wounded part.
To reverend Ademar, who, plac'd afar,
Uncautious ſtood to view the raging war,
The fatal reed arriv'd, his front it found;
He try'd to wrench the weapon from the wound;
Another dart, with equal fury ſent,
Transfix'd his hand, and thro' his viſage went.
He fell, and falling, pour'd a purple flood,
And ſtain'd the virgin-ſhaft with holy blood.
As Palamede to ſcale the bulwarks ſtrove,
In his right eye the fatal arrow drove,

Through

Through all the optic nerves its paſſage tore,
And iſſu'd at his nape beſmear'd with gore:
At once he tumbles with a dreadful fall,
And dies beneath the well-conteſted wall!
While thus the virgin round her ſhafts beſtows,
With new devices Godfrey preſs'd his foes:
Aſide he brought againſt a portal near,
The largeſt of his huge machines of war;
A tower of wood, ſtupendous to the ſight,
Whoſe top might mate the lofty ramparts height:
Its ample womb could arms and men contain,
And, roll'd on wheels, it mov'd along the plain.
Near and more near the bulk enormous drew,
While from within the darts and javelins flew.
But, from the threaten'd walls, the wary foes
With ſpears and ſtones th' advancing pile oppoſe:
Againſt the front and ſides their ſtrokes they bend,
And heavy fragments on the wheels they ſend.
So thick, on either ſide, the javelins pour,
The air is darken'd with the miſſile ſhow'r:
Cloud meets with cloud; and, claſhing in the ſky,
Back to the ſenders oft the weapons fly.
As from the trees are torn the ſhatter'd leaves,
What time the grove the ſtormy hail receives;

As ripen'd fruit from loaded branches falls:
So fell the pagans from the lofty walls;
While others that ſurviv'd, with deep diſmay,
Fled from the huge machine's tremendous ſway.
Not ſo the ſoldan; fearleſs he remain'd,
And with him many on the height detain'd.
Then fierce Argantes thither bent his courſe,
And ſeiz'd a beam t'oppoſe the hoſtile force:
Firm in his hand th' enormous weight he held,
By this his mighty ſtrength the tower repell'd
And kept aloof. With theſe the martial * fair
Appear'd, their glory and their toils to ſhare.
Meanwhile, with ſcythes prepar'd, the Franks divide
The cords to which the woolly fence is ty'd;
No more ſuſtain'd, at once on earth it falls,
And undefended leaves the threaten'd walls.
Now from the Chriſtian tower more fierce below,
The thundering ram redoubles every blow.
A breach is made: when, fir'd with martial fame,
The mighty Godfrey to the bulwarks came:
His body cover'd with his ampleſt ſhield,
(A weight his arm was ſeldom wont to wield)
He ſaw, as round he caſt his careful view,
Where from the walls fierce Solyman withdrew,
And ſwift to guard the dangerous paſſage flew;

* Clorinda.

While

While ſtill Clorinda and Circaſſia's knight
Maintain'd their ſtation on the rampart's height.
He ſees, and inſtant from Sigero's hands
A lighter buckler and his bow demands.
Myſelf (he cries) will firſt the deed eſſay
Thro' yon diſjointed ſtones to force the way:
'Tis time to ſhew ſome act that merits praiſe,
That may to either hoſt our glory raiſe.

Then, changing ſhields, he ſcarce the word had ſaid,
When from the wall a vengeful arrow fled:
The deſtin'd paſſage in his leg it found,
Where ſtrong each nerve, and painful is the wound.
The deadly ſhaft from thee, Clorinda! came,
To thee alone the world aſcribes the fame:
This day, preſerv'd by thy unerring bow,
Thy pagan friends to thee their ſafety owe.
But ſtill his troops the dauntleſs leader fires,
Still o'er the works his daring foot aſpires:
'Till now he feels the wound's increaſing pains;
No more the leg his ſinking bulk ſuſtains:
To noble Guelpho then a ſign he made:
Behold compell'd I leave the field (he ſaid)
Thou, in my place, a leader's taſk ſuſtain,
And, in my abſence, head my ſocial train.

Soon will I turn, the combat to renew—
He ſaid, and on a courſer thence withdrew,
Yet not unnoted by the pagan crew.
Thus parts th' unwilling hero from his poſt,
And with him fortune quits the Chriſtian hoſt:
While on the adverſe ſide their force increas'd,
And hope, rekindling, dawn'd in every breaſt.
In every Chriſtian heart now terrors roſe,
And chilling fears their former ardor froze:
Already flew their weapons ſlow to wound,
And their weak trumpets breath'd a fainter ſound.
Now on the ramparts height again appear
The bands, ſo late diſpers'd with coward fear.
Incited by Clorinda's glorious fires,
Their country's love the female train inſpires:
Eager they run to prove the taſks of war,
With veſtments girded and diſhevel'd hair:
They hurl the dart; nor fear, where danger calls,
T' expoſe their boſoms for their native walls.
But that which moſt the Franks with doubts oppreſs'd,
And baniſh'd fear from every pagan breaſt,
The mighty Guelpho, 'midſt the rage of fight,
Fell by a wound, in either army's ſight:

Amongſt

Amongſt a thouſand fates, on earth o'erthrown,
Sent from afar he felt the miſſile ſtone.
Another ſtone alike on Raymond flew,
And prone to earth the hoary warrior threw.
While in the foſſe the brave Euſtatius ſtood,
A weapon deeply drank his gen'rous blood.
This hour (ill fated for the Chriſtian train)
No pagan weapon flies, which flies in vain.
Fir'd with ſucceſs, and ſwell'd to loftier pride,
The fierce Circaſſian rais'd his voice and cry'd.
  Not Antioch this; nor now the ſhades extend,
The ſhades of night that Chriſtian frauds befriend!
A wakeful foe ye view, an open light,
Far other forms, far other taſks of ſight!
No ſparks of glory now your ſoul inflame,
No more ye thirſt for plunder or for fame;
Do ye ſo ſoon from weak attacks refrain?
O! leſs than women, in the ſhape of men!
  He ſpoke, and ſcorn'd, in narrow walls confin'd,
To hide the purpoſe of his daring mind:
With eager bounds he ſeeks the wall below,
Where gaping ſtones a dangerous paſſage ſhow.
While dauntleſs there to guard the paſs he flies,
To Solyman, who ſtood beſide, he cries.

BIBLIOTECA NAZ.

Lo! Solyman, the place, the deſtin'd hour,
In danger's field to prove our martial pow'r:
Why this delay? O! rouze thy noble fire;
Who prizes fame muſt here to fame aſpire.
He ſaid: and either warrior's ardor grows:
At once they iſſue where the combat glows,
And, unexpected, thunder on the foes.
Beneath their arms what numbers preſs the ground,
What broken ſhields and helms are ſcatter'd round!
What rams and ladders cleft in ruins fall,
And raiſe new ramparts for the ſhatter'd wall!
Now thoſe, who lately hop'd the town to gain,
Can ſcarce in arms the doubtful fight maintain.
At length they yield, and to the furious pair
Reſign their engines and machines of war.
The pagan chiefs, as native fury ſway'd,
With dreadful ſhouts invoke the city's aid:
Now here, now there, they call for fiery brands,
And arm with flaming pines their dreadful hands;
Then on th' tower with furious haſte they bend:
So from the black Tartarian gates aſcend
Pluto's dire miniſters, (tremendous names!)
With hiſſing ſerpents and infernal flames!
Tancred, no leſs with thirſt of fame inſpir'd,
In other parts his hardy Latians fir'd!

When

When now the ſpreading carnage he beheld,
And ſaw the torches blazing o'er the field,
He left the walls, and turn'd his rapid courſe
T' oppoſe the Saracens' impetuous force:
He comes, he turns the ſcale of victory;
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors fly!
  Thus ſtood the war, while from the martial band
His lofty tent the wounded leader gain'd.
Baldwin and good Sigero near him ſtood,
And round of mourning friends a penſive crowd.
He ſtrove to draw the ſhaft with eager ſpeed,
And broke within the fleſh the feather'd reed:
Then ſwift he bade explore the wounded part,
And bare a paſſage for the barbed dart.
Reſtore me ſwift to arms (the hero cries)
Ere riſing night th' unfiniſh'd ſtrife ſurprize.
Now old Erotimus t' aſſiſt him ſtood,
Who drew his birth by Po's imperial flood;
Who well the pow'r of healing ſimples knew,
The force of plants and every virtuous dew:
Dear to the muſe; but, pleas'd with lowly fame,
He gain'd by private arts an humbler name.
His ſkill could mortals from the grave reprieve;
His verſe could bid their names for ever live.

All unconcern'd the godlike chief appears,
While every pale aſſiſtant melts in tears.
The ſage phyſician for the taſk prepares,
He girds his veſture, and his arm he bares;
With lenient med'cine bathes th' afflicted part,
And with a gentle hand attempts the dart;
With pincers next the ſtubborn ſteel he ſtrains,
Yet fix'd it ſtands, and mocks his utmoſt pains.
What means ſhall next his baffled art deviſe,
Since fortune thus her favouring aid denies?
Full ſoon the chief th' increaſing anguiſh found,
And fleeting life hung doubtful in the wound.
But now the guardian angel, touch'd with grief,
From Ida's ſummit brought the wiſh'd relief;
A branch of dittany, of wonderous pow'r,
Whoſe downy foliage bears a purple flower:
By nature taught (th' inſtructreſs of their kind)
The mountain goats its ſecret virtue find,
What time they feel the winged dart from far,
And in their wounded ſides the arrow bear.
With this, tho' diſtant thence the region lies,
The pitying angel in a moment flies:
Unſeen, with this, the vaſe prepar'd he fills,
And odoriferous panacy diſtils.

The

The leech anoints the part, and, (ſtrange to tell!)
Loos'd from the wound, the ſhaft ſpontaneous fell:
The blood forbore to flow, the anguiſh ceas'd,
And ſtrength, return'd, in every nerve increas'd.
Then thus Erotimus with wonder cries!
No ſkill of mine thy ſudden cure ſupplies:
A greater power his timely aid extends,
Some guardian angel from his heaven deſcends:
I ſee celeſtial hands!—To arms! to arms!
Return, and rouze again the war's alarms!

He ſaid; and Godfrey, eager for the fight,
Soon o'er his thighs diſpos'd the cuiſhes bright;
He ſhook his ponderous lance, his helmet lac'd,
And his forſaken ſhield again embrac'd.
He moves; a thouſand on his ſteps attend;
Thence to the town their rapid march they bend,
With clouds of duſt the face of heaven is ſpread,
Wide ſhakes the earth beneath the warrior's tread.
The foes behold the ſquadron drawing near,
And feel their blood congeal'd with chilling fear.
Thrice on the field his voice the hero rear'd;
Full well the welcome ſound his people heard;
The ſound that oft was wont to chear the fight;
Then, fir'd anew, they rouze their fainting might.

Still

Still at the walls, the haughty pagan pair,
Plac'd in the breach, ſupport the dangerous war;
Firm in the paſs a bold defence maintain,
'Gainſt noble Tancred and his valiant train.

Now, ſheath'd in arms, the glorious chief drew nigh,
Diſdain and anger flaſhing from his eye:
On fierce Argantes all his force he bends,
And 'gainſt the foe his lance impatient ſends.
Not with more noiſe ſome ſtone enormous flies,
Sent by an engine through th' affrighted ſkies;
Through ſounding air its courſe the jav'lin held;
Argantes, fearleſs, lifts th' oppoſing ſhield:
The riven target to the force gives way,
Nor can the corſlet's plates the fury ſtay:
Through ſhatter'd armour flies the miſſive wood,
And dips it thirſty point in Pagan blood:
Swift from his ſide the lance Argantes drew,
And to its lord again the weapon threw;
Receive thy own, he cry'd—but, ſtooping low,
The wary Chriſtian diſappoints the foe:
The deadly point the good Sigero found,
Full in his throat he felt the piercing wound:
Yet with a ſecret joy he ſunk in death,
Pleas'd in his ſovereign's ſtead to yield his breath.

A craggy flint the raging ſoldan threw;
Reſiſtleſs on the Norman chief it flew;
Stunn'd with the dreadful blow he reel'd around,
Then ſudden tumbled headlong to the ground.
No longer Godfrey now his wrath repell'd,
Graſp'd in his hand the flaming ſword he held;
And now to nearer fight his foes defy'd:
What deeds had ſoon been wrought on either ſide!
But night, to check their rage, her veil diſplay'd,
And wrapt the warring world in peaceful ſhade:
Then Godfrey, ceaſing, left th' unfiniſh'd fray.
So clos'd the dreadful labours of the day!

But, ere the chief retir'd, with pious care,
He bade the wounded from the field to bear:
Nor would he leave (a welcome prey) behind
His warlike engines to the foes reſign'd.
Safe from the walls he drew the loftieſt tower,
Tho' broke and cruſh'd with many a horrid ſhower.
So ſeems a ſhip from ſeas and tempeſts borne,
Her planks all ſhatter'd and her canvas torn,
When, 'ſcap'd from furious winds and roaring tides,
Within the port ſhe ſcarce ſecurely rides.
The broken wheels no more the tower ſuſtain,
Heavy and ſlow it drags along the plain,
The weight ſupported by th' aſſiſting train.

And

And now the workmen haſte, with ready care,
To ſearch the pile, and every breach repair:
So Godfrey bade, who will'd that morning light
Should view the wonderous tower renew'd for fight:
On every ſide his watchful thoughts he caſt,
And guards around the lofty engine plac'd.
But, from the walls, their ſpeech the Pagans hear,
And ſtrokes of hammers breaking on the ear:
A thouſand torches gild the duſky air,
And all their purpoſe and their toils declare.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

Argantes and Clorinda undertake by night to burn the tower of the Chriſtians. Arſetes, who had brought up Clorinda from her infancy, endeavours to diſſuade her from the enterprize, but in vain: he then relates to her the ſtory of her birth. The two adventurers ſally from the town, and ſet fire to the tower: the Chriſtians take arms: Argantes retreats before them, and gains the city in ſafety; but the gates being ſuddenly cloſed, Clorinda is left amongſt the enemy. Tancred, not knowing her, purſues her as ſhe is retiring towards the walls. They engage in a dreadful combat: Clorinda is ſlain, but, before ſhe dies, receives baptiſm from the hand of Tancred. His grief and lamentation.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

'TWAS night; but either hoſt, with cares oppreſs'd,
Reliev'd not yet their toils with balmy reſt;
Here, under covert of the gloomy hour,
The buſy Franks repair'd their batter'd tower;
And there the pagans, preſs'd with equal care,
Review'd their bulwarks tottering from the war,
And propp'd the walls. Alike on either ſide,
The warriors' wounds each ſkilful leech employ'd.
Now deeper darkneſs brooded on the ground,
And many an eye was clos'd in ſleep profound:
But not in ſlumber ſunk the * martial dame,
Whoſe generous boſom ever pants for fame:

* CLORINDA.

With

With her Argantes join'd the watch partook;
Then thus in ſecret to her ſoul ſhe ſpoke.
What wonderous praiſe has Solyman obtain'd!
What, by his deeds to-day, Argantes gain'd!
Alone, amidſt yon numerous hoſt to go,
And cruſh the engines of the Chriſtian foe!
While I (how poor the vaunted fame I ſhare!)
Here plac'd aloft maintain'd a diſtant war:
'Tis true my ſhafts may boaſt ſucceſsful aim:
And is this all a woman's hand can claim?
'Twere better far in woods and wilds to chace
And pierce with darts remote the ſavage race,
Than here, when manly valour braves the field,
Appear a maid in feats of arms unſkill'd.
She ſaid; and ſoon revolving in her breaſt
Heroic deeds, Argantes thus addreſs'd.
Long has my ſoul unuſual ardor prov'd,
And various thoughts this reſtleſs boſom mov'd:
I know not whether God th' attempt inſpires,
Or man can form a God of his deſires.
See! from yon vale the Chriſtians' glimmering light—
My mind impels me, this auſpicious night
To burn their tower; at leaſt the deed be try'd,
And for th' event let heaven alone provide.

But

But ſhould it chance (the fate of war unknown)
The foes forbid me to regain the town;
I leave my damſel-train thy care to prove,
And one that loves me with a father's love:
Protect them, chief! and ſafe to Egypt ſend
My mourning virgins, and my aged friend:
O grant my prayer!—This duty from thy hands
Thoſe claim by ſex, and this by age demands.
With wonder fill'd, Argantes heard the dame,
And caught the kindling ſparks of generous flame,
Then ſhalt thou go, and leave me here behind,
Deſpis'd (he cry'd) among th' ignoble kind?
Think'ſt thou I ſhall behold with joyful eyes,
Secur'd, afar the curling flames ariſe?
No—if in arms I ever grac'd thy ſide,
Still let me here thy doubtful chance divide,
I too can boaſt a heart deſpiſing death,
That prizes honour, cheaply bought with breath!
O generous chief! (reply'd the fearleſs maid)
In ſuch reſolves thy virtue ſtands diſplay'd:
Yet here permit me to depart alone,
A loſs like mine ſhall ne'er diſtreſs the town:
But (Heaven avert the omen!) ſhould'ſt thou fall,
What hand ſhall longer guard Judæa's wall?

In vain is each pretence (the knight rejoin'd)
For fix'd remains the purpoſe of my mind:
Behold I tread the path thy feet ſhall lead,
But if refus'd, myſelf will dare the deed.

This ſaid, they ſought the careful king, who ſate
In nightly council for the public ſtate:
There midſt the brave and wiſe (an awful train)
They came, and firſt Clorinda thus began.

Vouchſafe a while, O king! to bend thy ear,
And what we proffer with acceptance hear:
Argantes vows (nor vainly boaſts the power)
With vengeful flames to burn yon hoſtile tower:
Myſelf will aid—our courſe alone we ſtay,
Till added toil the foes in ſlumber lay.

To heaven his trembling hands the monarch rears,
His wrinkled cheeks are wet with joyful tears:
All praiſe to thee, O guardian power! (he cries)
Who ſtill thy people view'ſt with gracious eyes!
Long wilt thou yet preſerve my threaten'd reign,
When ſouls like theſe the town's defence maintain.
For you, ye pair! what praiſes can I find?
What gifts to equal your heroic mind?
Fame ſhall to diſtant times your worth proclaim,
And earth aloud repeat each glorious name.

Your

Your deed be your reward—to this receive
Such recompence as fits a king to give.
Thus Aladine; and, as he ſpoke, he preſs'd,
Now this, now that, with tranſport to his breaſt.
No more the liſtening ſoldan could controul
The generous emulation in his ſoul:
Think not (he cry'd) in vain this ſword I wear,
This hand with you ſhall every labour bear.
Then let us iſſue all (the maid rejoin'd)
Should'ſt thou depart, who dares remain behind?
And now, with envy fill'd and jealous pride,
Argantes his conſent had here deny'd;
But ſtrait the word Judæa's monarch took,
And mildly thus the chief of Nice beſpoke.
Intrepid warrior! whom no dangers fright,
Nor toil can weary in the day of fight:
Full well I deem that, iſſuing on the foe,
Thy deeds would worthy of thy courage ſhow:
But much unmeet it ſeems, that, parting all,
None, fam'd in arms, remain within the wall.
Nor would I theſe permit th' attempt to dare,
(So high their ſafety and their lives I bear)
Were this a work of leſs important kind,
Or meaner hands could act the part deſign'd.

But ſince, ſo well 'gainſt ev'ry chance diſpos'd,
The lofty tower is round with guards enclos'd,
No little force can hope the paſs to gain;
Nor muſt we iſſue with a numerous train;
Let theſe who claim the taſk, this valiant pair,
Oft prov'd before in every riſk of war,
Let theſe alone depart, in happy hour,
Whoſe ſtrength is equal to a legion's power;
While thou, as beſt befits thy regal ſtate,
Here with the reſt remain within the gate.
And when (ſo fate ſucceed the glorious aim)
Theſe ſhall return, and wide have ſpread the flame,
If chance a hoſtile band purſue their courſe,
Then haſte and guard them from ſuperior force.
  So ſpoke the king; nor aught the Turk rejoin'd,
Though diſcontent lay rankling in his mind.
  Then thus Iſmeno: You who boldly dare
Th' adventurous taſk, awhile th' attempt forbear;
'Till various mixtures, cull'd with art, I frame,
To burn the hoſtile tower with ſudden flame;
Perchance the guards, that now the pile ſurround,
May then be loſt, in friendly ſlumbers drown'd.
  To this they yield; and each, apart retir'd,
Expects the ſeaſon for the deed deſir'd.

And now Clorinda threw her veſt aſide,
With ſilver wrought; her helmet's creſted pride:
For theſe (ill omen!) ſable arms ſhe wore,
And ſable caſque that no plum'd honours bore.
She deem'd it eaſier, thus diſguis'd to go,
And pierce the watchful ſquadrons of the foe.
The eunuch, old Arſetes, near her ſtay'd,
Who from her childhood bred the warrior-maid;
Who all her ſteps with faithful age purſu'd,
And near her now a truſty guardian ſtood.
He ſaw the virgin change her wonted arms;
Her raſh deſign his anxious breaſt alarms:
He weeps, adjures her oft with earneſt prayers,
By his long ſervice, by his ſilver hairs,
By the dear mem'ry of his former pains,
To ceaſe th' attempt; but ſhe unmov'd remains.
To whom he ſaid: Since, bent on future ill,
Thou ſtand'ſt reſolv'd thy purpoſe to fulfil;
Since neither helpleſs age, nor love like mine,
Nor tears, nor prayers, can change thy dire deſign,
Attend—my tongue ſhall wondrous things reveal,
Nor longer now thy former ſtate conceal.
That done, no more I ſtrive thy thoughts to ſhake;
Reſume thy purpoſe, or my counſel take.

He ſaid; with eyes intent the virgin ſtood,
While thus the hoary ſire his ſpeech purſu'd.

In Ethiopia once Senapus reign'd,
(And ſtill perchance he rules the happy land)
Who kept the precepts giv'n by Mary's Son,
Where yet the ſable race his doctrines own.
There I, a pagan liv'd, remov'd from man,
The Queen's attendant midſt the female train;
Though native gloom was o'er her features ſpread,
Her beauty triumph'd through the duſky ſhade.
Her huſband lov'd—but ah! was doom'd to prove
At once th' extremes of jealouſy and love:
He kept her cloſe, ſecluded from mankind,
Within a lonely deep receſs confin'd;
While the ſage matron mild ſubmiſſion pay'd,
And, what her lord decreed, with joy obey'd.
Her pictur'd room a ſacred ſtory ſhows,
Where, rich with life, each mimic figure glows:

Ver. 173. —— *a ſacred ſtory ſhows.*] This alludes to the fabulous legend of Saint George, to which the poet here ſeems to give a myſtical ſenſe. Thus Arioſto, Orlando Furioſo, Canto xv. ſpeaking of the ſpurs given by Sanſonetto to Aſtolpho.

Believ'd the champion's once, whoſe valiant deed,
The holy virgin from the dragon freed. Ver. 716.

There,

There, white as ſnow, appears a beauteous maid,
And near a dragon's hideous form diſplay'd.
A champion through the beaſt a javelin ſends,
And in his blood the monſter's bulk extends.
Here oft the Queen her ſecret faults confeſs'd,
And proſtrate here her humble vows addreſs'd.
At length her womb diſburthen'd gave to view
(Her offspring thou) a child of ſnowy hue.
Struck with th' unuſual birth, with looks amaz'd,
As on ſome ſtrange portent, the matron gaz'd:
She knew what fears poſſeſs'd her huſband's mind,
And hence to hide thee from his ſight deſign'd,
And, as her own, expoſe to public view
A new-born infant like herſelf in hue:
And ſince the tower, in which ſhe then remain'd,
Alone her damſels and myſelf contain'd;

Ver. 182. —— *a child of ſnowy hue.*] This fiction is apparently taken from the famous romance of Heliodorus, called Theagenes and Chariclea, where Perſina lying with her huſband, in a chamber painted with the ſtory of Perſeus delivering Andromeda from the monſter, was delivered of a daughter of a white complexion, afterwards called Chariclea, which, fearful of incurring the jealouſy of her huſband, ſhe expoſed in the ſame manner as is here related of the mother of Clorinda.

To me, who lov'd her with a faithful mind,
Her infant charge ſhe unbaptiz'd conſign'd,
With tears and ſighs ſhe gave thee to my care,
Remote from thence the precious pledge to bear!
What tongues her ſorrows and her plaints can tell,
How oft ſhe preſs'd thee with a laſt farewell!
With ſtreaming tears each tender kiſs is drown'd,
While frequent ſighs her faltering words confound;
At length with lifted eyes—O God! (ſhe cry'd)
By whom the ſecrets of my breaſt are try'd;
If ſtill my thoughts have undefil'd remain'd,
And ſtill my heart its conſtancy maintain'd;
(Not for myſelf I aſk thy pitying grace,
A thouſand ſins, alas! my ſoul deface!)
O! keep this harmleſs babe, to whom, diſtreſs'd,
A mother thus denies her kindly breaſt:
Give her from me her ſpotleſs life to frame,
But copy in her fate ſome happier name!
Thou, heavenly chief! whoſe arm the ſerpent brav'd,
And from his ravenous jaws the virgin ſav'd:
If e'er I tapers burn'd with rites divine,
Or offer'd gold and incenſe at thy ſhrine;

Ver. 192. ——*unbaptiz'd*—] According to the cuſtom of that country, the males could not be baptized till the age of fourteen, and the females till the age of ſixteen.

For

For her I pray, that ſhe, thy faithful maid,
On thee, in every chance, may call for aid.
She ceas'd; her heart convulſive anguiſh wrung,
And on her face a mortal ſorrow hung.
With tears I took thee, and with care beſtow'd
Within a cheſt, with leaves and flowers o'erſtrow'd,
And bore thee thence conceal'd a pleaſing load!
At length remote, my lonely footſteps ſtray'd
Amidſt a foreſt thick with horrid ſhade;
When lo! a tigreſs drawing near I view'd,
Her threatening eyes ſuffus'd with rage and blood;
Wild with affright I left thee on the ground,
And climb'd a tree, and thence my ſafety found:
The furious beaſt now caſt her eyes aſide,
And thee deſerted on the herbage ſpy'd;
Intent ſhe ſeem'd to gaze, and milder grew,
'Till all the fierceneſs from her looks withdrew;
Approaching nigh, ſhe fawn'd in wanton play,
And lick'd your infant members as you lay;
While you ſecure the ſavage form careſs'd,
And ſtrok'd with harmleſs hand her dreadful creſt;
She offer'd then her teats, and (ſtrange to view!)
Thy willing lips the milky moiſture drew.
With anxious fear and wonder I beheld
A ſight ſo new, that all belief excell'd.

Soon

Soon as ſhe found thee ſated with the food,
The beaſt departed, and regain'd the wood.
Then haſtening down to where on earth you lay,
I with my charge reſum'd my former way:
'Till midſt a village my retreat I made,
In ſecret there thy infancy was bred:
And there I dwelt, 'till courſing round, the moon
Had ſixteen changing months to mortals ſhown;
'Till thy young feet began their ſteps to frame,
And from thy tongue imperfect accents came.
But ſinking now, as middle life declin'd,
To hoary age, the winter of mankind;
Enrich'd with gold, which with a bounteous hand
The Queen had giv'n me when I left the land,
I loath'd this irkſome life, with wandering tir'd,
And to review my native ſoil deſir'd;
There midſt my friends to paſs my latter days,
And chear my evenings with a ſocial blaze.
To Egypt then I turn'd, my natal ſhore,
And thee the partner of my journey bore.
When, lo! a flood we gain—there thieves encloſe
My doubtful paſs, and here the current flows.
What ſhould I do, reluctant to forego
My deareſt charge, or truſt the barbarous foe?

I take the flood; one hand the torrent braves;
And one ſuſtains thee while I plough the waves.
Swift was the ſtream, and in its midmoſt courſe,
A circling eddy whirl'd with rapid force:
There round and round, with giddy motion toſt,
Sudden I ſunk, in depth of waters loſt;
Thee ſoon I miſs'd; but thee the waters bore,
And winds propitious wafted to the ſhore.
Breathleſs and faint at length I reach'd the land,
And there, with joy, my deareſt pledge regain'd.
  But now what time to duſky ſhade conſign'd,
Night ſpreads her veil of ſilence o'er mankind,
Behold a warrior in my dream appear'd,
And o'er my head a naked falchion rear'd.
Hear my command! (he cry'd with threatening air)
What once a mother truſted to thy care,
Thy infant charge with ſacred rites baptize;
Belov'd of Heaven, with me her ſafety lies:
For her to ravenous beaſts I pity gave,
And breath'd a living ſpirit in the wave.
Oh! wretched thou! if, ſuch a warning given,
Thou dar'ſt to ſlight the meſſenger of Heaven!
  He ceas'd; I wak'd, and then reſum'd my way,
Soon as the morn reveal'd her early ray.

But,

But, partial to my faith, I kept thee ſtill,
Nor would thy mother's laſt commands fulfil:
I heeded not the viſions of the night,
But bred thy youth in every pagan rite.
Mature in years now ſhone thy dauntleſs mind
Above thy ſex, the rival of mankind!
In many a fight thy deeds have glory won;
Thy fortune ſince full well to thee is known.
In me thou ſtill haſt prov'd, in peace or war,
A ſervant's duty and a parent's care.
As yeſter-morn my mind, with thought oppreſs'd,
Lay ſenſeleſs in a deep, a death-like reſt,
The phantom-warrior came with fiercer look,
And dreadful with a louder accent ſpoke.
Lo, wretch! th' appointed hour at hand (he cry'd)
That muſt Clorinda from this life divide.
In thy deſpite the virgin ſhall be mine,
And thee to tears and anguiſh I reſign.
He ſaid; and vaniſh'd ſwift to fleeting air:
Then hear, my beſt belov'd! my tendereſt care!
For thee theſe threatening viſions Heaven has ſent;
To thee, alas! foretels ſome dire event;
Perchance diſpleas'd by me to ſee thee train'd
In rites unpractis'd in thy natal land;

Remote

Remote perhaps from truth.—O! yet forbear;
Conſent, no longer now thoſe arms to wear:
Suppreſs thy daring, and relieve my care.

He ceas'd, and wept: In deep ſuſpenſe ſhe ſtay'd,
A dream, like his, her troubled ſoul diſmay'd:
At length her looks ſhe clear'd, and thus reply'd:
That faith, which ſeems the truth, be ſtill my guide;
The faith I learn'd from thee in early years,
Which now thou ſeek'ſt to ſhake with cauſeleſs fears:
Nor will I (noble minds ſuch thoughts diſdain)
Forego theſe arms, or from th' attempt refrain;
Tho' death, in every ſhape that mortals fear,
Should undiſguis'd before my eyes appear.

So ſpoke the generous maid, and gently ſtrove
To calm his anguiſh, and his doubts remove.
Now came the ſeaſon for the deed deſign'd,
When parting thence th' expecting * knight ſhe join'd;
Iſmeno, with his words, their zeal inſpir'd,
(But no incitement either breaſt requir'd)
And to their hands two ſulphurous balls conſign'd,
With ſecret fire in hollow reeds confin'd.

Now through the night their ſilent march they bend,
Now leave the city, and the hill deſcend:

* ARGANTES.

Till

'Till near the place arriv'd, where towering high,
The hoſtile engine riſes to the ſky;
No longer can their daring ſouls reſtrain
The warmth that breathes in every glowing vein.
Too eager now, their quicken'd pace alarms
The watchful guard, who call aloud to arms.
No more conceal'd remain the generous pair,
But boldly ruſhing forth provoke the war.
As miſſile ſtones from battering engines fly,
As forky thunders rend the troubled ſky;
One inſtant ſees them, with reſiſtleſs hand,
Attack, diſperſe, and penetrate the band.
'Midſt claſhing ſpears and hiſſing darts they flew,
And unrepuls'd their glorious taſk purſue:
Now, held in ſight, the ready fires they raiſe:
Now near the pile the threatening vapours blaze;
'Till on the tower the dreadful peſt they bend:
On every ſide the curling flames aſcend:
Heavy and thick the ſmoky volumes riſe,
And ſhade with ſable clouds the ſtarry ſkies;
Flaſh follows flaſh, the mingled blaze aſpires,
'Till all the ether glows with ruddy fires!
Fann'd by the wind, the flame more furious grows:
Down falls the pile, the terror of the foes,
And one ſhort hour the wondrous work o'erthrows!

Meanwhile

Meanwhile with ſpeed two Chriſtian ſquadrons came,
Who from the field had ſeen the riſing flame:
To theſe the bold Argantes turn'd, and vow'd
To quench the burning ruins with their blood:
Yet, with Clorinda join'd, retreating ſtill,
By ſlow degrees he gain'd the neighbouring hill;
While, like a flood by ſounding rains increas'd,
Behind their ſteps the eager Chriſtians preſs'd.
Soon was the gate unbarr'd, where ready ſtands
The king, ſurrounded by his numerous bands,
To welcome back (if fate th' attempt ſucceed)
The pair triumphant from the glorious deed.
Now near the town the knight and virgin drew,
And ſwift behind the troop of Franks purſue;
Theſe Solyman diſpers'd: the portal clos'd,
But left Clorinda to the foe expos'd;
Alone expos'd; for while the haſty bands
Shut faſt the ſounding gate with ready hands,
She follow'd Arimon, by fury driven,
T' avenge the wound his luckleſs arm had given:
His life ſhe took: nor yet Argantes knew
That ſhe, ill-fated! from the walls withdrew.
All cares were loſt, the tumult of the fight
Amaz'd the ſenſes midſt the gloom of night.

At length, her rage allay'd with hoſtile blood;
The maid at leiſure all her peril view'd:
The numbers round, and clos'd the friendly gate;
She deem'd her life a prey to certain fate.
But when ſhe finds no Chriſtian eye deſcries
The hoſtile warrior in the dark diſguiſe;
New ſchemes of ſafety in her mind ariſe.
Herſelf ſecurely midſt the ranks ſhe throws,
And undiſcover'd mingles with the foes.
Then, as the wolf retires beſmear'd with blood,
And ſeeks the ſhelter of the diſtant wood;
So, favour'd by the tumult of the night,
The dame, departing, ſhunn'd the prying ſight.
Tancred alone perceiv'd, with heedful view,
Some pagan foe as near the place he drew.
He came what time ſhe Arimon had ſlain,
Then mark'd her courſe, and follow'd o'er the plain:
Eager he burn'd to prove her force in fight,
Eſteem'd a warrior worthy of his might,
Her ſex unknown. And now the virgin went
A winding way along the hill's aſcent:
Impetuous he purſu'd, but ere he came,
His claſhing armour rouz'd th' unwary dame.

Then

Then turning ſwift—What bring'ſt thou here? (ſhe cry'd)
Lo! war and death I bring!—(the chief reply'd)
Then war and death (the virgin ſaid) I give;
What thou to me would'ſt bring, from me receive!
Intrepid then ſhe ſtay'd; the knight drew near;
But when he ſaw the foe on foot appear,
He left his ſteed to meet in equal war.
Now with drawn ſwords they ruſh the fight to wage:
With fury thus two jealous bulls engage.
What glorious deeds on either part were done,
That claim'd an open field and conſcious ſun!
Thou, night! whoſe envious veil with dark diſguiſe,
Conceal'd the warrior's acts from human eyes,
Permit me from thy gloom to ſnatch their fame,
And give to future times each mighty name:
So ſhall they ſhine, from age to age diſplay'd,
For glories won beneath thy ſable ſhade!
All art in fight the duſky hour denies,
And fury now the place of ſkill ſupplies.
The meeting ſwords with horrid clangor ſound;
Each whirls the falchion, each maintains the ground:
Alternate furies either breaſt inflame,
Alternate vengeance and alternate ſhame.

No pauſe, no reſt, th'impatient warriors know,
But rage to rage, and blow ſucceeds to blow:
Still more and more the combat ſeems to riſe,
That ſcarce their weapons can their wrath ſuffice:
Till grappling fierce, in nearer ſtrife they cloſe,
And helm to helm, and ſhield to ſhield oppoſe.
Thrice in his nervous arms he held the maid;
And thrice eluſive from his graſp ſhe fled.
Again with threatening ſwords reſum'd they ſtood,
And dy'd again the ſteel with mutual blood:
Till, ſpent with labour, each awhile retir'd,
And faint and breathleſs from the fight reſpir'd.
Now ſhines the lateſt ſtar with fainter ray,
And ruddy ſtreaks proclaim the dawning day:
Each views the foe; while, bending on the plain
The ſwords revers'd their ſinking bulks ſuſtain.
Then Tancred marks the blood that drains his foe,
But ſees his own with leſs effuſion flow.
He ſees with joy:—O! mortals blind to fate,
Too ſoon with Fortune's fav'ring wind elate!
Ah! wretch! rejoice not — Thou too ſoon ſhalt mourn!
Thy boaſt and triumph ſhall to ſorrow turn!
Soon ſhall thy eyes diſtil a briny flood,
For all thoſe purple drops of precious blood!

Thus

Thus for a while the weary warriors ſtay'd,
And ſpeechleſs each the other's wounds ſurvey'd.
At length the ſilence gallant Tancred broke,
Beſought her name, and mildly thus beſpoke.
Hard is our fate to prove our mutual might,
When darkneſs veils our deeds from ev'ry ſight:
But ſince ill fortune envies valour's praiſe,
And not a witneſs here our ſtrife ſurveys;
If prayers from foes can e'er acceptance claim,
To me reveal thy lineage and thy name:
So ſhall I know, whate'er th' event be found,
Who makes my conqueſt or my death renown'd.
Thou ſeek'ſt in vain (the haughty maid reply'd)
To fathom what my ſoul reſolves to hide.
Yet, one of thoſe thou ſee'ſt (whate'er my name)
Who gave thy boaſted engine to the flame.
At this with rage indignant Tancred burn'd:
In hapleſs hour thou ſpeak'ſt (he thus return'd)
Alike thy ſpeech, alike thy ſilence proves,
And either, wretch! my arm to vengeance moves.
With reſt refreſh'd, with wrath inflam'd anew,
Again tranſported to the fight they flew.
What dreadful wounds on either ſide are giv'n!
Thro' arms and fleſh the ruthleſs ſwords are driv'n.

Tho' faint with blood effus'd from every vein,
Their ſtaggering limbs can ſcarce their weight ſuſtain,
Yet ſtill they live, and ſtill maintain the ſtrife,
Diſdain and rage with-hold their fleeting life.
So ſeems th' Egean ſea, the tempeſt paſt,
That here and there its troubled waters caſt;
It ſtill preſerves the fury gain'd before,
And rolls the ſounding billows to the ſhore.
But now behold the mournful hour at hand,
In which the fates Clorinda's life demand.
Full at her boſom Tancred aim'd the ſword;
The thirſty ſteel her lovely boſom gor'd:
The ſanguine current ſtain'd with bluſhing red
Th'embroider'd veſt that o'er her arms was ſpread.
She feels approaching death in every vein;
Her trembling knees no more her weight ſuſtain:
But ſtill the Chriſtian knight purſues the blow,
And threats and preſſes cloſe his vanquiſh'd foe:
She, as ſhe falls, her voice, unhappy! rears,
And her laſt ſuit with moving tone prefers.
Some pitying angel form'd her laſt deſire,
Where faith, and hope, and charity conſpire!
On the fair rebel Heaven ſuch grace beſtow'd,
And now in death requir'd the faith ſhe ow'd.

'Tis

'Tis thine, my friend!—I pardon thee the ſtroke—
O! let me pardon too from thee invoke!—
Not for this mortal frame I urge my prayer,
For this I know no fear, and aſk no care:
No, for my ſoul alone I pity crave;
O! cleanſe my follies in the ſacred wave!
Feebly ſhe ſpoke; the mournful ſounds impart
A tender feeling to the victor's heart;
His wrath ſubſides, while ſofter paſſions riſe,
And call the tear of pity from his eyes.
Not far from thence, adown the moſſy hill
In gentle murmurs roll'd a cryſtal rill:
There in his caſque the limpid ſtream he took;
Then ſad and penſive haſten'd from the brook.
His hands now trembled, while her helm he rear'd,
Ere yet the features of his foe appear'd;—
He ſees!—he knows!—and ſenſeleſs ſtands the knight!
O fatal knowledge—O diſtracting ſight!
Yet ſtill he lives, and rouz'd with holy zeal,
Prepares the laſt ſad duty to fulfil.
While from his lips he gave the words of grace,
A ſmile of tranſport brighten'd in her face:
Rejoic'd in death, ſhe ſeem'd her joy to tell,
And bade for heaven the empty world farewell.

A lovely paleneſs o'er her features flew;
As vi'lets mix'd with lilies blend their hue.
Her eyes to heaven the dying virgin rais'd;
The heavens and ſun with kindly pity gaz'd;
Her clay-cold hand, the pledge of laſting peace,
She gave the chief; her lips their muſic ceaſe.
So life departing left her lovely breaſt;
So ſeem'd the virgin lull'd to ſilent reſt!
Soon as he found her gentle ſpirit fled,
His firmneſs vaniſh'd o'er the ſenſeleſs dead.
Wild with his fate, and frantic with his pain,
To raging grief he now reſigns the rein.
No more the ſpirits fortify the heart,
A mortal coldneſs freezes every part.
Speechleſs and pale like her the warrior lay,
And look'd a bloody corſe of lifeleſs clay!
Then had his ſoul purſu'd the fleeting fair,
Whoſe gentle ſpirit hover'd yet in air:
But here it chanc'd a band of Chriſtians came
In ſearch of water from the cryſtal ſtream:
Full ſoon their leader, with a diſtant view,
Well by his arms the Latian hero knew:
With him the breathleſs virgin he beheld,
And wept the fortune of ſo dire a field:

Nor

Nor would he leave (tho' deem'd of pagan kind)
Her lovely limbs to hungry wolves conſign'd:
But either burden, on their ſhoulders laid,
To Tancred's tent the mournful troop convey'd.
Thus ſtep by ſtep their gentle march they took,
Nor yet the warrior from his trance awoke:
Yet oft he groan'd, and ſhew'd that fleeting life
Still in his breaſt maintain'd a doubtful ſtrife:
While huſh'd and motionleſs, the damſel ſhow'd
Her ſpirit parted from its mortal load.
Thus either body to the camp they bear,
And there apart diſpoſe with pious care.
With every duteous rite, on either hand,
Around the wounded prince th' aſſiſtants ſtand.
And now by ſlow degrees he lifts his ſight,
Before his eyes appears a glimmering light;
He feels the helping hand, the ſpeech perceives,
Yet, ſcarce recovering, doubts if yet he lives:
Amaz'd he gazes round: at length he knows
The place, his friends, and thus laments his woes.
And do I live!—and do I yet ſurvey
The hated beams of this unhappy day!
Ah! coward hand! to righteous vengeance ſlow!
Though deeply vers'd in every murd'rous blow!

Dar'ſt thou not, impious miniſter of death!
Transfix this heart, and ſtop this guilty breath?
But haply us'd to deeds of horrid ſtrain,
Thou deem'ſt it mercy to conclude my pain.
Still, ſtill 'tis mine with grief and ſhame to rove,
A dire example of diſaſtrous love!
While keen remorſe for ever breaks my reſt,
And raging furies haunt my conſcious breaſt,
The lonely ſhades with terror muſt I view,
The ſhades ſhall every dreadful thought renew:
The riſing ſun ſhall equal horrors yield,
The ſun that firſt the dire event reveal'd!
Still muſt I view myſelf with hateful eye,
And ſeek, though vainly, from myſelf to fly!—
But ah! unhappy wretch! what place contains
Of that ill-fated fair the chaſte remains?
All that eſcap'd my rage, my brutal power,
Perhaps the natives of the woods devour!
Ah! hapleſs maid! 'gainſt whom alike conſpire
The woodland ſavage and the hoſtile ire!
O! let me join the dead on yonder plain,
(If ſtill her beauteous limbs untouch'd remain)
Me too thoſe greedy jaws alike ſhall tear,
Me too the monſter in his paunch ſhall bear.

O! happy

O! happy envy'd hour! (if ſuch my doom)
That gives us both in death an equal tomb.
And now he heard that near his tent was laid
The lifeleſs body of his much-lov'd maid.
At this awhile his mournful look he clears:
(So through the clouds a tranſient gleam appears)
And from the couch his wounded limbs he rears.
With faltering ſteps he thither bends his way,
Where plac'd apart the hapleſs virgin lay:
But when arriv'd he ſaw the wound impreſs'd,
With which his hand had pierc'd her tender breaſt;
And deadly pale, yet calm as evening's ſhade,
Beheld her face, with every roſe decay'd;
His trembling knees had ſunk beneath their load,
But here his circling friends their aid beſtow'd,
Till thus again he vents his plaints aloud:
O! ſight! that e'en to death can ſweetneſs give,
But cannot now, alas! my grief relieve!
O! thou dear hand, that once to mine was preſs'd,
The pledge of amity and peace confeſs'd;
What art thou now? alas! how chang'd in death!
And what am I, that ſtill prolong my breath?
Behold thoſe lovely limbs in ruin laid,
The dreadful work my impious rage has made!

This

This hand, theſe eyes alike are cruel found;
That gave the ſtroke, and theſe ſurvey the wound!
Tearleſs ſurvey!—ſince tears are here deny'd,
My guilty blood ſhall pour the vital tide!
He ceas'd; and groaning with his inmoſt breath,
Fix'd in deſpair and reſolute on death,
Each bandage ſtrait with frantic paſſion tore:
Forth guſh'd from every wound the ſpouting gore:
But here exceſs of grief his will deceiv'd,
His ſenſes fetter'd, and his life repriev'd.
Then to his bed again the knight was borne;
His ſpirits to their hated home return.
And ſoon around the tongues of fame relate
The hero's ſorrow, and his hapleſs fate.
Now Godfrey ſought his tent; and with him came
Each noble chief, a friend to Tancred's name.
But nor reproof nor ſoothing yields relief,
And words are vain to calm his rage of grief.
So when ſome limb a mortal wound receives,
Each probing hand increaſing anguiſh gives.
But reverend Peter's care the reſt tranſcends,
(A ſhepherd thus his ſickly charge attends)
With awful words the lover's breaſt he moves,
And wiſely thus his wandering thought reproves.

Unhappy

Unhappy prince! why thus indulge thy ſhame,
Why thus forgetful of thy former fame?
Why thus obſcure thy eye, and deaf thy ear?—
View honour's charms, and virtue's ſummons hear,
Thy lord recalls thee to thy former poſt,
And ſhows the path thy erring feet have loſt!
New taſks await thee in the field of fight,
The glorious ſtation of a Chriſtian knight!
Which thou haſt left, by fatal love betray'd,
Loſt in wild paſſion for a pagan maid!
To thee this chaſtening is in mercy giv'n,
And thou, doſt thou reject the grace of Heaven?
Think where thy errors tend; thy ſtate ſurvey,
To ſenſeleſs ſorrow a regardleſs prey!
Thy feet are tottering on the brink of death,
Behold th'eternal gulph that gapes beneath!
Think, Tancred, think! this impious grief control,
That in a twofold death involves thy ſoul!
He ceas'd; nor here in vain the youth aſſail'd;
The fear of ſecond death o'er all prevail'd.
His yielding heart confeſs'd the kind relief;
Returning reaſon calm'd his raging grief:
Yet ſtill the frequent ſighs his ſorrow ſpeak;
Still from his tongue the mournful accents break:

With

With tender ſound his lips invoke the fair,
Who lent perchance from heaven a pitying ear.
On her, when ſets the ſun, and when returns,
He calls inceſſant, and inceſſant mourns.
So fares the nightingale, with anguiſh ſtung,
When ſome rude ſwain purloins her callow young,
Torn from the neſt; all helpleſs and alone,
Each night ſhe fills the woods with plaintive moan.
At length one morn, as ſleep his eyes oppreſs'd,
And o'er his ſorrows ſhed the dews of reſt;
Lo! in a dream, with ſtarry robes array'd,
With heavenly charms appear'd the warrior maid:
She ſeem'd to view him with a pitying look,
And dry'd his tears, and gently thus beſpoke.
  Behold what glories round my perſon ſhine!
Then weep no more, thy faithful grief reſign:
Such as I am, to thee my ſtate I owe,
Who freed me from the vale of ſin below:
Who made me worthy, midſt the ſaints above,
To dwell with God in realms of endleſs love.
There wrapt in heavenly bliſs, and crown'd with grace,
My hopes prepare for thee an equal place:
Where thou ſhalt ſtand before th'eternal throne,
Partake my glories, and enjoy thy own!

Unleſs

Unleſs thyſelf reject the mercy given,
Or ſenſual follies ſpurn the grace of Heaven:
Then live!—and know thou haſt Clorinda's love,
As far as earthly thoughts can ſouls immortal move.
So ſpeaking, from her eyes the lightening came,
And all her features glow'd with holy flame:
Then, loſt in rays, ſhe vaniſh'd from his ſight,
And breath'd new comfort in the mourning knight.
Conſol'd he wak'd; and with a temperate mind
To ſkilful hands his wounded limbs conſign'd.
And next he bade t'inhume, with pious care,
The laſt dear relics of the breathleſs fair.
Though for the tomb no coſtly marbles came,
Nor hand Dædalean wrought the ſculptur'd frame:
Yet, as the time allow'd, the ſtone they choſe,
And o'er the grave the figur'd ſtructure roſe.
With funeral pomp the troops the corſe convey'd,
While torches round their ſolemn light diſplay'd:
High on the naked pine her arms were plac'd,
And every rite the martial virgin grac'd.
Now Tancred ſought the tomb, his vows to pay,
Where, cold in death, her precious relics lay:
Soon as he reach'd the pile, in which enſhrin'd,
Repos'd the treaſure of his tortur'd mind;

All pale and ſpeechleſs for a time he ſtood,
Awhile, with eyes unmov'd, the marble view'd;
At length releas'd, the guſhing torrents broke,
He drew a length of ſighs, and thus he ſpoke.
O tomb rever'd! where all my hopes are laid;
O'er which my eyes ſuch copious ſorrows ſhed;
Thou bear'ſt not in thy womb a lifeleſs frame,
There love ſtill dwells, and lights his wonted flame!
Still, ſtill that form ador'd my breaſt inſpires,
With not leſs ardent, but more painful fires!
O give theſe kiſſes, give theſe mournful ſighs
To that lov'd form that in thy boſom lies.
Should e'er her looks her blameleſs ſpirit turn,
Where ſleep theſe relics in the ſilent urn;
Would ſhe thy pity or my tears reprove?
Can ſcorn or anger touch the bleſt above?
Ah! may ſhe then my hapleſs crime forgive,
In that dear hope my ſoul conſents to live:
She knows my erring hand the deed has wrought,
My heart was guiltleſs of ſo dire a thought:
Nor will ſhe ſcorn that he who owns his flame,
Should ſtill, while life endures, adore her name;
Till death ſhall bid me here no longer rove,
But join us both in mutual peace above.

Then in one tomb our mortal parts may reſt!
And in one heaven our ſpirits may be bleſt.
So ſhall I dead enjoy what life deny'd,
O happy change! if fate ſuch bliſs provide!
  Thus he: but now the dreadful tidings flew,
And ſpread in whiſpers thro' the hoſtile crew:
At length, the certain tale divulg'd around,
With cries and female ſhrieks the walls reſound,
As if the foes had every fortreſs won,
And one vaſt blaze involv'd the ruin'd town.
  But chief Arſetes every eye demands,
He o'er the reſt in grief ſuperior ſtands;
No tears from him, like common ſorrows flow,
Too deep his boſom feels the frantic woe.
With ſordid duſt he ſtains his hoary hairs,
He ſtrikes his aged breaſt, his cheeks he tears.
While fix'd on him the vulgar bend their look,
Thus in the midſt the fierce Argantes ſpoke.
  When firſt I heard the city gates were clos'd,
And midſt the foes the glorious dame expos'd,
Fain would I then have iſſu'd to her aid,
And ſhar'd one fortune with the hapleſs maid!
In vain I pray'd!—the king's command reſtrain'd,
And me reluctant in the town detain'd.

O! had

O! had I iſſu'd then, this faithful ſword
Had ſafe the virgin to theſe walls reſtor'd:
Or, where her blood now ſtains the purple ground,
My days had run their race, with glory crown'd!
What could I more? what means remain'd untry'd?
But men and Gods alike my ſuit deny'd!
Pale lies ſhe now, in fatal conflict ſlain;
Then hear what duties for this arm remain!
Hear, all Jeruſalem! my purpoſe hear!
And conſcious Heaven be witneſs whilſt I ſwear!
I vow dire vengeance on the Chriſtian's head:
And if I fail, on me thy bolts be ſhed!
The taſk be mine the murderer's life to take;
Ne'er ſhall this truſty ſword my ſide forſake,
Till deep in Tancred's heart it finds a way,
And leaves his corſe to ravenous fowls a prey!
He ſpoke: well pleas'd his ſpeech the Syrians hear,
And loud applauſes rend the ſounding air.
The hopes of vengeance all their pains relieve;
Each calms his ſorrow, and forgets to grieve.
O empty words! O Heaven in vain adjur'd!
Far other end diſpoſing fate enſur'd!
For ſoon ſubdu'd the pagan boaſter dies
By him who now in thought beneath his proweſs lies!

THE END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

ISMENO, by his enchantments, raiſes the Demons, and appoints them to guard the wood which ſupplied the Chriſtians with timbers to carry on the ſiege. The workmen being ſent to fell the trees are terrified, and return to the camp. Several of the chiefs ſucceſſively attempt the adventure, but in vain. Tancred then undertakes it, and penetrates into the wood; but at length retires, deceived by new illuſions. The Chriſtian army is afflicted with a drought, by which it is reduced to the utmoſt extremity. A diſaffection ſpreads amongſt the troops, ſeveral of whom withdraw themſelves under favour of the night. Godfrey invokes the aſſiſtance of Heaven, and the camp is relieved by a ſeaſonable ſhower.

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BUT ſcarce conſum'd in ſmouldering aſhes falls
Th' enormous pile that ſhook the Pagan walls;
When other ſchemes Iſmeno's arts compoſe,
To ſave the ramparts from th' invading foes:
He bends his thought to guard the woodland ſhade,
From which the Franks their mighty beams con-
vey'd;
That thus their engines they no more may rear,
Nor Sion more the threatening fury fear.
Not far from where encamp'd the Chriſtian bands,
Midſt lonely vales, an aged foreſt ſtands:
Here, when the day with pureſt beams is bright,
The branches ſcarce admit a gloomy light;
Such as we view from morning's doubtful ray,
Or the faint glimmerings of departing day.

But when the ſun beneath the earth deſcends,
Here mournful night her deeper vale extends;
Infernal darkneſs broods o'er every ſight,
And chilling terrors every breaſt affright.
No ſhepherd here his flock to paſture drives;
No village ſwain, with lowing herd, arrives:
No pilgrim dares approach; but ſtruck with dread
In diſtant proſpect ſhows the dreary ſhade.
Here, with their minions, midnight hags repair,
Convey'd on flitting clouds through yielding air:
While one a dragon's fiery image bears;
And one a goat's miſhapen likeneſs wears.
And here they celebrate, with impious rite,
The feaſts profane and orgies of the night.
Thus went the fame: untouch'd the foreſt ſtood;
No hand preſum'd to violate the wood;
Till now the fearleſs Franks the trees invade,
From theſe alone their vaſt machines they made.
  Here the magician came; the hour he choſe,
When night around her deepeſt ſilence throws;
Cloſe to his loins he girt his flowing veſt,
Then form'd his circle, and his ſigns impreſs'd:
With one foot bare, within the magic round
He ſtood, and mutter'd many a potent ſound.

Thrice

Thrice turning to the eaſt his face was ſhewn;
Thrice to the regions of the ſetting ſun;
And thrice he ſhook the wand, whoſe wondrous force
Could from the tomb recall the bury'd corſe;
As oft with naked foot the ſoil he ſtruck,
Then thus aloud with dreadful accents ſpoke.

Hear you! who once by vengeful lightening driv'n,
Fell headlong from the ſtarry plains of heav'n!
Ye powers who guide the ſtorms and wintry war,
The wandering rulers of the middle air!
And you, the miniſters of endleſs woe
To ſinful ſpirits in the ſhades below!
Inhabitants of hell! your aid I claim,
And thine, dire Monarch of the realms of flame!
Attend my will; theſe woods in charge receive;
To you conſign'd each fatal plant I leave,
As human bodies human ſouls contain,
So you inſhrin'd within theſe trees remain.
Thus ſhall the Chriſtians fly, at leaſt forbear
To fell this foreſt, and your anger fear.

He ſaid; and added many an impious ſpell,
Dreadful to hear, and horrible to tell.
While thus he murmur'd, from the face of night
Th' affrighted ſtars withdrew their glittering light;

The moon, diſturb'd, no more her beams reveal'd,
But, wrapt in clouds, her ſilver horns conceal'd.
Now, fill'd with wrath, he rais'd his voice again:
Why are ye thus, ye fiends! invok'd in vain?
Why this delay? or do you wait to hear
More potent words and accents more ſevere?
Though long diſus'd, my memory yet retains
Each deeper art that every power conſtrains:
Theſe lips can ſound that name with terror heard,
That awful name by every demon fear'd;
The name that ſtartles hell's tremendous reign,
And calls forth Pluto from his own domain.
Hear! and attend!—no more th' enchanter ſaid,
The ſpell was ended, and the fiends obey'd.
Unnumber'd ſpirits to the grove repair,
Of thoſe that wander through the fields of air;
Of thoſe that deep in earth's foundations lie,
In ſeats far diſtant from the chearful ſky.
Still in their mind they bear the high command,
That late, from fields of fight, their hoſt reſtrain'd:
Yet each compell'd the direful charge receives,
Invades the trunk, or lurks beneath the leaves.
The Sorc'rer now, his impious purpoſe wrought,
Without delay the Monarch's preſence ſought.

O king!

O king! diſmiſs thy doubts (he thus begun)
Behold ſecur'd thy walls and regal throne!
No more the Chriſtians, as their thoughts intend,
Can bid their towers againſt the town aſcend.
He ſaid; and to the liſtening prince diſclos'd
The various ſpells by magic power compos'd;
Then thus purſu'd—To what my lips have told,
As grateful tidings let me now unfold.
Know Mars and Sol will ſoon their force combine,
To dart their mutual beams from Leo's ſign:
No favouring winds ſhall cool the burning ray,
No ſhowers or dews refreſh the ſultry day.
Yet may we here the parching ſeaſon bear,
Reliev'd with pleaſing ſhade and gentle air:
This town ſuch ſhelter yields and plenteous ſtreams,
And gentle gales to check the ſcorching beams:
While on the barren earth the Franks ſhall lie,
And feel the fury of th' inclement ſky.
Thus, firſt ſubdu'd by Heaven, th' Egyptian train
Shall o'er their hoſt an eaſy conqueſt gain.
So ſhall the foes, without thy labour, yield:
Then tempt no more the fortune of the field.
But if too high Argantes' courage grows,
To bear, what prudence wills, a ſhort repoſe:

If ſtill, as wont, he urge thee to the fight,
The care be thine to curb th' impetuous knight:
For ſoon will Heaven on thee its peace beſtow,
And whelm in ruin yon flagitious foe!
With joy the king theſe welcome tidings heard,
The engines of the foes no longer fear'd:
But not for this he ceas'd his watchful care,
The walls to view, and every breach repair:
Alike the citizens the toils divide,
And various throngs the works inceſſant ply'd.
Meanwhile the pious chief, their labours known,
Reſolv'd no more t' attempt the ſacred town,
Till once again his lofty tower he rear'd,
And every engine for th' attack prepar'd.
Where midſt the wood the living timbers grew,
The workmen ſwift he ſent the trees to hew;
Theſe reach'd, at early dawn, the gloomy ſhade,
But ſudden fears their trembling ſouls diſmay'd.
As ſimple children dread the hours of night,
When fabled ſpectres fill their minds with fright:
So theſe were ſeiz'd with dread: yet ſcarce they knew
From what new cauſe th' unwonted terrors grew.
But fancy form'd perhaps a numerous train
Of empty ſphinxes and chimeras vain!

Back from the wood with ſpeed the camp they ſought,
And wild reports, and tales uncertain brought.
The Chriſtian warriors ſcorn'd their daſtard fears,
And heard their words with unbelieving ears.
Then Godfrey next diſpatch'd a ſquadron try'd,
A valiant troop that every chance defy'd,
To ſuccour thoſe, and urge their fainting hands
To act with courage what their chief commands.
Now near they came, where midſt the horrid ſhade
The fiends conceal'd their impious dwelling made.
Soon as their eyes their dreary ſeats behold,
Each beating heart is numb'd with freezing cold.
Yet on they move, while looks of boldneſs hide
Th' ignoble thoughts that every breaſt divide.
Arriv'd at length within the vale they ſtood,
And reach'd the entrance of th' enchanted wood.
When ſudden iſſu'd forth a rumbling ſound,
As when an earthquake rocks the trembling ground;
A hollow noiſe, like murmuring winds, they hear,
Or daſhing billows breaking on their ear:
There ſerpents ſeem to hiſs, and lions roar,
To howl the wolf, to grunt the tuſky boar:
The trumpet's clangor ſounds, the thunders roll,
And mingled clamours echo to the pole!

At once their bloodleſs cheeks their thoughts diſ-
play'd;
A thouſand ſigns their timorous hearts betray'd:
No more could diſcipline their ranks ſuſtain,
A ſecret power diſmay'd the routed train:
At length they fled: when one with looks confus'd,
To pious Godfrey thus their flight excus'd:
No more we boaſt, O chief! thoſe woods to fell,
Impervious woods ſecur'd by hidden ſpell!
Infernal furies midſt the gloom reſort,
And Pluto there has fix'd his horrid court!
Of triple adamant his heart is made,
Who unappall'd beholds the fatal ſhade:
And more than mortal he, who free from fear,
Can the dire howlings and the thunders hear.
He ſaid; and while he thus his tale purſu'd,
Amongſt the liſtening chiefs Alcaſtus ſtood;
A man of courage raſh, whoſe daring mind
Scorn'd every monſter dreadful to mankind;
Nor ſtorms nor earthquakes could his fear excite,
Nor aught that fills the world with pale affright.
He ſhook his head, and ſmiling thus reply'd;
By me this arduous taſk ſhall ſoon be try'd!
Alone I go yon dreaded woods to fell,
Where viſionary ſhapes and terrors dwell!

No

No ghaſtly ſpectres ſhall this hand reſtrain,
And fiends ſhall howl, and thunders roar in vain:
Behold my ſoul each threatening pow'r defies,
Though hell's dire paſſage gape before my eyes!
  Boaſtful he ſpoke: the leader gave conſent:
From thence with daring ſteps the warrior went.
At length the foreſt to his ſight appear'd,
And from within the mingled noiſe was heard.
But ſtill the knight purſu'd his courſe unmov'd;
No terrors yet his dauntleſs boſom prov'd.
Now had his feet the ſoil forbidden trod,
When lo! a riſing fire his ſteps withſtood.
Wide and more wide it ſpread, and ſeem'd to frame
Huge lofty walls and battlements of flame!
The wondrous fence around the wood extends,
And from the ſounding axe its trees defends.
What monſters arm'd upon the ramparts ſtand!
What horrid forms compoſe the grieſly band!
With threatening eyes ſome view him from afar,
And ſome, with claſhing arms, the champion dare.
At length he flies, but with a tardy flight,
So parts a lion yielding in the fight.
Surpriz'd, his conſcious heart the doubts confeſs'd,
And own'd the fears that ſtruggled in his breaſt.

Then,

Then, to the camp return'd, with humbled pride,
From every eye he ſought the ſhame to hide:
Nor longer durſt, his face with grief o'erſpread,
Among the warriors lift his haughty head.
By Godfrey ſummon'd now, awhile he ſtay'd,
And with excuſes vain the time delay'd:
Slowly at length he came, unwilling ſpoke,
And from his lips imperfect accents broke.
Full well the leader ſaw his troubled mind,
And, by his looks, the boaſter's flight divin'd.
What may (he cries) theſe ſtrange events portend?
What tales are theſe that nature's laws tranſcend?
Is there a man who, fill'd with glorious heat,
Dares yet explore the foreſt's dark retreat?
Now let his courage yonder ſeats invade,
Or bring more certain tidings from the ſhade.
So ſpoke the chief: and three ſucceeding days
The boldeſt warriors, urg'd by thirſt of praiſe,
Aſſay'd the dreary wood: but, ſtruck with dread,
Each knight by turns the threatening terrors fled.
Now in her tomb has noble Tancred laid
The honour'd relics of his much-lov'd maid:
Pale are his looks, his languid limbs appear
Too weak the cuiraſs or the ſhield to bear.

But, ſince the Chriſtian cauſe his ſword requires,
Nor toil nor danger damps his generous fires;
Heroic ardors all his ſoul inflame,
And give new vigour to his feeble frame.
With native firmneſs arm'd, he haſtes to prove
The ſecret perils of the magic grove.
Unmov'd his eyes the gloomy ſhade behold:
In vain the earthquakes rock'd, the thunders roll'd:
At firſt a tranſient doubt aſſail'd his breaſt,
But each unworthy thought was ſoon repreſs'd.
Still on he paſs'd, till full before his eyes
The burning walls and flaming ramparts riſe.
At this awhile his haſty courſe he ſtay'd:
What here can arms avail? (the warrior ſaid)
Shall I, where yon devouring furies wait,
Amidſt the flames attempt a deſperate fate?
Ne'er would I fly from death in glory's ſtrife,
When fame, when public good, demands my life.
From uſeleſs perils yet the brave refrain;
The warrior's courage here were ſpent in vain:
Yet how will yonder camp my flight receive?
What other foreſt can their want relieve?
By Godfrey then the taſk will ſure be try'd;
Theſe fires perhaps may vaniſh when defy'd.

But

But be it as it may! th' attempt I claim!—
He ſaid: and fearleſs ruſh'd amidſt the flame,
At once he leapt, and preſs'd unhurt the ground,
Nor fire nor heat th' intrepid hero found:
At once the viſionary flames were fled,
And all around a diſmal darkneſs ſpread:
Tempeſts and clouds aroſe: but ſoon anew
The ſtorms were vaniſh'd, and the clouds withdrew!
Surpriz'd, but dauntleſs, noble Tancred ſtood,
And when the ſkies thus clear'd the warrior view'd,
With ſteps ſecure he pierc'd th' unhallow'd glade,
And trac'd each ſecret winding of the ſhade.
No wondrous phantoms now his courſe oppos'd,
No burning towers the guarded wood enclos'd:
But oft the trees, with tangled bows entwin'd,
Perplex'd his paſſage, and his ſight confin'd,
At length a ſylvan theatre he found;
Nor plant nor tree within the verdant round;
Save in the midſt a ſtately cypreſs roſe,
And high in air advanc'd its ſpreading boughs.
To this the knight his wandering ſteps addreſs'd,
And ſaw the trunk with various marks impreſs'd:
Like thoſe (ere men were vers'd in ſcriptur'd lore)
Myſterious Egypt us'd in days of yore.

Amidſt the ſigns unknown he chanc'd to find
Theſe words engrav'd conſpicuous on the rind.
O! valiant knight! whoſe feet have dar'd to tread
Theſe manſions ſacred to the ſilent dead:
If pity e'er thy dauntleſs breaſt could move,
Forbear to violate this fatal grove.
Revere the ſouls depriv'd of vital air,
Nor with the dead an impious war declare.
Theſe lines the knight perus'd, and loſt in thought,
He long in vain the ſecret meaning ſought.
Now thro' the leaves a whiſpering breeze he hears,
And human voices murmuring in his ears;
That various paſſions in his heart inſtil;
Soft pity, grief, and awe, his boſom fill.
At length, reſolv'd, his ſhining ſteel he drew,
And ſtruck the tree, when (dreadful to his view!)
The wounded bark a ſanguine current ſhed,
And ſtain'd the graſſy turf with ſtreaming red.
With horror fill'd, yet fix'd th' event to know,
Again his arm renew'd the forceful blow:
When from the trunk was heard a human groan,
And plaintive accents in a female tone.
Too much on me before thy rage was bent,
O! cruel Tancred! ceaſe—at laſt relent!

By thee from life's delightful ſeat I fell,
Driv'n from the breaſt where once I us'd to dwell.
Why do'ſt thou ſtill purſue with ruthleſs hate,
This trunk, to which I now am fix'd by fate?
Ah! cruel!—ſhall not death th' unhappy ſave?
And would'ſt thou reach thy foes within the grave?
Clorinda once was I!—nor here confin'd,
My ſoul alone informs a rugged rind:
The like myſterious fortune waits on all
Who ſink in fight beneath yon lofty wall;
By ſtrange enchantment here (relentleſs doom!)
They find in ſylvan forms a living tomb:
Theſe trunks and branches human ſenſe endows,
Nor canſt thou, guiltleſs, lop the vital boughs.
As one diſtemper'd, to whoſe ſleeping eyes
A dragon or chimera ſeems to riſe,
Attempts to fly, while yet he ſcarce believes
The monſtrous phantom that his ſenſe deceives:
So far'd the lover, doubting what he heard;
Yet, midſt his doubts, he yielded and he fear'd.
A thouſand tender thoughts his boſom pain'd,
No more his trembling hand the ſword retain'd.
Now in his mind he views th' offended fair
With all the ſighs and tumults of deſpair:

Nor

Nor longer can he bear, with pitying eyes,
To view the ſtreaming bark, or hear the mournful cries!
Thus he, whoſe courage every deed had try'd,
And all the various forms of death defy'd,
Submits his reaſon to deluſive charms,
And love's all-powerful name his breaſt diſarms.
A whirlwind now aroſe with ſudden roar,
Which from the wood his fallen falchion bore.
The warrior thus ſubdu'd, no longer ſtrove,
But left th' attempt, and iſſu'd from the grove.
His ſword regaining, to the chief he came,
And thus at length began his tale to frame.
Unthought-of truths, O prince! I ſhall reveal,
Wonderous to know, incredible to tell!
I heard the dreadful ſounds, the fire I view'd
That, ſudden riſing, in my paſſage ſtood;
Like walls and battlements the flames were rear'd,
Where armed monſters for defence appear'd.
Yet free from heat I paſs'd the burning towers,
Nor found my path oppos'd by hoſtile powers:
To this ſucceeded clouds, and ſtorms, and night,
But ſoon again return'd the chearful light.
More ſhall I ſpeak?—A human ſpirit lives
In every tree, and ſenſe and reaſon gives

To every plant—deep groans aſſail'd my ear,
And ſtill I ſeem the mournful ſounds to hear.
Each parted trunk pours forth a purple ſtream,
Like ſanguine currents from a wounded limb!
I own myſelf ſubdu'd—no more I dare
A branch diſſever, or a ſapling tear.
While Tancred thus his wondrous tidings brought,
The leader waver'd, loſt in anxious thought:
Uncertain if himſelf th' attempt to prove,
And try the dangers of th' enchanted grove;
Or ſeek what other diſtant wood might yield
The planks to frame his engines for the field;
But from his doubts the hermit ſoon relieves
The penſive chief, and thus his counſel gives.
Forego thy ſchemes, nor think the wood t' invade,
Another hand muſt pierce the fatal ſhade.
Now, now, the veſſel gains the diſtant ſtrand,
She furls her ſails, ſhe cuts the yielding ſand!
See! where at length th' expected hero breaks
His ſhameful bondage, and the ſhore forſakes!
Full ſoon will Heaven yon towering walls o'erthrow,
And quell the numbers of th' Egyptian foe!
While thus he ſpoke, inflam'd his looks appear'd;
With more than mortal ſound his voice was heard.

The

The pious Godfrey, ſtill with cares oppreſs'd,
New plans revolv'd within his thoughtful breaſt.
But now, receiv'd in Cancer's fiery ſign,
The ſun, with ſcorching rays, began to ſhine:
A direful drought ſucceeds: the martial train
No more the labours of the field ſuſtain.
Each gentle ſtar has quench'd its kindly beam;
From ſullen ſkies malignant planets gleam;
Their baneful influence on the earth they ſhed,
And wide through air infectious vapours ſpread.
To dreadful day more dreadful night ſucceeds,
And each new morn increaſing terror breeds.
The ſun ne'er riſes chearful to the ſight,
But ſanguine ſpots diſtain his ſacred light:
Pale hovering miſts around his forehead play,
The ſad forerunners of a fatal day!
His ſetting orb in crimſon ſeems to mourn,
Denouncing greater woes at his return;
And adds new horrors to the preſent doom,
By certain fear of evils yet to come!

Ver. 377. *But now, receiv'd in Cancer's fiery ſign,*] This drought with which the Chriſtian army was afflicted, is mentioned in the hiſtory. In the particulars of the deſcription the poet has made great uſe of Lucretius.

All nature pants beneath the burning ſky:
The earth is cleft, the leſſening ſtreams are dry:
The barren clouds, like ſtreaky flames, divide,
Diſpers'd and broken through the ſultry void.
No chearful object for the ſight remains;
Each gentle gale its grateful breath retains;
Alone the wind from Libya's ſands reſpires,
And burns each warrior's breaſt with ſecret fires.
Nocturnal meteors blaze in duſky air,
Thick light'nings flaſh, and livid comets glare!
No pleaſing moiſture nature's face renews:
The moon no longer ſheds her pearly dews
To chear the mourning earth: the plants and flowers
In vain require the ſoft and vital ſhowers!
Sweet ſlumber flies from every reſtleſs night,
In vain would men his balmy power invite;
Sleepleſs they lie: but, far above the reſt,
The rage of thirſt their fainting ſouls oppreſs'd.
For, vers'd in guile, Judæa's impious king
With poiſonous juice had tainted every ſpring;
Whoſe currents now with dire pollution flow,
Like Styx and Acheron in realms below;
The ſlender ſtream, where Siloa's gentle wave
Once to the Chriſtians draughts untainted gave,

Now

Now ſcarcely murmurs, in his channels dry,
And yields their fainting hoſt a ſmall ſupply.
But not the Po, when moſt his waters ſwell,
Would ſeem too vaſt their raging thirſt to quell:
Nor mighty Ganges, nor the ſeven-mouth'd Nile,
That with his deluge glads th' Egyptian ſoil.
If e'er their eyes, in happier times, have view'd,
Begirt with graſſy turf, ſome cryſtal flood:
Or living waters foam from Alpine hills,
Or through ſoft herbage purl the limpid rills:
Such flattering ſcenes again their fancies frame,
And add new fuel to increaſe their flame.
Still in the mind the wiſh'd idea reigns:
But ſtill the fervor rages in the veins!
Then might you ſee on earth the warriors lie,
Whoſe limbs robuſt could every toil defy;
Inur'd the weight of ponderous arms to bear,
Inur'd in fields the hoſtile ſteel to dare:
Deep in their veins the hidden furies prey,
And eat, by ſlow degrees, their lives away.

The courſer, late with generous pride indu'd,
Now loaths the graſs, his once delightful food:
With feeble ſteps he ſcarcely ſeems to tread,
And prone to earth is hung his languid head.

No mem'ry now of ancient fame remains,
No thirſt of glory on the duſty plains:
The conquer'd ſpoils and trappings once beſtow'd,
His joy ſo late, are now a painful load!
  Now pines the faithful dog, nor heeds the board,
Nor heeds the ſervice of his dearer lord!
Out-ſtretch'd he lies, and as he pants for breath,
Receives at every gaſp new draughts of death.
  In vain has nature's law the air aſſign'd
T' allay the inward heat of human kind:
What here, alas! can air mankind avail,
When fevers float on every burning gale!
  Thus droop'd the earth, and every glory loſt,
Dire proſpects terrify'd the faithful hoſt:
Complaints aloud reſound from every band,
And words, like theſe, are heard on either hand.
  What next can Godfrey hope? Why longer ſtay
Till one ſad fate ſweep all our camp away?
Still can he think yon lofty walls to gain,
What force is left, what engines now remain?
And ſees not he, of all the hoſt alone,
The wrath of God by every ſignal ſhown?
A thouſand ſigns and prodigies declare
His will oppos'd againſt this fatal war.

What

What ſcorching rays the ſickening land invade!
Nor Ind nor Libya aſks a cooler ſhade!
Then thinks our leader no regard we claim,
And views us as a vile, a worthleſs name!
That ſouls like ours to death muſt tamely yield,
So he may ſtill th' imperial ſceptre wield!
Behold! the boaſted chief, the pious nam'd,
For acts of mercy and for goodneſs fam'd,
Forgets his people's weal, his power to raiſe,
And on their ruin builds deſtructive praiſe!
While thus we mourn each ſpring and fountain dry'd,
From Jordan's ſtream his thirſt is well ſupply'd;
Amidſt his feſtive friends the prince reclines,
And mixes cooling draughts with Cretan wines.
Thus ſaid the Franks; but louder far complain'd
The Grecian chief, who Godfrey's ſway diſdain'd;
Who with reluctance long his rule obey'd:
Why ſhould I tamely periſh here? (he ſaid)
And why with me on mine ſhall ruin wait?
If Godfrey blindly ruſh on certain fate,
On him and on his Franks th' event be thrown,
Nor let us fall for follies not our own.

Thus ſaid the chief; nor bade the hoſt adieu,
But, with his train, at evening's cloſe withdrew.
Soon as the morn beheld his ſquadron fled,
On other troops the quick contagion ſpread.
Thoſe that in battle Ademar obey'd,
And brave Clothareus, now in ſilence laid,
(Since death, which all diſſolves, had burſt the bands
That held them ſubject to their lords commands)
Already meditate their ſecret flight,
And ſome depart beneath the favouring night.
All this full well obſervant Godfrey knew,
Nor yet his ſoul would rigorous means purſue
T' oppoſe the ill; reſolv'd the faith to prove,
That rapid ſtreams can ſtay, and rocks remove;
The Ruler of the world with prayers t' implore
The ſacred fountains of his grace to pour.
With hands conjoin'd, and eyes with zeal on flame,
He thus aloud invok'd th' eternal name.

Ver. 490. — *with his train, at evening's cloſe withdrew.*] Hiſtory mentions, that in the famine which the Chriſtians ſuffered before Antioch, the Grecian commander departed, under pretence of ſeeking aſſiſtance from the emperor at Conſtantinople, and that he returned no more. The poet feigns this circumſtance to have happened before the walls of Jeruſalem.

O king!

O King! and Father! if thy pitying hand
E'er ſhed thy manna in the deſert land;
If e'er thy will to man ſuch virtue gave,
From veins of rock to draw the guſhing wave!
Be now for theſe thy wondrous power diſplay'd:
But if their merits leſs can claim thy aid,
O! let thy grace, to veil their faults, be given,
Still may thy warriors feel the care of Heaven!
Theſe righteous prayers, in humble words expreſs'd,
On eagle wings to heaven their flight addreſs'd;
There full before the throne of God appear'd:
Th' Eternal Father with complacence heard:
His awful eyes he bent on Syria's lands,
And view'd the labours of his faithful bands:
He ſaw their ſufferings with a gracious look,
Then thus, with mild benevolence, he ſpoke.
Lo! to this hour, on earth my camp belov'd
Has various woes and dreadful perils prov'd!
The world, in arms, reſiſts their glorious toils,
And hell obſtructs their courſe with all its wiles.
Now, chang'd the ſcene, a happier fate attends:
From favouring clouds the friendly ſhower deſcends:
Their matchleſs hero comes t' exalt their name,
And Egypt's hoſt arrives to crown their fame.

Th'

Th' Almighty ceas'd : heaven trembled as he ſpoke;
The ſtars and every wandering planet ſhook;
The air was huſh'd, the ſea was calm'd to reſt,
And every hill and cave its awe confeſs'd.
Swift to the left the lightening's blaze appear'd;
At once aloft the thunder's noiſe was heard.
The troops tranſported view the lowring ſkies,
And hail the rolling ſound with joyful cries.
Now thickening clouds their gloomy veil extend;
Not theſe in vapours from the earth aſcend
By Phœbus' warmth; but heaven the deluge pours,
And opens all the ſluices of its ſtores.
The torrents fall impetuous from the ſkies;
Above their banks the foamy rivers riſe.
As on the ſhore, when heats have parch'd the plain,
The cackling breed expect the kindly rain;
Then greet the moiſture with expanded wings,
And ſport and plunge beneath the cooling ſprings:
The Chriſtians thus ſalute with joyful cry
The grateful deluge from the pitying ſky.
Theſe on their locks or veſts the ſtream receive;
From helms or vaſes thoſe their thirſt relieve:
Some hold their hands beneath the cooling wave;
Their faces ſome, and ſome their temples lave:

While earth, that late her gaping rifts diſclos'd,
And fainting lay to parching heat expos'd,
Receives and miniſters the vital ſhowers
To fading herbs, to plants, to trees and flowers:
Her fever thus allay'd, new health returns,
No more the flame within her boſom burns;
Again new beauties grace her gladden'd ſoil,
Again renew'd her hills and vallies ſmile.

Now ceas'd the rain; the ſun reſtor'd the day,
And ſhed with grateful warmth a temper'd ray:
As when his beams benign their influence bring
T' unlock, with genial power, the welcome ſpring.
O wondrous faith! that, truſting Heaven above,
Can purge the air, and every ill remove:
Can change the ſeaſons, and reverſe their ſtate,
And quench the fury of impending fate!

THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

GODFREY is admoniſhed in a dream to recall Rinaldo to the camp. Guelpho pleads for his nephew's return, and Godfrey conſents to it. Ubald and Charles the Dane are appointed the meſſengers for that purpoſe: theſe, by the directions of Peter, proceed to Aſcalon, where they are entertained by a Chriſtian magician, who ſhews them many wonders. He gives them a particular relation of the manner in which Rinaldo was enſnared by Armida, and then inſtructs them fully how to deliver him from the power of the enchantreſs.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

NOW from her mother's antient lap aroſe
Indulgent night, befriending ſweet repoſe;
Soft breezes in her train attendant flew,
While from her robe ſhe ſhook the pearly dew:
The fluttering Zephyrs breath'd a grateful wind,
And ſooth'd the balmy ſlumbers of mankind.

Now, every thought forgot, the peaceful hoſt
Their cares and labours in oblivion loſt:
But, ever watchful o'er his creatures' ſtate,
In light eternal Heaven's Almighty ſate:
His looks he turn'd, and view'd, from upper ſkies,
The Chriſtian leader with benignant eyes:
To him, with ſpeed, he ſent a myſtic dream,
To ſpeak the purpoſe of the will ſupreme.

Not

Not far from where the ſun, with eaſtern ray,
Through golden portals pours the beamy day,
A cryſtal gate there ſtands, whoſe valves unfold
Ere yet the ſkies the dawning light behold.
From thence the dreams ariſe, which heavenly pow'r
To pious mortals ſends in gracious hour.
From thence to Godfrey's tent the viſion fled,
And o'er the chief his radiant pinions ſpread.
No ſlumber e'er ſuch pleaſing ſcenes diſplay'd,
As now the hero, in a trance, ſurvey'd:
That brought the ſtarry manſions to his eyes,
And open'd all the ſecrets of the ſkies:
Then full reflected to his ſenſe was ſhown
The happy ſtate, by righteous ſpirits known.
He ſeem'd aloft to realms of glory rais'd,
Where beams on beams with mingled luſtre blaz'd.
There, while he, wondering, view'd the ſeats around,
And heard the ſacred choir their hymns reſound,
Begirt with rays, and cloath'd with lambent flame,
Full in his ſight a graceful warrior came.
His tuneful voice no ſounds can reach below,
And from his lips theſe gentle accents flow:
Then will not Godfrey own this face again,
And is thy friend, thy Hugo, ſeen in vain?

To whom the chief reply'd: That form divine,
Where circling beams of dazzling glory ſhine,
So far my feeble mortal ſenſe obſcur'd,
That ſcarely yet my mem'ry ſtands aſſur'd.
He ſaid; and thrice with eager arms eſſay'd
With pious love to claſp the friendly ſhade:
And thrice the phantom mock'd his fruitleſs care,
And fled like empty dreams or fleeting air.
Think not (the viſion cry'd) thy eyes behold
A mortal ſubſtance of terreſtrial mould:
A naked ſpirit ſtands before thy ſight,
A citizen of this celeſtial light.
Behold GOD's temple! here his warriors reſt,
With theſe ſhalt thou reſide, for ever bleſt.
When comes that happy hour? (the chief replies)
Ah! now releaſe my ſoul from earthly ties!
Soon ſhalt thou (Hugo thus return'd again)
Partake the triumphs of th' immortal train:
But firſt thy warfare claims new toils below;
In fields of fight thy courage yet muſt glow.
'Tis thine to free from impious pagan bands
The ſacred empire of Judæa's lands;
And, firmly fix'd, the Chriſtian throne to place,
The ſeat thy brother is decreed to grace.

But, that thy breaſt may feel a holier fire,
And purer pleaſures purer thoughts inſpire;
Contemplate well this place, theſe ſtarry rays,
Where Heaven's Almighty pours the boundleſs blaze!
Hark! how th'angelic choir their hymns prolong,
And warble to the lyre celeſtial ſong!
Now caſt thy ſight to yonder globe below,
See! all that earth on mortals can beſtow!
Behold what vileneſs there obſcures mankind;
Say, what rewards can there the virtuous find?
A naked ſolitude, a narrow ſpace
Confines the ſenſeleſs pride of human race.
Earth, like an iſle, is round with waves embrac'd:
Survey yon ſea, the mighty and the vaſt!
Which here can no ſuch glorious titles claim,
A pool unnoted, and a worthleſs name!
  He ſaid; and Godfrey downward bent his eyes,
And view'd the earth with pity and ſurprize:
He ſmil'd to ſee the numerous nations' boaſt,
Lands, floods, and oceans, in an atom loſt;
Amaz'd that man, with ſenſual follies blind,
Should there, immers'd in ſmoke, in gloom confin'd,
Purſue vain empire, and an airy name,
Nor heed the call of Heaven, and virtue's laſting fame.

Then

Then thus he ſaid: Since 'tis not God's decree,
From mortal priſon yet my ſoul to free;
O! be my guide! Vouchſafe the path to ſhow,
Amidſt the errors of the world below.
The path before thee (Hugo then reply'd)
Purſue, nor from the track remove aſide.
This only counſel from thy friend receive;
From exile brave Bertoldo's ſon reprieve.
For if to thee th' Almighty King of heaven
The ſovereign guidance of the hoſt has given;
'Tis his decree no leſs, th' intrepid knight
Should execute thy high commands in fight:
'Tis thine the foremoſt duties to ſuſtain,
To him the ſecond honours muſt remain:
To him alone 'tis giv'n the woods to fell,
So deeply guarded by the fiends of hell;
From him the troops, that ſeem a lifeleſs hoſt,
Their numbers weaken'd, and their courage loſt;
That inly meditate a ſhameful flight,
Shall gain new vigour for th' approaching fight:
So ſhall they teach yon haughty walls to yield,
And rout the eaſtern armies in the field.
He ſaid, and ceas'd; when Godfrey made reply:
The knight's return would fill my breaſt with joy:

Thou know'ſt (and thou my ſecret thought canſt
prove)
That in my ſoul he meets a brother's love.
But ſay, what offers muſt I make? and where
To ſeek him ſhall the meſſengers repair?
How ſuits it with my ſtate, the youth to greet,
T'exact obedience, or with prayer entreat?
To whom the ſhade: Th'Eternal King, whoſe grace
To thee has given on earth a leader's place,
Decrees that thoſe o'er whom he gave thee ſway,
To thee, their head, ſhould rightful homage pay:
Requeſt not then—(thou can'ſt not, void of blame,
With ſervile prayers debaſe a general's name)
But when thy friends beſeech, thy ears incline;
The part be theirs t' entreat, to yield be thine:
To thee, inſpir'd by Heaven, ſhall Guelpho plead,
And aſk forgiveneſs for Rinaldo's deed.
Though now far diſtant from th'abandon'd hoſt,
He lives, in love and eaſe inglorious loſt;
A few ſhort days will bring the youth again,
To ſhine in arms amidſt his ſocial train:
For holy Peter can thy envoys ſend
Where certain tidings ſhall thy ſearch attend:
They ſhall be taught the arts, and given the power,
The knight to free, and to the camp reſtore.

Thus

Thus all thy wandering partners of the war
Shall Heav'n at length reduce beneath thy care.
Yet, ere I ceaſe, one truth I ſhall reveal,
Which well I know thy breaſt with joy ſhall fill:
His blood ſhall mix with thine, and thence a race
Of glorious names ſucceeding times ſhall grace!
He ended here; and paſs'd like ſmoke away,
Or fleeting clouds before the ſolar ray.
Then ſleep, departing, left the hero's breaſt
At once with wonder and with joy poſſeſs'd.
The pious chief th' advancing morn ſurvey'd,
And ſtrait his limbs in weighty arms array'd.
Soon in his tent th' attending leaders met,
In daily council where conven'd they ſate;
There every future act they weigh with care,
And every labour of the war prepare.
Then noble Guelpho, who, by Heaven oppreſs'd,
New thoughts revolv'd within his careful breaſt,
Firſt turn'd to Godfrey midſt the warrior-train:
O! prince! for mercy fam'd (he thus began)

Ver. 151. *Then noble Guelpho*—] The poet here, as in the fifth book, admirably preſerves the decorum of Godfrey's character, by making the requeſt for his recall come from Guelpho.

I come t'implore thy grace; thy grace diſpenſe,
Though raſh the deed, though recent be th'offence;
Hence may it ſeem too boldly here I ſtand,
And immaturely urge the fond demand.
But when I think to Godfrey's friendly ear,
For brave Rinaldo I my ſuit prefer;
Or view myſelf, of no ignoble ſtrain,
That intercedes thy favouring grace to gain:
I truſt thou wilt not ſuch a boon deny,
Which all will here receive with equal joy.
Ah! let the youth return, retrieve his name,
And lave, in fields of blood, his fully'd fame.
What hand but his intrepid ſhall invade
The foreſt-gloom, and bare the fatal ſhade?
Who more adventurous in the field to dare,
Deſpiſing death, amidſt the ranks of war?
Behold he ſhakes the walls, the gates o'erthrows,
Or foremoſt ſcales the ramparts of the foes!
Reſtore him to the camp!—O chief! reſtore
The hope of battle, and the ſoldiers' power.
Reſtore to me a nephew well-belov'd,
A champion to thyſelf, in arms approv'd:
Nor let him in ignoble ſloth remain,
But give him to his rank and fame again,

Thy

Thy conquering banners let him ſtill purſue,
So may the gazing world his virtues view:
Great deeds he then ſhall ſhew in open light,
While thou, his leader, rul'ſt the field of fight.

He ended here; and, while his ſuit he preſs'd,
All join'd, with favouring murmurs, his requeſt:
And Godfrey now (each inward thought conceal'd)
Seem'd to his reaſons and his ſuit to yield.
Can I (he cry'd) refuſe the grace requir'd,
By all expected, and by all deſir'd?
Here rigour ends—enough your counſel moves;
Then be it as the public voice approves.
Let young Rinaldo view the camp again,
But learn henceforth his anger to reſtrain:
May he, with actions equal to your praiſe,
Fulfil your wiſhes, and his glory raiſe!
Him to recall, O Guelpho! be thy care:
(And grateful ſure the tidings to his ear!)
'Tis thine the truſty envoy to ſelect,
And where the youth reſides, his ſteps direct.

He ceas'd; when, riſing, thus the Dane began:
An envoy if you ſeek, behold the man!
Nor length of way, nor perils I decline,
To him this honour'd weapon to reſign.

So ſpoke the knight, with generous ardor mov'd,
And noble Guelpho his deſire approv'd;
And join'd with him, the labours to divide,
Ubald, in ev'ry art of wiſdom try'd.
Ubald, in youth, had many regions ſeen,
Explor'd the cuſtoms and the ways of men;
And wander'd long, with unremitted toil,
From polar cold to Libya's burning ſoil:
From different nations different arts he drew;
Their laws, their manners, and their ſpeech he knew:
In age mature him Guelpho now careſs'd,
His much-lov'd friend, and partner of his breaſt.
Such were the men, ſelected midſt the hoſt,
From exile to recall the champion loſt:
Theſe Guelpho now inſtructs their courſe to bend
Where mighty Bæmond's regal walls aſcend:
Since all (for thus the public fame was blown)
Had fix'd the knight's retreat in Antioch's town:
But here the word the reverend hermit took,
And interpoſing, on their converſe broke.
Ye warriors brave! attend my words (he ſaid)
Nor be by voice of vulgar fame miſled;
But haſte to Aſcalon, and ſeek the ſhores
Where to the ſea a ſtream its tribute pours:

There ſhall a ſage, the Chriſtians' friend, appear;
Attend his dictates, and his counſel hear:
Full well he knows, long ſince foretold by me,
Of this your journey, fix'd by God's decree:
'Tis his your ſteps to guide; from him receive
Such welcome as a faithful heart can give.

The hermit ſaid: and, as his words requir'd,
The ready knights obey'd what Heaven inſpir'd.
Direct to Aſcalon they bent their way,
Where breaks againſt the land the neighbouring ſea.
Their ears perceive not yet the hollow roar
Of daſhing billows ſounding on the ſhore:
When now the chiefs a rapid ſtream beheld,
With ſudden rains and ruſhing torrents ſwell'd:
The banks no more confine its headlong courſe;
Swift as a ſhaft it drives with furious force.

Ver. 235. *Direct to Aſcalon they bent their way.*]

438. *But ſoon he heard the ſtream* —] Here begins the narrative of the wonders met with by theſe knights, in their embaſſy to recall Rinaldo, and the deſcription of the enchantments of Armida; and I have little doubt, notwithſtanding the ſeverity, and perhaps pedantry, of claſſical criticiſm, but every poetical reader will call theſe the fineſt paſſages of the Jerusalem. The reader will ſee what uſe our admirable Spenſer has made of theſe, xivth, xvth, and xvith books.

While

While in ſuſpenſe they ſtand, a ſage appears,
Of reverend aſpect and experienc'd years.
An oaken wreath ſurrounds his aged brows;
In lengthen'd folds his ſnowy veſture flows;
A wand he ſhakes; ſecure he treads the waves,
And with his feet unbath'd the torrent braves.

So, near the freezing pole, the village-ſwains
(When winter binds the floods in icy chains)
Oft o'er the Rhine in fearleſs numbers glide
With hiſſing ſound, and ſkim the ſolid tide.

Now came the ſage to where, in deep ſurpriſe,
On him the ſilent warrior fix'd their eyes;
Then thus: O friends! you 'tempt an arduous taſk,
Your high deſigns uncommon guidance aſk.
What toils what dangers ſtill attend your way,
What ſeas to paſs, what regions to ſurvey!
Far muſt your ſearch, where other ſuns aſcend,
Beyond the limits of our world extend.
But firſt vouchſafe to view my homely cell,
The hidden manſion where retir'd I dwell:
There ſhall my lips ſuch wondrous truths declare,
As well befits your purpoſe now to hear.

He ceas'd; and bade the ſtream a paſſage yield;
Th' obedient ſtream a ſudden path reveal'd;

Full

Full in the midſt the parting waves divide,
A liquid mountain roſe on either ſide.
Then by the hand he ſeiz'd the knights, and led
Within the winding river's ſecret bed.
There doubtful day ſcarce glimmers to their ſight;
As when pale Cynthia through the groves, by night,
Sheds from her ſlender horns a trembling light.
There caverns huge they view; from theſe ariſe
The watery ſtores that yield the earth ſupplies,
To run in rills, in guſhing ſprings aſcend,
To flow in rivers, or in lakes extend.
There might they ſee whence Po and Iſter came,
Hydaſpes, Ganges, and Euphrates' ſtream:
Whence mighty Tanaïs firſt derives his courſe;
And Nilus there reveals his ſecret ſource.
Deep underneath they next a flood behold,
Where ſulphur, mix'd with living ſilver, roll'd:
Till theſe, by Sol's enlivening rays refin'd,
In ſolid gold or lucid cryſtal ſhin'd.
Along the banks they ſaw, on either ſide,
Unnumber'd jewels deck the wealthy tide:
From theſe by fits, a flaſhing ſplendor play'd,
And chac'd the horrors of the duſky ſhade.
There ſhines the ſapphire gay with azure bright,
And there the jacynth gives a pleaſing light:

There flames the ruby; there the di'mond beams:
And milder there the verdant emerald gleams!
The warriors ſtill purſu'd their reverend guide;
Theſe wondrous ſcenes in deep amazement ty'd
Each various ſenſe; till prudent Ubald broke
The ſilence firſt, and thus the ſage beſpoke.
Say, Father! what the place we now behold?
Where do'ſt thou lead? and what thy ſtate, unfold?
Scarce can I tell, bewilder'd with ſurpriſe,
If truth I view, or dreams deceive my eyes!
Then he: Lo! here the ſpacious womb of earth,
Where all productions firſt receive their birth:
Nor could you thus her entrails dark explore,
Without my guidance and ſuperior power:
Now to my palace I your ſteps convey
(My palace ſhining with reſplendent day.)
A Pagan was I born, but gracious Heav'n
A ſecond life by cleanſing ſtreams has giv'n.
Think not theſe wonders, that confound your thought,
By influence of the Stygian angels wrought.
Heaven ſhield I ſhould invoke Cocytus' ſhore,
Or Phlegethon with impious arts implore;
But well my knowledge from its ſource reveals
The virtue every plant or ſpring conceals;

I meditate

I meditate the ſtars, explore the cauſe
Of nature's works, and trace her ſecret laws.
Yet deem not, ever diſtant from the ſkies,
In ſubterranean ſeats my dwelling lies.
For oft on Lebanon or Carmel's brow
I make abode, and view the world below.
There Mars and Venus to my ſearching eyes,
Without a cloud, in all their aſpects riſe.
Each ſtar I know, of ſwift or lingering courſe,
Of mild appearance, or malignant force:
Beneath my feet the vapours I ſurvey,
Now dark, and now with Iris' colours gay.
What exhalations rains and dews compoſe
I mark, and how the wind obliquely blows:
What fires the lightning, how the bolt deſcends,
And through the air a dreadful paſſage rends.
There, near at hand, I ſee the meteors ſtream,
And wandering comets dart a fiery gleam!
Elate with pride, I deem'd my art could ſoar
To every height, and fathom heavenly pow'r.
But when your Peter, in the ſacred flood,
With myſtic rites my ſinful ſoul renew'd;
I rais'd my thoughts, and own'd my wiſdom's boaſt,
Without a guide divine, in darkneſs loſt!

The

The minds of men, in truth's immortal ray,
Appear like birds of night before the day!
Inly I ſmil'd my follies paſt to view,
From which ſo late my empty pride I drew:
Yet (ſo your pious hermit gave command)
I ſtill my former magic arts retain'd:
But all my knowledge now obeys his word,
'Tis his to bid, my teacher and my lord!
He now vouchſafes with me (a worthleſs name!)
T' entruſt a taſk more righteous hands might claim:
To me he gives to call from diſtant lands
Th' unconquer'd hero to his ſocial bands:
Long have I ſtay'd, your coming to behold;
For this event the holy ſage foretold.

Thus ſpoke the ſire; and now the knights he ſhow'd
Where in the lonely rock he made abode:
The manſion like an ample cave was ſeen,
And halls and ſtately rooms appear'd within.
There ſhone whate'er th' all-breeding earth contains
Of riches nouriſh'd in her fruitful veins:
There native ſplendor dwells in every part,
And nature riſes o'er the works of art!
An hundred duteous ſlaves obſequious ſtand
T' attend the gueſts, and wait their lord's command;

Magnificent

Magnificent the plenteous board is plac'd,
With vaſes huge of gold and cryſtal grac'd.
At length, the rage of thirſt and hunger fled,
The wiſe magician to the warriors ſaid,
'Tis time, what moſt imports, ſhould now be ſhown;
To you in part Armida's arts are known:
How to the camp ſhe came, and thence convey'd
The braveſt champions, by her wiles betray'd.
Full well you know that theſe, in bonds reſtrain'd,
Th' inſidious dame within her tower detain'd;
And ſent them guarded thence to Gaza's land,
When fortune, in the way, releas'd their band.
It now remains for me th' events to tell
(As yet unknown) which ſince that time befel.
Soon as th' enchantreſs ſaw her priſoners loſt,
Her ſchemes defeated, and her labours croſs'd;
Oppreſs'd with ſudden grief, her hands ſhe wrung,
And thus exclaim'd, with raging fury ſtung:
Then ſhall he live to boaſt th' audacious deed,
My guards defeated, and my captives freed!
No—if his arms to others freedom give,
Let him in pains and ſhameful bondage live:
Nor he alone my juſt revenge ſhall claim,
My rage ſhall burſt on all the Chriſtian name!

Furious

Furious ſhe ſpoke, and as ſhe ſpoke deſign'd
A new device within her fraudful mind:
She ſought the plain, where late Rinaldo's might
Her warriors vanquiſh'd, and diſpers'd in fight,
The battle o'er, his mail the chief unbrac'd,
And on his limbs a pagan's armour lac'd.
Perchance he ſought to veil his glorious name,
Conceal'd in humbler dreſs unknown to fame.
His arms th' enchantreſs took, in theſe enclos'd
A headleſs trunk, and near a ſtream expos'd;
Here well ſhe knew that, charg'd with daily care,
A band of Franks would from the camp repair.
And faſt beſide ſhe ſtationed in the ſhade
A crafty ſlave in ſhepherd's garb array'd,
Inſtructed well ſuſpicion's bane to ſpread:
He firſt amongſt your troops th' infection ſhed;
That, wide diffuſing, ſcatter'd diſcord far,
And threaten'd direful rage and civil war.
Thus, as her arts deſign'd, the Chriſtian train
Believ'd by Godfrey brave Rinaldo ſlain.

Ver. 396. *His arms th' enchantreſs took*—] The following paſſage explains fully the account given in the viiith book to Godfrey by Aliprando, of the ſuppoſed death of Rinaldo. See ver. 343 of that book.

Till

Till ſoon to all confeſs'd the truth appear'd,
And jealous doubts from every breaſt were clear'd.
Behold the firſt device Armida try'd;
Now, mark what next her wily thoughts employ'd.
The ſorc'reſs ſtay'd by fam'd Orontes' ſtream,
Till near the banks the young Rinaldo came;
Where from the main a parting riv'let glides,
And forms an iſland in the limpid tides.
There by the ſhore a little bark appear'd;
A marble pillar cloſe beſide was rear'd;
On this, as in ſuſpenſe, awhile he ſtood,
Engrav'd in gold theſe words the hero view'd.
" O thou! whoe'er thou art, whoſe ſteps are led,
" By choice or fate, theſe lonely ſhores to tread;
" No greater wonders eaſt and weſt can boaſt,
" Than yon ſmall iſland on its pleaſing coaſt.
" If e'er thy ſight would bliſsful ſcenes explore,
" This current paſs, and ſeek the further ſhore."
Th' uncautious warrior with th' advice comply'd,
And curious turn'd, reſolv'd to croſs the tide;
But, for the bark could only one contain,
Alone he paſs'd, and bade his ſquires remain.
Now, to the land th' impatient hero brought,
With eager looks, the promis'd wonders ſought;

Yet nought beheld ſave meadows deck'd with flowers,
Clear waters, cooling caves, and leafy bowers.
Th' enticing ſcenes awhile the youth delay'd;
He ſtretch'd his weary limbs beneath the ſhade;
Then from the maſſy helm his brows reliev'd,
And in his face the freſhening breeze receiv'd.

But ſoon he heard the ſtream, with bubbling noiſe,
Remurmuring ſoft, and thither turn'd his eyes:
When midſt the flood the circling waves he ſpy'd,
That form'd an eddy in the whirling tide:
Whence, riſing ſlow, diſhevell'd locks appear'd,
And female features o'er the water rear'd;
The ſnowy neck, and gently ſwelling breaſt;
A cryſtal veil beneath conceal'd the reſt.
So from the parting ſtage is ſeen to riſe
A nymph or goddeſs to the gazer's eyes.
This, though her form a Syren's charms diſplay'd,
Was but a ſemblance and deluſive ſhade;
Yet one of thoſe ſhe ſeem'd, who wont of yore,
In faithleſs ſeas, t' infeſt the Tyrrhene ſhore.
Sweet as her looks, ſo ſweet her tuneful voice;
And thus ſhe ſings, while winds and ſkies rejoice.

O happy man! when youth reigns o'er your hours,
And ſtrows the paths of life with ſmiling flowers;

Ah!

Ah! let not virtue with fallacious ray,
Or glory, lead your tender mind aſtray.
Who learns the fruit each ſeaſon yields to prize,
Who follows pleaſure, he alone is wiſe.
Know, this is nature's voice:—Will you withſtand
Her ſacred laws, and ſlight her high command?
Inſenſate he who waſtes his bloomy prime,
Nor takes the tranſient gifts of fleeting time.
Whate'er the world may worth or valour deem,
Is but a phantom, and deluſive dream!
Say, what is fame, that idol of the brave,
Whoſe charms can thus deceiv'd mankind enſlave?
An echo—or a ſhade—to none confin'd;
A ſhifting cloud, diſpers'd with every wind!
Then reſt ſecure; in every offer'd joy
Indulge your ſenſes, and your ſoul employ.
Paſt woes forget; nor antedate your doom
By vain preſage of evils yet to come.
Let thunders roll, and nimble lightenings fly;
Yet heed not you the terrors of the ſky.
This, this is wiſdom; hence each bleſſing flows;
This nature bids, and this the path ſhe ſhows.

Thus impious ſhe: The ſoothing accents creep,
And lull the liſtening knight to balmy ſleep:

In vain the thunder's noiſe had rent the ſkies,
So deep entranc'd in death-like reſt he lies.
Now fir'd with vengeance, iſſuing from the wood,
The falſe enchantreſs o'er the warrior ſtood:
But, when ſhe view'd intent his manly face,
His features glowing with celeſtial grace,
Rapt in ſuſpenſe, beſide the youth ſhe ſate,
And, as ſhe view'd, forgot her former hate.
Low-bending o'er his charms ſhe hangs amaz'd;
So once Narciſſus in the fountain gaz'd.
Now from his cheeks ſhe wipes the dews away;
Now bids the fanning breeze around him play:
Now through the meads, that ſmil'd with various flowers,
She ſtray'd, and wanton cropt the fragrant ſtores;
The roſe and lily, with her artful hands
Together join'd, ſhe forms in pleaſing bands;

Ver. 488. *Low-bending o'er his charms* —] See the paſſage in Spenſer where Acraſia is deſcribed with the knight in the bower of bliſs.

And all the while right over him ſhe hong,
With her falſe eyes faſt fixed in his ſight,
As ſeeking medicine, whence ſhe was ſtong,
Or greedily depaſturing delight, &c.
FAIRY QUEEN, B. ii. c. 12. ſt. 73.

With

With theſe the warrior's arms and legs enfolds,
And gently thus in flowery fetters holds!
Then, while in ſoft repoſe he ſenſeleſs lies,
She lays him on her car, and cuts the ſkies.
Nor ſeeks ſhe to regain Damaſcus' lands,
Or where, with waves enclos'd, her caſtle ſtands;
But, jealous of her prize, and fill'd with ſhame,
In ocean's vaſt profound ſhe hides her flame;
Where from our coaſt no bark the billow ploughs;
There midſt circumfluent tides an iſle ſhe choſe;
Then to a mountain's lofty ſummit flies,
Forlorn and wild, expos'd to ſtormy ſkies:
She clothes the foot and ſides with dreary ſnows,
While on the brow eternal verdure grows.
There, rear'd by ſpells, and more than mortal hands,
Beſide a lake her ſpacious palace ſtands;
Where, in unfailing ſpring, and ſhameful eaſe,
Th' impriſon'd champion leads his amorous days.
'Tis yours the jealous ſorc'reſs' guards to quell,
That watch th' aſcent, and near the palace dwell.
Nor ſhall you want a guide your courſe to lead;
Nor arms t' aſſiſt you in th' adventurous deed.
Soon as you quit my ſtream, your eyes ſhall view
A dame, tho' old in years, of youthful hue;

Known by the locks that o'er her forehead play,
And changeful robes, with various colours gay;
'Tis hers to guide you to the taſk decreed,
With more than eagle's wings or lightening's ſpeed;
'Tis hers to waft you o'er the watery plain,
And ſafe return you from the roaring main.
The mount aſcending, on whoſe tow'ring height
Th'enchantreſs dwells, remote from human ſight;
Then ſhall you numerous ſavage forms behold:
There Pythons hiſs, in dreadful volumes roll'd:
With horrid briſtles ſtands the foaming boar;
With gaping jaws the bear and lion roar!
Then ſudden ſhake this potent wand around,

And

Ver. 532. —— *this potent wand*—] The palmer that accompanies Sir Guyon in Spenſer, has a ſtaff of the like virtue. Speaking of the wild beaſts that attacked Sir Guyon and his guide on their coming to the bower of Acraſia, the poet thus beautifully enlarges on the fiction of the Italian author.

But ſoon as they approach'd, with deadly threat,
The palmer over them his ſtaff upheld;
His mighty ſtaff, that could all charms defeat:
Eftſoons their ſtubborn courages are quell'd,
And high advanced creſts down meekly fell'd:
Inſtead of fraying, they themſelves did fear,
And trembled, as them paſſing they beheld:

And all with fear ſhall fly the hiſſing ſound.
But when your feet the ſteepy ſummit gain,
Yet greater perils in your way remain:
A fountain riſes there, whoſe ſtreams invite
Th'admiring ſtranger, and the thirſt excite;

Such wondrous power did in that ſtaff appear,
All monſters to ſubdue to him that did it bear!

Of that ſame wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which Caduceus whilom was made;
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wonts the Stygian realms invade,
Through ghaſtly horror and eternal ſhade:
Th' infernal fiends with it he can aſſuage,
And Orcus tame, whom nothing can perſuade,
And rule the Furies, when they moſt do rage:
Such virtue in his ſtaff had eke this palmer ſage.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. ii. c. 12. ſt. 40.

Ver. 536. *A fountain riſes there, whoſe ſtreams invite Th' admiring ſtranger.* —] Pomponius Mela writes thus of ſuch a fountain in the Fortunate Iſlands: "Contra fortunatæ inſulæ abundant ſua ſponte genitis "et ſubinde aliis ſuperaliis innaſcentibus; nihil ſollicitos "alunt beatius, quam aliæ urbes excultæ. Una ſingulari "duorum fontium ingenio maxime inſignis, alterum qui "potavere riſu ſolvuntur in mortem." Petrarch likewiſe ſpeaks of two fountains in the Fortunate Iſlands.

Fuor tutti i noſtri lidi
Nel' iſole famoſe di fortuna
Due fonti ha, chi' dell' una
Bee muor ridendo.

But, deep within, th'alluring cryſtal hides
A ſecret venom in its treacherous tides:
One fatal draught can ſtrange effects diſpenſe,
And fill with dire delight the madding ſenſe:
Unbidden laughter ſwells the panting breath,
Till lo! the dread convulſion ends in death!
But far! ah, far from thence with ſpeed remove,
Nor let your lips the deadly waters prove:
Nor let the banks, with taſteful viands grac'd,
Invite your ſenſes to the rich repaſt:
Nor heed th'inticing dames, whoſe voice decoys,
Whoſe beauty poiſons, and whoſe ſmile deſtroys:
O! fly their looks, their guileful words deſpiſe;
And enter where the lofty gates ariſe.
Within, high walls with winding paths ſurround
The ſecret dwelling, and the ſearch confound:
Maze within maze diſtracts the doubtful ſight:
A map ſhall guide your wandering ſteps aright.
Amidſt the labyrinth lies the magic grove,
Where every leaf impregnate ſeems with love.
There ſhall you view, beneath th'embowering ſhade,
Th'enamour'd champion and the damſel laid.
But when awhile th'enchantreſs ſhall depart,
And leave behind the partner of her heart;

Then

Then ſudden iſſue forth, to light reveal'd,
And ſhow the knight my adamantine ſhield:
There ſhall he ſee, reflected to his eyes,
His own reſemblance, and obſcure diſguiſe:
Th' ignoble ſight his generous wrath ſhall move,
And baniſh from his breaſt inglorious love.
No more remains to tell; 'tis yours alone,
To take ſecure the path my words have ſhown;
Safe through the winding maze to bend your courſe,
Nor fear th' oppoſing ſpells of magic force:
Not ev'n Armida (ſuch is Heaven's decree)
Can your arrival, by her arts, foreſee.
Nor leſs, returning from th'enchanted ſeat,
Propitious powers ſhall favour your retreat.
But now the waſting hours to ſleep invite,
The morn muſt ſee you riſe with dawning light.
Thus ſpoke the reverend ſage; and ſpeaking led
The knights to ſlumber on a downy bed:
There, fill'd with joy and wonder, either gueſt
He left: and thence himſelf retir'd to reſt.

THE END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

The two knights take their leave of the hermit, and embark on a veſſel ſteered by a female pilot. Their voyage along the Mediterranean deſcribed. They paſs the ſtraits, and proceed to the Fortunate Iſlands. Their converſation with the pilot during the voyage. They arrive at the Iſland of Armida, where the knights land, who overcome all the obſtacles they meet with in aſcending the mountain, and afterwards withſtand all the various allurements of pleaſure offered to their ſenſes.

THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

NOW roſe the ruddy morn with gladſome ray,
And waken'd mortals to the toils of day;
When to the knights the ſage the buckler bore,
The map and golden wand of wondrous power:
Prepare t' attempt your arduous way (he cries)
Ere yonder ſun advances o'er the ſkies.
Theſe are my promis'd gifts, and theſe your arms,
To quell th' enchantreſs, and diſſolve her charms.
At once the warriors roſe, and eager round
Their limbs robuſt the ſhining armour bound.
Thence, as the hermit led, they bent their way
Through paths ne'er lighted by the cheerful day;
Again their former ſteps returning tread:
But when they reach'd the river's ſacred bed,

I now

I now diſmiſs you from my care (he cry'd):
Farewel! and proſperous fortune be your guide!
Soon as they came where ſtill the parted flood
On either ſide a cryſtal mountain ſtood,
The waters clos'd, and from the depth upbore
The knights, and left them on the flowery ſhore.
So, from the branch by winds autumnal torn,
Light on the tide the ſcatter'd leaves are borne.
Now from the bank their eyes around they threw,
And ſoon beheld the promis'd guide in view.
Amidſt the ſtream a little bark appear'd,
A virgin, at the ſtern, the veſſel ſteer'd:
Depending ringlets o'er her forehead ſtray,
And mild benevolence her looks diſplay:
Her lovely features beams effulgent ſhed,
And heavenly glories blaze around her head.
Her veſture gay a thouſand colours ſhows,
Now flames with red, and now with azure glows:
At every turn it ſhifts the tranſient light,
And cheats with momentary hues the ſight!
Such various grace the billing dove aſſumes,
Whoſe gentle neck is cloth'd with gloſſy plumes;
For ever new the vary'd feathers play,
Reflecting every tint of every ray;

While,

While, as they move, ſucceſſive beauties riſe,
And fill with ſtrange delight the gazer's eyes!
  Favour'd of Heaven! aſcend this bark (ſhe cry'd)
In which ſecure I plough the ſwelling tide:
The ſtormy winds their wonted rage reſtrain,
While ſafe in this each freight may paſs the main:
From him, whoſe ſovereign mercies wide extend,
I come, at once your pilot and your friend!
  So ſpoke the dame; and, haſtening to the land,
The crooked keel divides the yielding ſtrand.
Soon as her bark the noble pair receives,
She quits the ſhore, and ſwift the water cleaves;
Then gives the ſpreading canvas to the wind,
And guides the veſſel from the helm behind.
So wide, ſo deep, the river ſwells its tide,
That lofty ſhips might there ſecurely ride;
Though now a ſhallow ſtream could well ſuffice,
So light the pinnace o'er the ſurface flies!
Now, riſing from the land, th' inſpiring gales
With proſperous breath diſtend the bellying ſails:
The foaming ſtream is white with froth before,
Behind the ſtern the parted waters roar.
At length they came where, midſt its mightier waves,
The ſea's vaſt gulph the river's ſtore receives.

Soon

Soon as the veſſel gains the briny tides,
The winds are huſh'd, the angry ſurge ſubſides:
The clouds diſperſe, the ſouth forgets to blow,
That threaten'd tempeſts to the world below:
Light Zephyrs only bruſh along the main,
And ſcarcely curl the ſmooth cerulean plain.
By Aſcalon they paſs'd; to left they veer'd,
And tow'rd the weſt the rapid veſſel ſteer'd.
Then gliding ſwift, to Gaza next they came,
An ancient harbour, not unknown to fame,
But now, from many a neighbouring ruin great,
An ample city, and a potent ſtate!
The warriors, from the bark, beheld the ſhore
With tents of various nations cover'd o'er:
There horſe and foot, along the crowded way,
Swarm thick between the city and the ſea.
There loaded camels move in ſolemn ſtate,
And the huge elephant's unwieldy weight.
Safe in the port they ſee the veſſels ride,
Or floating looſe, or at their anchors ty'd.
Some hoiſt their ſpreading ſails, while others ſweep,
With level ſtrokes, the ſurface of the deep.
Then thus the guiding maid—Though here we view
The thronging numbers of this impious crew;

Yet theſe, that fill the ſeas and line the ſhore,
Compoſe not all the mighty tyrant's power.
Theſe Egypt and the neighbouring lands ſupply:
But other aids he waits, that diſtant lie.
Far to the eaſt extends his ample ſway,
To realms that burn beneath the ſouthern ray;
And hence I truſt our ſwift return to make,
Ere theſe, departing, ſhall their tents forſake.
While thus ſhe ſpoke, as through th' aerial ſpace
An eagle towers above the feather'd race;
Till, ſoaring in the ſun, the ſharpeſt eye
No more can trace his progreſs through the ſky:
So midſt the ſhips the bark its paſſage cleaves,
And far behind the leſſening navy leaves.
Now, quick as thought, by Paphia's towers they ſail,
(The town that firſt Egyptian pilots hail
On Syria's land) then near the ſhore they fly,
And Rhinocera's barren ſands eſpy.
Not far from thence a mountain, crown'd with wood,
Caſts a brown ſhadow o'er the ſubject flood;

Ver. 101. *Now, quick as thought, by Paphia's towers they ſail.*] I have elſewhere obſerved, in my notes to Arioſto, that this voyage of Charles and Ubald through the Mediterranean, ſeems to be imitated from the voyage of Aſtolpho from the Indies to the Perſian Gulph.

Around its rocky foot the billows rave;
There hapleſs Pompey's bones obtain'd a grave.
Fair Damiata next the eye ſurveys,
Where ancient Nile his ſacred tribute pays
Through ſeven wide mouths, and many a ſtream beſide,
His waters mingling with the briny tide.
They paſs the city rais'd by him *, whoſe name
To lateſt times ſhall bear the Grecian fame.
By Pharos then they glide, an iſle no more,
An iſthmus now projecting from the ſhore.
Nor Rhodes, nor Crete, they to the north ſurvey,
But near the climes of Afric ſpeed their way.
Fruitful her coaſt: but, more remote, her lands
Are fill'd with monſters dire and burning ſands.
By Marmarique they ſteer'd, and now they paſs'd
Where five fair cities fam'd Cyrene grac'd.
Here Ptolemais ſtands, and here they view
Whence his ſlow ſtream the fabled Lethe drew.
The greater Syrtes next (the ſailors' fear)
They leave aloof, and far to ſeaward veer:
And now Judeca's cape behind them ſtood;
And now they left the mouth of Magra's flood;

* ALEXANDER the GREAT.

Now

Now Tripoly's high riſing towers eſpy'd,
Now Malta ſcarcely o'er the waves deſcry'd.
The Syrtes paſt; Alzerbé they beheld,
Where once the race that fed on Lotos dwell'd.
Tunis they ſee, whoſe crooked ſhores diſplay,
With circumjacent arms, a ſpacious bay:
Tunis the rich, a place well known to fame,
No Libyan city boaſts a greater name.
Near this Sicilia's fertile lands are ſpread;
There Lilybæum rears its lofty head.
  Now to the knights the damſel-pilot ſhow'd
The ſpot where once imperial Carthage ſtood.
Ill-fated Carthage! ſcarce, amidſt the plains,
A trace of all her ruin'd pomp remains!
Proud cities vaniſh, ſtates and realms decay,
The world's unſtable glories fade away!
Yet mortals dare of certain fate complain;
O impious folly of preſuming man!
  From thence they ſee Biſerta's ſpires ariſe;
Far to the right Sardinia's iſland lies:
They view, where once the rude Numidian ſwain
Purſu'd a wandering life from plain to plain.
Algiers and Bugia then they reach, the ſeat
Of impious corſairs; next Oran they greet;

And now by Mauritania's ſtrand proceed,
Where elephants and hungry lions breed:
Morocco here and Fez their cities rear;
To theſe oppos'd Granada's lands appear.
At length they came where, preſs'd in narrow bounds,
Between the capes, the boiling deep reſounds.
'Tis feign'd, that firſt Alcides forc'd a way,
And gave this paſſage to th' indignant ſea.
And here perchance a lengthen'd tract of land
With one continu'd mound the flood reſtrain'd;
But now the furious main, with ruſhing tides,
From towering Calpè Abyla divides;
A ſtrait 'twixt Libya now and Spain appears,
Such is the force of time and change of years!

Four times the eaſt had ſeen the riſing ſun,
Since firſt the veſſel had its courſe begun:
Nor ſheltering bays, nor ports its ſpeed delay,
It ſhoots the ſtrait, and leaves the midland ſea.
But what are ſeas to ocean's vaſt profound,
Whoſe circling arms the ſpacious earth ſurround?

Soon from the ſight, amid the waves, are loſt
The fertile Gades, and each neighbouring coaſt.
Behind, the leſſening ſhores retreating fly;
Sky bounds the ocean, ocean bounds the ſky.

Then

Then Ubald thus began: Say, thou! whoſe power
Gives us theſe endleſs waters to explore;
Did ever prow before theſe ſeas divide,
Do mortals here in diſtant worlds reſide?
He ceas'd; the virgin pilot thus reply'd.

When great Alcides had the monſters ſlain,
That waſted Libya and the realms of Spain;
Your lands ſubdu'd, at yonder ſtrait he ſtay'd;
Nor durſt old Ocean's ſurgy gulphs invade.
He fix'd his pillars there, in vain deſign'd
To curb the ſearching ſpirit of mankind:
Urg'd by deſire new regions to explore,
Ulyſſes ſcorn'd the confines of the ſhore:
He paſs'd the bound'ry, looſening to the gales,
Amidſt the wider flood, his daring ſails:
But all his ſkill in naval arts was vain,
He ſunk entomb'd beneath the roaring main.
And thoſe, by tempeſts forc'd amidſt the waves,
Have ne'er return'd, or found untimely graves.
Hence undiſcover'd ſtill the ſeas remain,
That numerous iſles and mighty ſtates contain.
Inhabitants abound on many a coaſt;
The lands, like yours, their fertile produce boaſt;
Where, not ungrateful to the labourer's toil,
The ſun prolific warms the pregnant ſoil.

Then Ubald—Of thoſe climes, remov'd afar,
The manners and religious rites declare.
Various their lives (the virgin thus rejoin'd)
Their ſpeech, their cuſtoms, are of various kind:
Some worſhip beaſts, the ſtars, or ſolar power;
And earth, the common parent, ſome adore.
There are who ſtain their feaſts with human blood,
And load their dreadful board with horrid food;
And every land, from Calpè's towering heights,
Is nurs'd in impious faith and cruel rites!

Will then that pitying God (the knight reply'd)
Who came with heavenly truths mankind to guide,
Leave, far excluded from the ſacred light,
So large a portion of the world in night?

O no! the faith of Christ ſhall there be ſpread,
(She cry'd) and ſcience rear her laurel'd head.
Think not this length of ocean's whelming tide
Shall from your future ſearch thoſe climes divide:
The time ſhall come, when ſailors, yet unborn,
Shall name Alcides' narrow bounds in ſcorn:
Lands now unknown, and ſeas without a name,
Shall then through all your realms extend their fame:
Perils untry'd ſucceeding ſhips ſhall brave,
And cut, with daring courſe, the diſtant wave;

Through

Through all the flood's unfathom'd currents run,
Gird the vaſt globe, and emulate the ſun.
From fair Liguria ſee th' adventurer riſe,
Whoſe courage firſt the threatening paſſage tries.
Nor raging ſeas, by furious whirlwinds toſt,
Nor doubtful proſpects of th' uncertain coaſt,
Shall, in the ſtraits of Abyla confin'd,
Detain the ardour of his dauntleſs mind!
'Tis thou, Columbus, to another pole
Shalt rear the maſt, and o'er the ſurges roll;
While, with a thouſand wings, and thouſand eyes,
Fame ſcarce purſues thy veſſel as it flies!
Let Bacchus or Alcides claim her praiſe,
Thy worth, in future time, her trump ſhall raiſe:
Thy deeds ſhall laſt in ſtoried annals long,
The copious ſubject of ſome poet's ſong.

She ſaid, and weſtward ſteer'd before the wind,
Then gently tow'rds the ſouth her ſails inclin'd.
Now in their front they ſee the ſun deſcend,
And now the morn behind her beams extend:
But when Aurora, from her radiant head,
Had all around her pearly moiſture ſhed;
Before their eyes a mountain huge appear'd,
That midſt the clouds its lofty ſummit rear'd.

Near as they came, the fleeting clouds withdrew,
And like a pyramid it ſhow'd to view:
From whence black curling ſmoke was ſeen to riſe;
As where 'tis feign'd th' * Ætnean giant lies
Transfix'd, and breathes eruptions to the ſkies.
By day thick vapours from the mouth aſpire,
By night terrific flames of ruddy fire.

Then other iſlands midſt the main they 'ſpy'd,
And lands leſs ſteepy riſing o'er the tide.
Delightful iſles, renown'd of ancient date,
And ſtyl'd, by tuneful bards, The Fortunate.
'Twas ſaid, that Heaven to theſe ſuch grace allow'd,
No ſhining ſhare the ſable furrows plough'd.
The lands untill'd could plenteous crops produce;
And vines, unprun'd, ſupply nectareous juice.
Here olives bloom'd with never-fading green;
From hollow oaks was liquid honey ſeen.
The rivers murmuring from the hills above,
With cryſtal ſtreams renew'd the vernal grove.
No ſultry heat oppreſs'd the grateful day;
Soft dews and Zephyrs cool'd the ſolar ray.
And here were feign'd the manſions of the bleſt,
Th' Elyſian ſeats of everlaſting reſt.

* Enceladus.

To

To theſe her courſe the damſel-pilot bore:
Behold, (ſhe cry'd) our deſtin'd voyage o'er:
The Iſles of Fortune to your ſight appear,
Whoſe fame, though doubtful, yet has reach'd your ear:
Fair is their ſoil; but fame each wonder ſwells,
And every truth, with added fiction, tells.
While thus ſhe ſpoke, along the main they flew,
Till near the foremoſt iſle their veſſel drew.
Then Charles began—O ever ſacred dame!
If this the cauſe permits for which we came:
Grant that our feet a while may tread the ſhore,
To view a race and land unknown before;
T' obſerve their rites, and mark with curious eyes
Whate'er may claim th' attention of the wiſe:
So ſhall our lips declare, in future time,
The wonders witneſs'd in this foreign clime.
Your ſuit demands my praiſe, (the maid replies)
But Heaven's decree the bold requeſt denies.
The time arrives not yet, by God deſign'd,
To give the great diſcovery to mankind:
Nor muſt you, back from ocean's boſom borne,
With certain tidings to your world return.
To you, beyond the ſailor's art, 'tis given
To paſs theſe billows, by the will of Heaven;

To

To rouze your champion from his fatal ſleep,
And ſafe convey him o'er the watery deep:
Let this ſuffice—with prouder thoughts elate,
'Twere impious folly to contend with fate.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, the foremoſt iſle withdrew,
And ſoon the ſecond gain'd upon the view:
She ſhew'd the warriors how the iſlands lay,
In order rang'd againſt the riſing day.
The lands with equal ſpace the ſea divides,
And rolls between the ſhores its beating tides.
In ſev'n are ſeen the marks of human care,
Where cultur'd fields and rural cots appear:
But three a barren deſert ſoil reveal,
Where ſavage beaſts in woods and mountains dwell.
Amidſt theſe iſles a lone receſs they found,
Where circling ſhores the ſubject flood ſurround,
And, far within, a ſpacious bay encloſe;
Sharp rocks, without, the ruſhing ſurge oppoſe:
Two lofty cliffs before the entrance riſe,
A welcome ſign to future ſailors' eyes:
Within, the waves repoſe in peace ſerene;
Black foreſts nod above, a ſylvan ſcene!
A grotto opens in the living ſtone,
With verdant moſs and ivy-leaves o'ergrown;

The grateful ſhade a gentle murmur fills,
While o'er the pavement glide the lucid rills.
No cables need the floating ſhips ſecure,
No bearded anchors here the veſſels moor.
To this retreat her courſe the pilot bore,
And, entering, furl'd her ſails, and reach'd the ſhore.
  Behold (ſhe cry'd) where yonder ſtructure ſtands
Rais'd on the mountain, and the iſle commands!
There, loſt in feſtive ſloth, in folly loſt,
Slumbers the champion of the Chriſtian hoſt.
'Tis yours, when next the ſun forſakes the deep,
With labouring feet t' aſcend the threatening ſteep:
Meanwhile this ſhort delay with eaſe be borne;
All times are luckleſs ſave the hour of morn:
But to the mountain's foot purſue your way,
While yet remains the light of parting day.
  Thus ſhe; the word th' impatient warriors took,
And, leaping from the bark, the ſtrand forſook.
With ready ſteps a pleaſing road they croſs'd,
And all their toils in ſweet deluſion loſt.
At length th' expected hill's broad baſe they gain,
(The ſun yet hovering o'er the weſtern main)
From hence their eyes the arduous height ſurvey,
The pendent ruins and the rocky way.

Inclement

Inclement froſt the mountain's ſides deforms,
And all around is white with wintry ſtorms.
The lofty ſummit yields a milder ſcene,
With budding flowers and groves for ever green!
There ends the frozen clime; there lilies blow,
There roſes bluſh upon the bordering ſnow.
There youthful ſpring, and hoary winter here;
Such power has magic o'er the changing year!
Now at the mountain's foot the heroes ſtay'd,
And ſlept ſecure beneath a cavern's ſhade.
But when the ſun (eternal fount of day!)
Spread o'er the laughing ſkies his golden ray:
At once they roſe, at once their courſe renew'd,
And up the ſteep aſcent the way purſu'd.
When lo! a ſerpent, ruſhing from his cell,
Oppos'd their paſſage, horrible and fell!

Ver. 359. *When, lo! a ſerpent* ——] Virgil and Milton have both excelled in deſcribing the motion of this animal.

——Rapit orbes pro humum. VIRG.

——He leading ſwiftly roll'd
In tangles—— MILTON.

But the commentator on Milton, thinks that Taſſo has ſurpaſſed both in the above paſſage, the beauty of which can ſcarcely be rendered into Engliſh.

Hor rientra in ſe ſteſſa, hor le nodoſe
Ruote diſtende e ſe dopo ſe tira.

Aloft

Aloft his head and ſqualid breaſt he held
Beſtreak'd with gold; his neck with anger ſwell'd;
Fire fill'd his eyes; he hid the path beneath;
And ſmoke and poiſon iſſu'd with his breath.
Now in thick curls his ſcaly length he wound;
Now trail'd his opening folds along the ground.
Such was the dreadful guardian of the place,
Yet on the heroes preſs'd with fearleſs pace.
The Dane his falchion draws, and eager flies
T' aſſail the ſnake, when ſudden Ubald cries:
Forbear! can arms like theſe our foes repel?
And think'ſt thou thus the monſter's rage to quell?
He ſaid; and ſhook the golden wand around;
The ſerpent fled, aſtoniſh'd at the ſound.
The knights proceed; a lion fierce deſcends,
And, roaring loud, the dangerous paſs defends;
He rolls his fiery eyes, his mane he rears,
Wide as a gulph his gaping mouth appears;
His laſhing tail his ſlumbering wrath awakes:
But, when his potent rod the warrior ſhakes,
Unuſual fears the dreadful beaſt ſurpriſe,
Sunk is his rage, he trembles, and he flies!
Still on they paſs'd; but ſoon a numerous hoſt
Of monſters dire their daring paſſage croſt.

In

In various ſhapes the ghaſtly troops appear,
With various yells they rend the ſtartled ear.
Each ſavage form that roves the burning ſands,
From diſtant Nilus to the Libyan lands,
Here ſeem'd to dwell, with all the beaſts that roam
Hyrcania's woods, or deep Hircinia's gloom!
But not their numbers could the chiefs detain;
The powerful wand made all their fury vain.
Theſe dangers paſt; the conquering pair aſcend;
Now near the brow their eager ſteps they bend;
Yet, as they tread the cliffs, the ſinking ſnows
And ſlippery ice awhile their courſe oppoſe.
But when at length they reach'd the rocky height,
A ſpacious level opens to their ſight.
There youthful ſpring ſalutes th' enraptur'd eye,
Unfading verdure, and a gladſome ſky;
Eternal Zephyrs through the groves prevail,
And incenſe breathes in every balmy gale;
No irkſome change th' unvaried climate knows
Of heat alternate, and alternate ſnows:
A genial power the tender herbage feeds,
And decks with every ſweet the ſmiling meads;
Diffuſes ſoft perfumes from every flower,
And clothes with laſting ſhade each rural bower:

There,

There, rear'd aloft, a ſtately palace ſtands,
Whoſe proſpect wide the hills and ſeas commands.
The warriors, weary'd with the ſteep aſcent,
More ſlowly o'er th' enamel'd meadow went;
Oft looking back, their former toils review'd,
Now paus'd awhile, and now their courſe purſu'd.
When ſudden, falling from the rocky heights,
A copious ſtream the traveller's thirſt excites;
From hence a thouſand rills diſperſing flow,
And trickle through the graſſy vale below:
At length, uniting all their different tides,
In verdant banks a gentle river glides,
With murmuring ſound a bowery gloom pervades,
And rolls its ſable waves through pendent ſhades:
A cool retreat! the flowery border ſhows
A pleaſing couch, inviting ſoft repoſe.
Behold the fatal ſpring where laughter dwells,
Dire poiſon lurking in its ſecret cells!
Here let us guard our thoughts, our paſſions rein,
And every looſe deſire in bonds detain:
A deafen'd ear to dulcet muſic lend,
Nor dare the Syren's impious lays attend.
The knights advanc'd till, from their narrow bed,
Wide in a lake the running waters ſpread.

There

There on the banks a ſumptuous banquet plac'd,
With coſtly viands ſeem'd t' allure the taſte.
Two blooming damſels in the water lave,
And laugh and plunge beneath the lucid wave.

Ver. 435. *Two blooming damſels* ——] All this beautiful paſſage is imitated, or rather tranſlated, by our Spenſer, in his Fairy Queen, where Guyon is deſcribed with the palmer, entering the bower of bliſs.

Two naked damſels he therein eſpy'd,
Which therein bathing ſeemed to contend,
And wreſtle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them ey'd.

—— —— —— ——

As that fair ſtar, the meſſenger of morn,
His dewy face out of the ſea does rear;
Or as the Cyprian Goddeſs, newly born
Of th' Ocean's fruitful froth, did firſt appear;
Such ſeemed they, and ſo their yellow hair
Cryſtalline humour dropped down apace.

—— —— —— ——

With that, the other likewiſe aroſe,
And her fair locks, which formerly were bound
Up in one knot, ſhe low adown did looſe;
Which flowing long and thick her cloath'd around,
And th' ivory in golden mantle gound;
So that fair ſpectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it, no leſs fair was found:
So hid in locks and waves from looker's theft,
Nought but her lovely face ſhe for his looking left.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. ii. c. 12. ſt. 65, 67.

Now

Now round in ſport they daſh the ſprinkling tide;
And now with nimble ſtrokes the ſtream divide:
Now, ſunk at once, they vaniſh from the eyes;
And now again above the ſurface riſe!
  The naked wantons, with enticing charms,
Each warrior's boſom fill'd with ſoft alarms:
Awhile they ſtay'd their ſteps, and ſilent view'd,
As thoſe their paſtime unconcern'd purſu'd,
Till one erect in open light appear'd,
And o'er the ſtream her ivory boſom rear'd;
Her upward beauties to the ſight reveal'd:
The reſt, beneath, the cryſtal ſcarce conceal'd.
  As when the morning ſtar, with gentle ray,
From ſeas emerging leads the purple day:
As when, aſcending from the genial flood,
The queen of love on ocean's boſom ſtood:
So ſeems the damſel, ſo her locks diffuſe
The pearly liquid in deſcending dews!
Till on th' approaching chiefs ſhe turn'd her eyes,
Then feign'd, with mimic fear, a coy ſurpriſe:
Swift from her head ſhe loos'd, with eager haſte,
The yellow curls in artful fillets lac'd;
The falling treſſes o'er her limbs diſplay'd,
Wrapt all her beauties in a golden ſhade!

Thus hid in locks, and circled by the flood,
With ſide-long glance, o'erjoy'd, the knights ſhe view'd.
Her ſmiles amid her bluſhes lovelier ſhow;
Amid her ſmiles, her bluſhes lovelier glow!
At length ſhe rais'd her voice with melting art,
Whoſe magic ſtrains might pierce the firmeſt heart.
O happy ſtrangers! to whoſe feet 'tis given
To reach theſe bliſsful ſeats, this earthly heaven!
Here are thoſe rapturous ſcenes ſo fam'd of old,
When early mortals view'd an age of gold.
No longer bear the helm, the falchion wield,
The cumbrous corſlet, or the weighty ſhield;
Here hang your uſeleſs arms amidſt the grove,
The warriors now of peace-inſpiring love!
Our field of battle is the downy bed,
Or flowery turf amid the ſmiling mead.
Then let us lead you to our ſovereign's eyes,
From whoſe diffuſive power our bleſſings riſe.
She ſhall amongſt thoſe few your names receive,
Elected here in endleſs joys to live.
But firſt refreſh your limbs beneath the tide,
And taſte the viands which our cares provide.
She ceas'd; her lovely partner join'd her prayer,
With looks perſuaſive, and enticing air,

So,

So, in the ſcene, the active dancers bound,
And move reſponſive to the tuneful ſound.
But firmly ſteel'd was either champion's heart,
Againſt their fraudful ſtrains and ſoothing art.
Or, if forbidden thoughts a wiſh inſpire,
And wake the ſlumbering ſeeds of wild deſire;
Soon to their aid aſſiſting reaſon came,
And quench'd the infant ſparks of kindled flame.
Their arts in vain the vanquiſh'd damſels view'd;
The warriors thence their fated way purſu'd:
Theſe ſeek the palace; thoſe indignant hide
Their ſhameful heads beneath the whelming tide.

THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

CHARLES and Ubald enter the palace of Armida. The gardens are deſcribed. Rinaldo is ſeen with his miſtreſs. At the departure of Armida, the two knights diſcover themſelves; and Ubald reproves Rinaldo for his ſloth and effeminacy. The youthful hero, filled with ſhame, abandons thoſe ſeats of pleaſure, and follows the guidance of his deliverers. Armida purſues him, and makes uſe of every argument to move him, but in vain: He endeavours to pacify her: ſhe then breaks out into bitter reproaches, till, her ſtrength being exhauſted, ſhe falls into a ſwoon. The three warriors go on board their veſſel, and ſet ſail for Paleſtine. Armida, recovering, finds her lover gone: She then gives herſelf up to rage, and, reſolving on revenge, deſtroys her enchanted palace, and takes her flight to Egypt.

THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

ROUND was the form in which the palace roſe;
Deep in the midſt the circling walls encloſe
A ſumptuous garden, whoſe delightful ſcene
Eclips'd the faireſt works of mortal men.
The fiends had bent their ſkill a pile to raiſe,
Perplex'd with walks in many a devious maze;
And in the centre lay the magic bowers,
Impervious to the ſearch of human powers.

Now through the loftieſt gate the warriors paſs'd,
(A hundred gates the ſpacious ſtructure grac'd)
With ſculptur'd ſilver, glorious to behold,
The valves on hinges hung of burniſh'd gold!
Surpris'd they ſaw, excell'd in every part,
The rich materials, by the ſculptor's art.

In all but ſpeech alive the figures riſe;
Nor ſpeech they ſeem to want to wondering eyes!
  In female converſe there (inglorious ſtate!)
Alcides midſt Mœonia's damſels ſate.
There he who propp'd the ſtars, and hell ſubdu'd,
The diſtaff bore; while Love beſide him ſtood,
And with exulting ſmiles his conqueſt view'd.
There Iolè was ſeen, whoſe feeble hand
With pride the hero's ponderous club ſuſtain'd:
The lion's hide conceal'd the beauteous dame,
Too rough a covering for ſo ſoft a frame!
  To this oppos'd, the chiefs a ſea beheld;
Its azure field with frothy billows ſwell'd.
There, in the midſt, two hoſtile navies ride;
Their arms in lightening flaſh from ſide to ſide.
Auguſtus o'er his Romans here commands:
There Anthony conducts from eaſtern lands
His Indian, Arab, and Egyptian bands.
Thou would'ſt have thought the Cyclades uptorn,
And hills with hills in horrid conflict borne!
So fierce the ſhock, when, joining ſhip with ſhip,
The navies meet amidſt the roaring deep!
Firebrands and javelins fly from foe to foe;
Unuſual ſlaughter ſtains the flood below.

Behold

Behold (while doubtful yet remains the fight)
Behold where Cleopatra takes her flight.
See! Anthony, of fame forgetful, flies,
No more his hopes to glorious empire riſe.
Yet o'er his ſoul no ſervile fear prevails;
Her flight alone impels his yielding ſails.
Contending paſſions all his ſoul inflame,
Diſdain and rage, and love and conſcious ſhame:
While, with alternate gaze, he views from far
Her parting veſſel, and the dubious war.
Now Nile receives him on his watery breaſt;
There, in his miſtreſs' arms, he ſinks to reſt;
There ſeems, reſign'd, the threatening hour to wait,
And ſoften, with her ſmiles, the ſtroke of fate.

With ſtory'd labours thus the portals grac'd,
The heroes view'd, and thence intrepid paſs'd.
And now they try'd the labyrinth's winding maze:
As fam'd Meander moves a thouſand ways;
Now rolls direct, now takes a devious courſe,
Now ſeems to ſeek again his native ſource:
The frequent turnings ſo their eyes deceiv'd:
But ſoon the faithful map their doubts reliev'd;
Diſplay'd each various paſſage to their ſight,
And led through paths oblique their ſteps aright.

The

The garden then unfolds a beauteous ſcene,
With flowers adorn'd and ever-living green:
There ſilver lakes reflect the beaming day;
Here cryſtal ſtreams in gurgling fountains play:
Cool vales deſcend, and ſunny hills ariſe,
And groves, and caves, and grottoes, ſtrike the eyes.
Art ſhew'd her utmoſt power; but art conceal'd,
With greater charms the pleas'd attention held.
It ſeem'd as Nature play'd a ſportive part,
And ſtrove to mock the mimic works of art!
By powerful magic breathes the vernal air,
And fragrant trees eternal bloſſoms bear:
Eternal fruits on every branch endure;
Thoſe ſwelling from their buds, and theſe mature.
There, on one parent ſtock, the leaves among,
With ripen'd figs, the figs unripen'd hung.
Depending apples here the boughs unfold;
Thoſe green in youth, theſe mellow'd into gold.
The vine luxuriant rears her arms on high,
And curls her tendrils to the genial ſky:
There the crude grapes no grateful ſweet produce,
And here impurpled yield nectareous juice.
The joyous birds, conceal'd in every grove,
With gentle ſtrife prolong the notes of love.

Soft Zephyrs breathe on woods and waters round;
The woods and waters yield a murm'ring ſound:
When ceaſe the tuneful choir, the wind replies;
But, when they ſing, in gentle whiſpers dies:
By turns they ſink, by turns their muſic raiſe,
And blend, with equal ſkill, harmonious lays.
  Amongſt the reſt, with plumes of various dyes,
And purple beak, a lovely ſongſter flies;
Wondrous to tell, with human ſpeech indu'd,
He fills with vocal ſtrains the bliſsful wood:
The birds attentive cloſe their ſilent wings,
While thus the fair, the ſoothing charmer ſings.
  Behold how lovely blooms the vernal roſe,
When ſcarce the leaves her early bud diſcloſe:

When,

Ver. 99. *Behold how lovely blooms the vernal roſe.*] This ſong is cloſely tranſlated by Spenſer; but, as it has been obſerved very well, our poet has judiciouſly omitted the fanciful circumſtance of a bird ſinging theſe words, which has been the ſubject of Voltaire's ridicule.

Ah! ſee the virgin roſe, how ſweetly ſhe
Doſt firſt peep forth with baſhful modeſty,
That fairer ſeems, the leſs you ſee her may;
Lo! ſee ſoon after, how more bold and free
Her bared boſom ſhe doth broad diſplay;
Lo! ſee ſoon after, how ſhe fades and falls away.

So

When, half inwrapt, and half to view reveal'd,
She gives new pleaſure from her charms conceal'd.
But when ſhe ſhows her boſom wide diſplay'd,
How ſoon her ſweets exhale, her beauties fade!
No more ſhe ſeems the flower ſo lately lov'd,
By virgins cheriſh'd, and by youths approv'd!
So, ſwiftly fleeting with the tranſient day,
Paſſes the flower of mortal life away!
In vain the ſpring returns, the ſpring no more
Can waining youth to former prime reſtore:
Then crop the morning roſe, the time improve,
And, while to love 'tis given, indulge in love!

He ceas'd: th' approving choir with joy renew
Their rapturous muſic, and their loves purſue.

So paſſeth, in the paſſing of a day,
Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,
Ne more doth flouriſh after firſt decay,
That earſt was ſought to deck both bed and bower,
Of many a lady and many a paramour:
Gather therefore the roſe, whilſt yet in prime,
For ſoon comes age, that will her pride deflower:
Gather the roſe of love, whilſt yet in time,
Whilſt loving thou may'ſt loved be with equal crime.

He ceaſt, and then 'gan all the quire of birds
Their diverſe notes t' attune unto his lay,
As in approvance, &c.

Again

Again in pairs the cooing turtles bill;
The feather'd nations take their amorous fill.
The oak, the chaſter laurel ſeems to yield,
And all the leafy tenants of the field:
The earth and ſtreams one ſoul appears to move,
All ſeem impregnate with the ſeeds of love.
Through theſe alluring ſcenes of magic power
The virtuous warriors paſs'd, and paſs'd ſecure:
When 'twixt the quivering boughs they caſt their ſight,
And ſee the damſel and the Chriſtian knight.
There ſate Armida on a flowery bed;
Her wanton lap ſuſtain'd the hero's head:
Her opening veil her ivory boſom ſhow'd;
Looſe to the fanning breeze her treſſes flow'd;
A languor ſeem'd diffus'd o'er all her frame,
And every feature glow'd with amorous flame.
The pearly moiſture on her beauteous face
Improv'd the bluſh, and heighten'd every grace:

Ver. 127. *Her opening veil*——] See Spenſer.

Her ſnowy breaſt was bare to ready ſpoil
Of hungry eyes, which n'ote therewith be fill'd:
And yet through languor of her late ſweet toil,
Few drops, more clear than nectar, forth diſtill'd,
That like pure orient pearls adown it trill'd, &c.

Her

Her wandering eyes confeſs'd a pleaſing fire,
And ſhot the trembling beams of ſoft deſire.
Now, fondly hanging o'er, with head declin'd,
Cloſe to his cheek her lovely cheek ſhe join'd.
While o'er her charms he taught his looks to rove,
And drank, with eager thirſt, new draughts of love.
Now, bending down, enraptur'd as he lies,
She kiſs'd his vermil lips and ſwimming eyes:
Till from his inmoſt heart he heav'd a ſigh,
As if to hers his parting ſoul would fly!

All this the warriors from the ſhade ſurvey,
And mark, conceal'd, the lovers' amorous play.
Dependent from his ſide (unuſual ſight!)
Appear'd a poliſh'd mirror, beamy bright:
This in his hand th' enamour'd champion rais'd;
On this, with ſmiles, the fair Armida gaz'd.
She in the glaſs her form reflected 'ſpies:
And he conſults the mirror of her eyes:
One proud to rule, one prouder to obey;
He bleſs'd in her, and ſhe in beauty's ſway.
Ah! turn thoſe eyes on me (exclaims the knight)
Thoſe eyes that bleſs me with their heavenly light!
For know, the power that every lover warms,
In this fond breaſt Armida's image forms.

Since

Since I, alas! am ſcorn'd! here turn thy ſight,
And view thy native graces with delight:
Here on that face thy raviſh'd looks employ,
Where ſprings eternal love, eternal joy;
Or rather range through yon celeſtial ſpheres,
And view thy likeneſs in the radiant ſtars.
The lover ceas'd; the fair Armida ſmil'd,
And ſtill with wanton play the time beguil'd.
Now in a braid ſhe bound her flowing hair;
Now ſmooth'd the roving locks with decent care.
Part, with her hand, in ſhining curls ſhe roll'd,
And deck'd with azure flowers the waving gold.
Her veil compos'd, with roſes ſweet ſhe dreſs'd
The native lilies of her fragrant breaſt.
Not half ſo proud, of glorious plumage vain,
The peacock ſets to view his glittering train:
Not Iris ſhews ſo fair, when dewy ſkies
Reflect the changeful light with various dyes.
But o'er the reſt her wondrous ceſtus ſhin'd,
Whoſe myſtic round her tender waiſt confin'd.

Here

Ver. 175. —— *her wondrous ceſtus* —] The idea of this girdle is from the ceſtus of Homer, which Juno borrows of Venus.

In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:

Fond

Here unembody'd ſpells th' enchantreſs mix'd,
By potent arts, and in a girdle fix'd:
Repulſes ſweet, ſoft ſpeech, and gay deſires,
And tender ſcorn that fans the lover's fires;
Engaging ſmiles, ſhort ſighs of mutual bliſs,
The tear of tranſport, and the melting kiſs.
All theſe ſhe join'd, her powerful work to frame,
And artful temper'd in th' annealing flame.
Now with a kiſs, the balmy pledge of love,
She left her knight, and iſſu'd from the grove.
Each day, awhile apart, the dame review'd
Her magic labours, and her charms renew'd;
While he deep-muſing, in her abſence ſtray'd,
A lonely lover midſt the conſcious ſhade.
But when the ſilent glooms of friendly night
To mutual bliſs th' enamour'd pair invite;
Beneath one roof, amid the bowers they lay,
And lov'd, entranc'd, the fleeting hours away.
Soon as Armida (ſo her arts requir'd)
From gentle love to other cares retir'd;

> Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
> The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire,
> Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
> Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
>
> POPE'S ILIAD, B. xiv. ver. 247.

The warriors, from their covert, ruſh'd to fight,
In radiant arms that caſt a gleamy light.
As when, from martial toil, the generous ſteed
Releas'd, is given to range the verdant mead;
Forgetful of his former fame, he roves,
And wooes in ſlothful eaſe his dappled loves:
If chance the trumpet's ſound invade his ears,
Or glittering ſteel before his ſight appears,
He neighs aloud, and, furious, pants to beat
The valiant chief, and pierce the files of war!
So fares Rinaldo, when the knights he 'ſpies:
When their bright armour lightens in his eyes:
At once the glorious beams his ſoul inſpire;
His breaſt rekindles with a martial fire.
Then ſudden, forth advancing, Ubald held
Before the youth his adamantine ſhield:
To this he turn'd, in this at once ſurvey'd
His own reſemblance full to view diſplay'd:
His ſweeping robes he ſaw, his flowing hair
With odours breathing, his luxuriant air.
His ſword, the only mark of warlike pride,
Eſtrang'd from fight, hung idly at his ſide;
And, wreath'd with flowers, ſeem'd worn for empty ſhow;
No dreadful weapon 'gainſt a valiant foe.

As one, whom long lethargic ſlumber ties,
Recovers from his ſleep with wild ſurpriſe:
So from his trance awakes the Chriſtian knight,
Himſelf beholds, and ſickens at the ſight;
And wiſhes opening earth his ſhame would hide,
Or ocean veil him in its whelming tide.

Then Ubald thus began—All Europe arms,
And Aſia's kingdoms catch the loud alarms.
Now all that cheriſh fame, or CHRIST adore,
In ſhining armour preſs the Syrian ſhore:
While thee, Bertoldo's ſon! from glory's plains,
A narrow iſle in ſhameful reſt detains;
Alone regardleſs of the voice of fame,
Th' ignoble champion of a wanton dame!
What fatal power can thus thy ſenſe control?
What ſloth ſuppreſs the virtues of thy ſoul?
Riſe! riſe!—thee Godfrey, thee the camp incites:
'Tis fortune calls, and victory invites!
Come, fated warrior! bid the fight ſucceed;
And cruſh thoſe foes thou oft haſt made to bleed;
Now let each impious ſect thy vengeance feel,
And fall extinct beneath thy conquering ſteel.

He ceas'd: awhile the youth in ſilence mus'd,
All motionleſs he ſtood, with looks confus'd:

Till ſhame gave way, and ſtronger anger roſe;
(A generous anger, that from reaſon flows)
O'er all his face a noble ardor flies,
Flames on his cheek, and ſparkles from his eyes.
Now, haſtening from the bower, their way they hold,
And ſafely paſs the labyrinth's winding fold.
Meanwhile Armida view'd, with deep diſmay,
Where, breathleſs at the gate, the keeper lay:
Then firſt ſuſpicion in her boſom grew;
And ſoon her lover's flight too well ſhe knew:
Herſelf beheld the darling hero fly:
O direful proſpect to a lover's eye!
Where wouldſt thou go, and leave me here alone?—
She ſtrove to ſay; but, with a riſing groan,
Too mighty grief her feeble words ſuppreſs'd,
Which deep remurmur'd in her tortur'd breaſt.
Ah wretched fair! a greater power diſarms,
A greater wiſdom mocks thy fruſtrate charms!

Ver. 252. *Where, breathleſs at the gate, the keeper lay.*] There is an obſcurity in this paſſage, for no mention has been made before by the poet of ſuch a circumſtance.

In tanto Armida de la regal porta
Mirò giacere il fier cuſtode eſtinto.

This ſees the dame, who every art applies
To ſtay his flight: in vain each art ſhe tries.
Whate'er the witches of Theſſalia's ſtrain
E'er mutter'd to the ſhades with lips profane,
That could the planets in their ſpheres control,
Or call from priſons drear the parted ſoul,
Full well ſhe knew; but all in vain eſſay'd;
No hell, reſponſive, her commands obey'd.
Abandon'd thus, ſhe next reſolv'd to prove
If ſuppliant beauty more than ſpells could move.
See! where, regardleſs of her former fame,
All wild with anguiſh runs the furious dame.
She who ſo late the laws of love deſpis'd,
Who ſcorn'd the lover, tho' the love ſhe priz'd;
Whoſe conquering eyes could every heart ſubdue;
Behold her now a lover's ſteps purſue!
With ſoft perſuaſive grief her look ſhe arms,
And bathes with tears her now neglected charms.
O'er rocks and ſnows her tender feet ſhe plies,
And ſends her voice before her as ſhe flies.

O thou! who bear'ſt away my yielding heart,
Who robb'ſt me of my beſt, my deareſt part,
O! give me death—or once again reſtore
My murder'd peace—thy haſty flight give o'er!

Hear

Hear my laſt words—I aſk no parting kiſs;
For happier lips reſerve that mighty bliſs:
What canſt thou fear, ah cruel! to comply,
Since ſtill with thee remains the power to fly?
  Then Ubald thus—Awhile thy ſpeed forbear,
And lend her woes, O Prince! a courteous ear:
The praiſe be thine thy virtue to retain,
And hear unmov'd the vanquiſh'd Syren's ſtrain:
So Reaſon ſhall extend her ſacred ſway,
And teach the ſubject paſſions to obey.
  He ſaid; Rinaldo ſtay'd; and ſudden came,
Breathleſs, o'erſpent with haſte, the hapleſs dame.
Deep ſorrow ſpread o'er all her languid air;
Yet ſweet in woe and beauteous in deſpair:
Silent on him her eager look ſhe bent;
Diſdain, and fear, and ſhame her ſpeech prevent;
While from her eyes the knight abaſh'd withdrew,
Or ſnatch'd, with wary glance, a tranſient view.
  As fam'd muſicians, ere the notes they raiſe
To charm the liſtening ear with tuneful lays,
With accents low, in prelude ſoft, prepare
The rapt attention for the promis'd air:
So ſhe, yet mindful of her fraudful art,
Would ſoften, ere ſhe ſpoke, the hearer's heart;

Firſt breath'd a ſigh to melt the tender breaſt;
Then thus, at length, theſe plaintive words addreſs'd.
Ah cruel! think not now I come to prove
The prayers that lovers might to lovers move!
Such once we were!—But if thou ſcorn'ſt the name,
Yet grant the pity foes from foes may claim.
If me thy hate purſues, enjoy thy hate;
I ſeek not to diſturb thy happy ſtate!
A Pagan born, I every means employ'd
T' oppreſs the Chriſtians and their power divide.
Thee I purſu'd, and thee ſecluded far,
In diſtant climates, from the ſound of war.
But more, which deeper ſeems thy ſcorn to move,
Add how I ſince deceiv'd thee to my love.
O foul deceit!—to yield my virgin flower,
To give my beauties to another's power!
To let one favour'd youth that gift obtain,
Which thouſands fondly ſought, but ſought in vain!
Theſe are my frauds; let theſe thy wrath engage;
Such crimes may well demand a lover's rage!
So may'ſt thou part without one tender thought,
And be theſe dear abodes at once forgot!
Haſte!—paſs the ſeas!—thy flying ſails employ,
Go, wage the combat, and our faith deſtroy!—

Our

Our faith, alas!—Ah, no!—*my* faith no more;
I worſhip thee, and thee alone adore!
Yet hence with thee deceiv'd Armida bear;
The vanquiſh'd ſtill attends the victor's car:
Let me be ſhown, to all the camp diſplay'd,
The proud betrayer by thy guile betray'd.
Wretch as I am! ſhall ſtill theſe locks be worn,
Theſe locks that now are grown a lover's ſcorn?
Theſe hands ſhall cut the treſſes from my head,
And o'er my limbs a ſervile habit ſpread:
Thee will I follow midſt ſurrounding foes,
When all the fury of the battle glows.
I want not ſoul, ſo far at leaſt to dare
To lead thy courſer, or thy javelin bear.
Let me ſuſtain, or be myſelf thy ſhield;
Still will I guard thee in the dangerous field.
No hoſtile hand ſo ſavage can be found,
Through my poor limbs thy dearer life to wound:
Soft mercy even may fell revenge reſtrain,
And theſe neglected charms ſome pity gain—
Ah, wretch! and dare I ſtill of beauty boaſt,
My prayers rejected, and my empire loſt!
More had ſhe ſaid; but grief her words withſtood,
Faſt from her eyes diſtill'd the trickling flood:

With ſuppliant act ſhe ſought to graſp his hand,
She held his robe; unmov'd the chief remain'd:
Love found no more an entrance in his breaſt,
And firm reſolves the ſtarting tears ſuppreſs'd.
Yet pity ſoften'd ſoon his generous ſoul;
Scarce could he now the tender dew control:
But ſtill he ſtrove his ſecret thoughts to hide,
Compos'd his looks, and thus at length reply'd.
Armida! thy diſtreſs with grief I ſee;
O! could I now thy labouring boſom free
From this ill-omen'd love!—Ah! hapleſs fair!
No ſcorn I harbour, and no hatred bear:
I ſeek no vengeance; no offence I know;
Nor canſt thou be my ſlave, nor art my foe.
On either ſide I fear thy thoughts have ſtray'd,
As love deceiv'd thee, or as anger ſway'd.
But human frailties human pity claim;
Thy faith, thy ſex, thy years, acquit thy fame.
I too have err'd: and ſhall I dare reprove
Thy tender boſom with the faults of love?
Hence ever ſhall thy dear remembrance reſt,
In joy and grief the partner of my breaſt!
Still muſt I be thy champion—thine as far
As Chriſtian faith permits, and Aſia's war.

But

But ah! let here our mutual weakneſs end;
No farther now our mutual ſhame extend:
Here from the world, on this extremeſt coaſt,
Be all our follies in oblivion loſt!
Midſt all my deeds in Europe's clime reveal'd!
O! ſtill be theſe, and theſe alone, conceal'd!
Then let no raſh ignoble thoughts diſgrace
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy royal race.
With me thou ſeek'ſt in vain to quit the land;
Superior powers thy fond deſire withſtand.
Remain; or ſeek ſome happier place of reſt,
And in thy wiſdom calm thy troubled breaſt.
  As thus the warrior ſpoke, the haughty dame
Scarce held her rage, now kindling to a flame;
Awhile ſhe view'd him with a ſcornful look,
Then from her lips theſe furious accents broke.
  Boaſt not Bertoldo's nor Sophia's blood!
Thou ſprung'ſt relentleſs from the ſtormy flood:
Thy infant years th' Hyrcanian tigreſs fed;
On frozen Caucaſus thy youth was bred!—
See! if he deigns one tender tear beſtow,
Or pay one ſigh in pity to my woe!
What ſhall I ſay, or whither ſhall I turn?
He calls me his!—yet leaves me here in ſcorn.

See how his foe the generous victor leaves,
Forgets her error, and her crime forgives!
Hear how ſedate, how ſage, his counſels prove;
This rigid cool Zenocrates in love!
O Heaven!—O Gods!—and ſhall this impious race
Your temples ravage, and your ſhrines deface?
Go, wretch—Such peace attend thy tortur'd mind
As I, forſaken here, am doom'd to find!
Fly hence!—be gone!—but ſoon expect to view
My vengeful ghoſt thy traiterous flight purſue:
A fury arm'd with ſnakes and torch I'll prove,
With terrors equal to my former love!
If fate decrees thee ſafe to paſs the main,
Eſcap'd from rocks, to view th' embattled plain,
There ſhalt thou, ſinking in the fatal ſtrife,
Appeaſe my vengeance with thy deareſt life:
Oft ſhalt thou then by name Armida call
In dying groans, while I enjoy thy fall!
  She could no more; as theſe laſt words ſhe ſpoke,
Scarce from her lips the ſounds imperfect broke.
She faints! ſhe ſinks! all breathleſs pale ſhe lies
In chilly ſweats, and ſhuts her languid eyes.
Doſt thou, Armida! now thy eyelids cloſe?
Heaven envies ſure one comfort to thy woes.

Ah!

Ah! raiſe thy ſight; behold thy deadly foe:
See down his cheek the kindly ſorrows flow.
O! could'ſt thou now, ill-fated lover! hear
His ſighs ſoft breaking on thy raptur'd ear!
What fate permits (but this thou canſt not view)
He gives, and pitying takes the laſt adieu.
What ſhould he do?—thus leave her on the coaſt,
'Twixt life and death her ſtruggling ſenſes loſt?
Compaſſion pleads, and courteſy detains;
But dire neceſſity his flight conſtrains.
He parts:—and now a friendly breeze prevails,
(The pilot's treſſes waving in the gales)
The golden ſail o'er ſurging ocean ſpeeds,
And from the ſight the flying ſhore recedes.
  But when, recover'd from her trance, ſhe ſtood,
And all around the land forſaken view'd:
And is he gone?—Has then the traitor fled?
Left me in life's extremeſt need? (ſhe ſaid)
Would he not to my hapleſs ſtate diſpenſe
One moment's ſtay, or wait returning ſenſe?
And do I love him ſtill? ſtill here remain,
And unreveng'd in empty words complain?
What then avail theſe tears, theſe female arms!
Far other arts are mine, and ſtronger charms.

I will

I will purſue—nor hell th' ingrate ſhall ſhield,
Nor heav'n ſhall ſafety from my fury yield:
Now! now I ſeize him! now his heart I tear,
And ſcatter round his mangled limbs in air.
He knows each various art of torture well,
In his own arts the traitor I'll excel!—
But ah! I wander!—O! untimely boaſt!
Unbleſs'd Armida, whither art thou toſt?
Then ſhould'ſt thou to thy rage have given the rein,
When he lay captive in thy powerful chain.
Then did the wretch no leſs thy hatred claim;
Too late thy rage now kindles to a flame!
O beauty ſcorn'd! ſince you th' offence ſuſtain'd,
Be yours the due revenge your wrongs demand.
Lo! with my perſon ſhall his worth be paid,
Who from the battle brings that hated head.
Ye gallant youths! whom faithful love inſpires,
A dangerous, glorious taſk my ſoul requires!
Ev'n I, to whom Damaſcus' realms ſhall bow,
The price of vengeance with myſelf beſtow.
But, if, contemn'd, I muſt not this obtain,
Then nature gave theſe boaſted charms in vain:
Take back th' unhappy gift!—myſelf I hate,
My birth, my being, and my regal ſtate.

One

One ſoothing hope alone can comfort give;
For ſweet revenge I ſtill conſent to live!
  Thus with wild grief ſhe ran her frenzy o'er,
Then turn'd her footſteps from the deſert ſhore:
Her fiery looks her ſtormy paſſions ſhow;
Looſe in the wind her locks diſhevell'd flow;
And in her eyes the flaſhing ſparkles glow!
  Now, at her dome, ſhe calls with hideous yell,
Three hundred deities from deepeſt hell:
Soon murky clouds o'er all the ſkies are ſpread;
Th' eternal planet hides his ſickening head.
On mountain-tops the furious whirlwinds blow;
Deep rocks the ground; Avernus groans below.
Through all the palace mingled cries reſound;
Loud hiſſings, howls, and ſcreams are heard around.
Thick glooms, more black than night, the walls encloſe,
Where not a ray its friendly light beſtows!
Save that, by fits, ſulphureous lightenings ſtream,
And dart through ſullen ſhades a dreadful gleam!
At length the night diſpers'd; and faintly ſhone,
With ſcarce recover'd looks, the doubtful ſun:
No longer now the ſtately walls appear'd;
No trace remain'd where once the pile was rear'd.

Like cloudy vapours of the changing ſkies,
Where towers and battlements in ſemblance riſe,
That flit before the winds or ſolar beam,
Like idle phantoms of a ſick-man's dream:
So vaniſh'd all the pile, and nought remain'd
But native horrors midſt a rocky land!

Then ſwift th' enchantreſs mounts her ready car,
And, girt with tempeſts, cleaves the fields of air.
Declining from the pole, where diſtant lie
Nations unknown beneath the eaſtern ſky;
Alcides' pillars now ſhe journeys o'er;
Nor ſeeks Heſperia's ſtrand, nor Afric's ſhore;
But o'er the ſubject ſeas ſuſpended flies,
Till Syria's borders to her view ariſe.

She ſeeks not then Damaſcus' regal dome,
But ſhuns her once-lov'd ſeats and native home:
And guides her chariot to the fatal lands,
Where, midſt Aſphaltus' waves, her caſtle ſtands.
There, from her menial train and damſels' eyes,
All penſive, in a lone retreat ſhe lies:
A war of thought her troubled breaſt aſſails;
But ſoon her ſhame ſubſides, and wrath prevails.

Hence will I haſte, (ſhe cry'd) ere Egypt's king
To Sion's plains his numerous force can bring:

Try

Try every art, in every form appear,
Bend the tough bow, and ſhake the miſſile ſpear.
My charms ſhall every leader's ſoul inſpire,
And every breaſt with emulation fire.
O let the ſweet revenge I ſeek be mine,
And virgin honour I with joy reſign!
Nor thou, ſtern guardian, now my conduct blame:
Thine are my deeds, to thee belongs the ſhame:
Thy counſel firſt impell'd my tender mind
To acts that ill beſeem'd the female kind.
Then all be thine, whate'er my errors prove,
What now I give to rage, as once to love!
  She ſaid; and thus reſolv'd, ſhe calls in haſte
Knights, ſquires, and damſels in her ſervice plac'd,
A ſplendid train in duteous order wait;
All richly clad, attendant on her ſtate.
With theſe, impatient, on her way ſhe goes:
Nor ſun, nor moon beholds her take repoſe;
Till near ſhe comes to where the friendly bands
Lie wide encamp'd on Gaza's ſultry ſands.

THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Egyptian troops and auxiliaries are muſtered before the Caliph, ſeated on his throne. Armida unexpectedly appears with her forces: ſhe enflames the leaders of the army with her beauty, and proffers her hand in marriage to any champion that ſhall kill Rinaldo. A conteſt, thereupon, enſues between Adraſtus and Tiſaphernes; but the Caliph, interpoſing, puts a ſtop to it. Rinaldo and the two knights return to Paleſtine. On their landing, they are met by the hermit, who had before entertained Charles and Ubald: he gives Rinaldo counſel for his future conduct, preſents him with a ſuit of armour, and explains to him the actions of his anceſtors that are repreſented in the ſhield. He then conducts the three warriors within ſight of the camp, and diſmiſſes them.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

PLAC'D where Judæa's utmoſt bounds extend
Tow'rds fair Peluſium, Gaza's walls aſcend:
Faſt by the breezy ſhore the city ſtands,
Amid unbounded plains of barren ſands,
Which high in air the furious whirlwinds ſweep,
Like mountain billows of the ſtormy deep;
That ſcarce th' affrighted trav'ller, ſpent with toil,
Eſcapes the tempeſt of th' unſtable ſoil.

Th' Egyptian monarch holds this frontier town,
Which from the Turkiſh powers of old he won:
Since opportunely near the plains it lies,
To which he bends his mighty enterprize;
He left awhile his court and ancient ſtate,
And hither now transferr'd his regal ſeat;

And hither brought, encamp'd along the coaſt,
From various provinces a countleſs hoſt.

Say, muſe! what arms he us'd, what lands he ſway'd,
What nations fear'd him, and what powers obey'd:
How from the ſouth he mov'd the realms afar,
And call'd the natives of the eaſt to war!
Thou only canſt diſcloſe the dire alarms,
The bands and chiefs of half the world in arms.

When Egypt 'gainſt the Grecian ſway rebell'd,
The faith forſaking which her fathers held,
A warrior, ſprung from Macon, ſeiz'd the throne,
And fix'd his ſeat in Cairo's ſtately town,
A Caliph call'd; from him each prince who wears
Th' Egyptian crown the name of Caliph bears.
Thus Nile beheld ſucceeding Pharaohs ſhine,
And Ptolemies enroll'd from line to line.

And now revolving years their courſe purſu'd,
And well ſecur'd the empire's baſis ſtood,
O'er Libya wide and Aſia ſpread its power,
From far Cyrene to the Syrian ſhore;
Where ſev'n-fold Nile o'erflows the fatten'd land,
And where Syenna's ſun-burnt dwellings ſtand;
Where proud Euphrates laves Aſſyria's fields;
Her ſpicy ſtores where rich Maremma yields:

And far beyond extends the potent ſway,
To climes that nearer greet the riſing day.
  Vaſt in itſelf the mighty kingdom ſhow'd,
But added glories now its Lord beſtow'd:
Of blood illuſtrious, and by virtues known,
The arts of peace and war were all his own!
Againſt the Turks' and Perſians' force engag'd,
With various fortune mighty wars he wag'd;
Succeſs and loſs by turns ordain'd to meet,
In conqueſt great, but greater in defeat!
At length, with creeping age his ſtrength decay'd,
Reluctant at his ſide he ſheath'd the blade:
For yet his ſoul retain'd the martial flame,
The thirſt of empire and the luſt of fame.
His chiefs, abroad, their ſovereign's wars maintain'd,
While he, at home, in regal ſplendor reign'd.
His name the realms of Afric trembling heard,
And furtheſt Ind his diſtant rule rever'd:
Some ſent their martial bands, a willing aid,
And ſome, with gold and gems, their tribute paid.
  Such was the man who drew his various force
From climes remote, t' oppoſe the Chriſtians' courſe:
Armida hither came, in happy hour,
What time the king review'd his numerous power.

High on a ſtately throne himſelf was plac'd,
Th' aſcent a hundred ſteps of ivory grac'd:
A ſilver canopy o'erſpread his ſeat,
And gold and purple lay beneath his feet:
Around his head the ſnow-white linen roll'd,
His turban form'd of many a winding fold:
The ſceptre in his better hand was ſeen,
His beard was white, and awful was his mien.
His thoughtful brow ſedate experience ſhows,
Yet in his eye-balls youthful ardor glows.
Alike maintain'd, in every act, appears
The pomp of power, or dignity of years.
So when or Phydias' or Apelles' art
To lifeleſs forms could ſeeming life impart;
In ſuch a ſhape they ſhow'd to mortal eyes
Majeſtic Jove when thundering from the ſkies.
Beſide the Caliph, waits on either hand
A mighty peer, the nobleſt of the land;
This holds the ſeal, miniſtrant near the throne,
And bends his cares to civil rule alone:
But greater that the ſword of juſtice bears,
And, prince of armies, guides the courſe of wars.
Beneath, with thronging ſpears, a circling band,
In deep array his bold Circaſſians ſtand:

The

The cuiraſs-plates their manly breaſts defend,
And crooked ſabres at their ſides depend.
Thus ſate the monarch, and from high beheld
Th' aſſembled nations marſhal'd on the field;
While, as the ſquadrons paſs'd his lofty ſeat,
They bow'd their arms and enſigns at his feet.
Firſt march'd the forces drawn from Egypt's lands,
Four were their chiefs, and each a troop commands.
Two came from upper, two from lower Nile,
Where ocean's waters once o'erſpread the ſoil:
Now lie far diſtant from the briny flood
Thoſe fields which once the coaſting ſailor view'd.
Firſt of the ſquadrons mov'd the ready train
That dwell in Alexandria's wealthy plain;
Along the land that weſtward far declines,
Whoſe wide extent with Afric's border joins.
Araſpes was their chief, who more excell'd
In cloſe device than action in the field.
The troops ſucceed, on Aſia's coaſt who lie,
Againſt the beams that gild the morning ſky:
Theſe leads Aronteus, not by virtue fir'd,
But with the pride of titles vain inſpir'd:
No maſſy helm, ere this, had preſs'd his brows,
Nor early trump diſturb'd his ſoft repoſe:

But now from eaſe to ſcenes of toil he came,
By falſe ambition lur'd with hopes of fame.
The next that march'd, appear'd no common band,
But a huge hoſt that cover'd all the land:
It ſeem'd that Egypt's fields of waving grain
Could ſcarce ſuffice their numbers to ſuſtain:
Yet theſe within one ample city dwell'd;
Theſe mighty Cairo in her circuit held.
From crowded ſtreets ſhe ſends her ſons to war;
And theſe Campſones brings beneath his care.
Then, under Gazel, march'd the troop who till'd
The neighbouring glebe with generous plenty fill'd;
And far above, where loud the river roars,
And from on high its ſecond cataract pours.
No arms but ſwords and bows th' Egyptians bear,
Nor weighty mail, nor ſhining helmets wear:
Their habits rich, not fram'd to daunt the foe,
But rouze to plunder with the pompous ſhow.
Next Barca's tawny ſons, a barbarous throng,
Beneath their chief, Alarcon, march'd along:
Half arm'd they came; theſe, long to plunder train'd,
A hungry life on barren ſands ſuſtain'd.
Zumara's king a fairer ſquadron leads;
To him the king of Tripoly ſucceeds:

Both

Both weak in ſteady fight, but ſkill'd to dare
In ſudden onſet, and a flying war.
Then thoſe whoſe culture each Arabia claim'd,
The ſtony that, and this the happy nam'd.
The laſt ne'er doom'd (if fame the truth declare)
The fierce extremes of heat and cold to bear.
Here odoriferous gums their ſweets diffuſe;
Th' immortal phœnix here his youth renews;
Here, on a pile of many a rich perfume,
Prepares at once his cradle and his tomb!
Leſs coſtly theſe their veſts and armour wore;
But weapons, like the troops of Egypt bore.
To theſe ſucceed the wandering Arab train,
Who ſhift their canvas towns from plain to plain:
Their accents female, and their ſtature low;
A ſable hue their gloomy features ſhow,
And down their backs the jetty ringlets flow.
Long Indian canes they arm with pointed ſteel,
And round the plain their ſteeds impetuous wheel:
Thou wouldſt have thought the winds impell'd their courſe,
If ſpeed of winds could match the rapid horſe.
Arabia's foremoſt ſquadron Syphax leads;
Before the ſecond bold Aldine proceeds.

The

The third have Albiazar at their head;
A chief in rapine, not in knighthood, bred.
Then from the various Iſlands march'd a train,
Whoſe rocks are 'compaſs'd by th' Arabian main:
There were they wont, in arts of fiſhing ſkill'd,
To draw rich pearls from ocean's watery field.
And join'd with thoſe, the neighbouring lands that lie
Beſide the Red-ſea ſhore, their aids ſupply.
Thoſe Agricaltes, theſe Mulaſſes guides,
Who every faith and every law derides.
Next march'd the ſwarthy troops from Meroe's ſoil,
That dwell 'twixt Aſtaborn and fruitful Nile;
Where Ethiopia ſpreads her ſultry plains,
Whoſe vaſt extent three different ſtates contains:
Two Aſſimirus and Canarius ſway'd;
Theſe Macon's laws and Egypt's rule obey'd,
And 'gainſt the Chriſtian hoſt their forces led.
The third, whoſe ſons the pure religion knew,
Mix'd not its warriors with the Pagan crew.
Two tributary kings their ſquadrons ſhow,
That bear in fight the quiver and the bow.
Soldan of Ormus one, a barren land,
Where the vaſt gulph of Perſia laves the ſtrand.
One in Boëcan held his regal place,
Whoſe kingdom oft the riſing tides embrace;

But

But when the ebbing waves forſake the ſhore,
With feet unbath'd the pilgrim paſſes o'er.
Not thee, O Altamorus! from the plain
Thy faithful ſpouſe could in her arms detain:
She wept, ſhe beat her breaſt, ſhe tore her hair,
And begg'd thee oft thy purpoſe to forbear.
Doſt thou to me prefer, unkind! (ſhe cry'd)
The dreadful aſpect of the ſtormy tide?
Are weapons gentler burthens to thy arms,
Than thy dear ſon, who ſmiles in infant charms?
Samarcand's realms this powerful king obey;
No ſubject crown, no tributary ſway:
In fields he ſhone, conſpicuous in the fight,
And ſtood ſupreme in courage as in might.
The cuiraſs on their breaſt his warriors brace;
Their ſide the ſword, their ſaddle bears the mace.
Next from the ſeats of morn, beyond the ſhores
Of Ganges' ſtream, Adraſtus brings his pow'rs:
Around his limbs a ſerpent's ſkin he drew,
Diverſify'd with ſpots of ſable hue;
While for his ſteed he preſs'd (tremendous ſight!)
A mighty elephant of towering height.
Then came the regal band, the Caliph's boaſt,
The flower of war and vigour of the hoſt:

All

All arm'd in proof, well furniſh'd for the field,
On foaming ſteeds their rapid courſe they held.
Rich purple veſtments gleam upon the day,
And ſteel and gold reflect a mingled ray!
Alarcus here and Hidraótes came;
Here Odemarus rode, a mighty name!
Here midſt the valiant Rimedon appear'd,
Whoſe daring ſoul nor toil nor danger fear'd.
Tigranes here and Ormond fierce was found;
Ripoldo, once for piracy renown'd:
And Marlabuſtus bold, th' Arabian nam'd,
Since late his might the rebel Arabs tam'd,
Here Pirgas, Arimon, Orindus ſhone;
Brimartes, fam'd for many a conquer'd town:
Syphantes, ſkill'd the bounding ſteed to rein:
And thou, Aridamantes! form'd to gain
The prize of wreſtling on the duſty plain!
Here Tiſaphernes, with a dauntleſs air,
Tower'd o'er the reſt, the thunderbolt of war!
Whoſe force in battle every force excell'd,
To lift the javelin or the falchion wield.
O'er theſe the ſway a brave Armenian bears,
Who left the Chriſtian faith in early years
For Pagan lore; his former name eſtrang'd,
To Emirenes then was Clement chang'd:

Yet

Yet was he well eſteem'd for faith ſincere,
And far o'er all his ſovereign held him dear.
No more remain'd; when now, to ſudden view,
The fair Armida with her ſquadron drew.
High on a ſtately car, the royal dame
In martial pomp (a female archer!) came:
A ſlender belt her flowing robe reſtrain'd;
Her ſide the ſhafts, her hand the bow ſuſtain'd.
Ev'n ſweet in wrath, her charms the gazer move,
And while ſhe threats her threatening kindles love!
Her radiant car, like that which bears the ſun,
Bright with a jacynth and pyropus ſhone.
Beneath the golden yoke, in pairs conſtrain'd,
Four unicorns the ſkilful driver rein'd.
A hundred maids, a hundred pages, round
Attend; the quivers on their ſhoulders ſound:
Each in the field beſtrides a milk-white ſteed,
Practis'd to turn, and like the wind in ſpeed.
Her troop ſucceeds, which Aradine commands,
And Hidraótes rais'd in Syria's lands.
As when, again reviv'd, the phœnix ſoars
To viſit Ethiopia's much-lov'd ſhores,
And ſpreads his vary'd wings with plumage bright,
(Sky-tinctur'd plumes that gleam with golden light!)

On

On either hand the feather'd nations fly,
And wondering trace his progreſs through the ſky:
So paſs'd the fair, while gazing hoſts admire
Her graceful looks, her geſture and attire.
If thus her face, in awful anger arm'd,
Such various throngs with power reſiſtleſs charm'd;
Well might her ſofter arts each boſom move,
With winning glances and the ſmiles of love.
  Armida paſt; the king of kings commands
Brave Emirenes, from the martial bands,
T' attend his will; to him he gives the poſt,
O'er all the chiefs, to guide the numerous hoſt.
He came, his looks with grace majeſtic ſhin'd,
And ſpoke him worthy of the rank deſign'd.
At once the guard divides; a path is ſhown;
He treads the ſteps aſcending to the throne:
There, on his humble knee, the ground he preſs'd,
And bow'd his head low-bending o'er his breaſt.
To him the king—This ſceptre, chief, receive,
To thee the rule of yonder hoſt I give.
Thou, Emirenes! now my place ſupply;
Deliver Sion's king, our old ally:
Swift on the Franks my dread reſentment pour;
Go—ſee—and conquer—in th' avenging hour

No Chriſtian 'ſcape; their name no more be known,
And bring the living, bound, before my throne.
The Monarch ſpoke; the warrior from his hand
Receiv'd the ſovereign enſign of command.
This ſceptre from unconquer'd hands (he cry'd)
I take, O King! thy fortune is my guide.
Arm'd in thy cauſe I go, thy captain ſworn,
T' avenge the wrongs which Aſia's realms have borne:
Nor will I e'er return, but crown'd with fame;
Death, if I fail, ſhall hide a warrior's ſhame!
Should unexpected ills, ye powers! impend,
On me alone let all the ſtorm deſcend:
Preſerve the hoſt, while, victors, from the plain
They bring their chief in glorious triumph ſlain.
He ceas'd; the troops with loud applauſe reply,
And barbarous clangors echo to the ſky.
And now departs, amid the mingled ſound,
The king of kings, with peers encompaſs'd round:
Theſe, ſummon'd to the lofty tent of ſtate,
In equal honours with the Monarch ſate;
Himſelf benignant ev'ry chief addreſs'd,
And gave to each a portion of the feaſt.
There, for her arts, fit time Armida found,
While pleaſure reign'd, and feſtive ſport went round.

The banquet o'er, the dame, who well deſcries
That all beheld her charms with wondering eyes;
Slow from her ſeat aroſe, with regal look,
And thus reſpectful to the Caliph ſpoke.

O mighty King! behold with theſe I ſtand
To guard our faith, and combat for the land.
A damſel, yet I boaſt a royal name;
Nor ſcorns a queen to mix in fields of fame.
Who ſeeks to reign, in arts of ruling ſkill'd,
By turns the ſceptre and the ſword muſt wield.
This hand in battle can the javelin uſe,
And, where it ſtrikes, the wound the ſtrokes purſues.
Haſt thou not heard how once I priſoners made
The braveſt knights whoſe arms the Croſs diſplay'd?
Theſe overcome, in rugged chains confin'd,
To thee a glorious preſent I deſign'd:
So had thy powers (their braveſt champions loſt)
With ſure ſucceſs o'erthrown the Chriſtian hoſt.
But fierce Rinaldo, who my warriors ſlew,
Releas'd, in evil hour, the captive crew.
'Tis he! the wretch of whom I wrong'd complain,
And unreveng'd theſe wrongs I yet ſuſtain.
A juſt reſentment hence my boſom warms,
And fires with added zeal my ſoul to arms.—

But

But what my wrongs hereafter times ſhall ſpeak;
Let this ſuffice—a great revenge I ſeek!
Revenge be mine!—and ſure, not ſent in vain,
Some pointed ſhaft may fix him to the plain.
Heaven oft from righteous hands directs the dart,
And guides the weapon to the guilty heart.
But ſhould ſome knight, by thirſt of glory led,
Bring me, from yonder field, the Chriſtian's head,
Theſe eyes with joy the welcome gift ſhall view;
The victor-chief ſhall find a victor's due:
My hand in marriage ſhall the hero gain,
With ample dowry and a large domain.
Say—is there one who will the prize regard,
And dare the peril meet for ſuch reward?

While thus the damſel ſpoke, with longing eyes
Adraſtus views her, and at length replies.

Forbid it, Heaven! that e'er Rinaldo's heart
Should feel the vengeance of Armida's dart:
Shall ſuch a wretch to thee reſign his breath,
And ſweetly periſh by an envy'd death?
In me thy miniſter of wrath ſurvey,
His forfeit head before thy feet I'll lay;
This hand ſhall rend his breaſt, and ſcatter far
His mangled body to the fowls of air.

While thus the Indian proud Adraſtus ſpoke,
Theſe haughty words from Tiſaphernes broke.
And what art thou, whoſe empty pride can dare
Before our Monarch thus thy vaunts declare?
Know many a chief (tho' ſilent here) exceeds
Thy boaſted valour with his martial deeds.
To him his rival with indignant ſcorn:
Lo! one for action, not for vaunting, born:
And elſewhere hadſt thou dar'd our wrath provoke,
Thy laſt of words, inſenſate! hadſt thou ſpoke.
Thus furious they; but with his awful hand,
Their common lord the growing ſtriſe reſtrain'd;
Then to Armida thus—Thy manly mind
Seems far exalted o'er thy ſofter kind:
With thee remains the power, tranſcendent dame!
To calm theſe warriors, and their rage reclaim;
'Tis thine, at will, to bid their fury glow
With nobler vengeance on the public foe:
Then ſhall each champion's valour ſtand confeſs'd,
While emulation breathes from breaſt to breaſt.
This ſaid, the Monarch ceas'd; and either knight
Vow'd in her cauſe to wield the ſword in fight.
Nor theſe alone; but all, whom glory warms,
Now vaunt their courage and their force in arms:

All

All to the damſel proffer certain aid,
And vow deep vengeance on Rinaldo's head.
  While thus againſt the hero, once belov'd,
Such various powers, ſuch mighty foes ſhe mov'd,
He, whom her hate purſu'd, the land forſook,
And through the main his proſperous voyage took.
The wind, that late impell'd the pilot's ſails,
Now favour'd her return with weſtern gales.
The youth the pole and either bear ſurvey'd,
And all the ſtars that gild night's ſable ſhade:
He view'd the foamy flood, the mountains ſteep,
Whoſe ſhaggy fronts o'erſhade the ſilent deep:
Now of the camp he aſks, and now enquires
Of different nations, and their rites admires.
Thus through ſurrounding waves the warriors fly,
Till the fourth morning paints the eaſtern ſky;
And when the ſetting ſun to ſight was loſt,
The rapid veſſel gain'd the deſtin'd coaſt.
Then thus the virgin—Here our voyage ends,
Here Paleſtine her welcome ſhore extends.
  The heroes land, and from their wondering eyes
The myſtic pilot in a moment flies.
Now o'er the proſpect eve her mantle threw,
And every object from the ſight withdrew.

Uncertain midſt the ſandy wilds they ſtray,
No friendly beam to guide them on their way.
At length the pale-orb'd queen of ſilent night,
Slow riſing, ſtreak'd the parting clouds with light:
Sudden the chiefs a diſtant blaze behold,
With rays of ſilver, and with gleams of gold.
Approaching then, they radiant arms ſurvey'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
Thick ſet as ſtars, with many a coſtly ſtone,
The golden helm and poliſh'd cuiraſs ſhone.
An aged tree the maſſy burden held:
Againſt the trunk was hung the mighty ſhield;
Myſterious forms emblaz'd its ſpacious field.
Beneath the branches from his ruſtic ſeat
A courteous hermit roſe, the knights to meet.
When now the Dane and Ubald nearer drew,
In him their friend their ancient hoſt they knew:
At once they greet the ſage with glad ſurpriſe,
The ſage with mild benevolence replies;
Then tow'rds Rinaldo, who with wonder view'd
His reverend form, he turn'd, and thus purſu'd.
For thy arrival, chief! and thine alone,
I here have ſtay'd in deſert ſhades unknown.
In me thy friend behold—let theſe relate
How far my care has watch'd thy former ſtate.

Theſe,

Theſe, taught by me, th' enchantreſs' power defy'd,
And freed thy ſoul, in magic fetters ty'd.
Attend my words, nor harſh their tenour deem,
Though far unlike the Syren's wanton theme:
Deep in thy heart repoſe each ſacred truth,
Till holier lips inſtruct thy liſtening youth.
Think not our good is plac'd in flowery fields,
In tranſient joys which fading beauty yields:
Above the ſteep, the rocky path it lies,
On virtue's hill, whoſe ſummit cleaves the ſkies.
Who gains th' aſcent muſt many toils engage,
And ſpurn the pleaſures of a thoughtleſs age.
Wilt thou, diſmay'd, the arduous height forego,
And lurk ignobly in the vale below?
To thee a face erect has Nature given
And the pure ſpirit of congenial heaven,
That far from earth thy generous thoughts might riſe,
To gain, by virtuous deeds, th' immortal prize.
She gave thee courage, not with impious rage
T' oppreſs thy friends, and civil combats wage;
But that thy ſoul with noble warmth might glow,
In fields of fight againſt the common foe.
Wiſdom to proper objects points our ire,
Now gently cools, now fans the riſing fire.

He ſpoke: with downcaſt eyes the hero ſtood,
While thus the words of truth reſiſtleſs flow'd.
Full well his ſecret thoughts the hermit view'd;
Now lift thy eyes, O ſon! (he thus purſu'd)
See in that ſhield thy great forefathers ſhown,
Whoſe mighty deeds to diſtant times are known:
Wilt thou the honours of thy line diſgrace,
And lag behind in glory's ſacred race?
Riſe! gallant youth! and while thy ſires I name,
From their example catch the generous flame.
He ſaid; with eager gaze the knight beheld
The ſculptur'd ſtories to his ſight reveal'd.
There, in a narrow ſpace, the maſter's mind,
With wondrous art, a thouſand forms deſign'd:
There ſhone great Eſtè's race, whoſe noble blood
From Roman ſource in ſtreams unſully'd flow'd.
With laurel crown'd the godlike chiefs appear'd;
The ſage their honours and their wars declar'd.
Caius he ſhow'd, who (when th'imperial ſway
Declining fell to alien hands a prey)

A willing

Ver. 464. *From Roman ſource* —] The houſe of Eſtè was ſaid to be deſcended from Actius, related by the mother's ſide to Auguſtus.

Ver. 467. *Caius he ſhow'd* —] At the time of the emperors Arcadius and Honorius, anno 403, Stilico, incited by ambition

A willing people taught to own his power,
And firſt of Eſtè's line the ſceptre bore.
When now the Goth (a rude deſtructive name!)
Call'd by Honorius, big with ruin, came;
When Rome, oppreſs'd and captive to the foe,
Fear'd one dire hour would all her ſtate o'erthrow;
He ſhow'd how brave Aurelius from the bands
Of foreign foes preſerv'd his ſubject lands.
Foreſtus then he nam'd, whoſe noble pride
The Huns, the tyrants of the north, defy'd:

Fierce

ambition to weaken Honorius, who ruled in the weſt, invited into Italy Alaric and Radagaſſo, kings of the Goths and Vandals; at which time this Caius Actius governed in Eſtè in the name of the emperor, where the Barbarians committing every kind of outrage, and the emperor taking no meaſures againſt them, Actius was by general conſent elected abſolute ſovereign, in order to defend the country from theſe invaders.

Ver. 471. *When now the Goth*—] When Honorius, exaſperated with the Romans, transferred the imperial ſeat to Ravenna, and invited Alaric again into Italy, who had been before invited by Stilico, Aurelius conducted himſelf ſo artfully, that the Goths, in their march towards Rome, with deſign to deſtroy that city, paſſed through his territories without committing the leaſt depredations.

Ver. 477. *Foreſtus then he nam'd*—] Attila king of the Huns, in the year 450, through an irreconcileable hatred to

Fierce Attila their lord, of ſavage mien,
By him ſubdu'd in ſingle fight was ſeen.
See next the patriot chief, with ceaſeleſs care,
For Aquileia's ſtrong defence prepare;
Th' Italian Hector in the taſk of war!
But ah! too ſoon he ends his mortal ſtate,
And with his own includes his country's fate.
Then Acarinus to his father's fame
Succeeds, the champion of the Roman name.
Not to the Huns, but Fate, Altinus yields,
And, far retir'd, a ſurer kingdom builds:

Deep

the Chriſtians, prepared to march to the attack of Aquileia, as the key to Italy; and was ſeveral times defeated by Foreſtus, the ſon of Aurelius, with the aſſiſtance of the forces of Gilio, king of Padua, his relation. Foreſtus is ſaid to have fought with Attila hand to hand.

Ver. 486. *Then Acarinus* —] Acarinus ſucceeded his father Foreſtus in the government of Eſtè and Monſelice, and gained many victories over Attila.

Ver. 488. *Not to the Huns, but Fate, Altinus yields.*] The forces of Altinus met with ſuch continued ill ſucceſs with Attila, that their misfortunes ſeemed to have been the immediate diſpenſation of Providence; and hence the poet ſays, that Altinus gave way to Fate, and not to the Huns.

Ver. 489. *And, far retir'd, a ſurer kingdom builds.*] It was under the conduct of Acarinus that Aventino, Anzio, Trento,

Deep in the vale of Po his city roſe,
(A thouſand ſcatter'd cots his town compoſe)
Which diſtant ages ſhall with pride proclaim
The ſeat of empire of th' Eſtenſian name.
Th' Alani quell'd, Acarius, in debate
With Odoacer, meets the ſtroke of fate:
For Italy he bravely yields his breath,
And ſhares paternal honour in his death.
With him the gallant Alphoriſius dies:
To exile Actius, with his brother, flies;
But ſoon return'd (th' Erulean king o'erthrown)
Again in council and in arms they ſhone.

Next,

Trento, and other neighbouring villages, were reduced into the form of a city, and defended by a mole againſt the floods of the Po; and this was the foundation of the future town of Ferrara.

Ver. 494. *Th' Alani quell'd* —] At this time Acarinus was captain of horſe, anno 463.

Ver. 495. *With Odoacer, meets the ſtroke of fate.*] Acarius, and Alphoriſius his brother, oppoſed king Odoacer, one of the chiefs in the army of Attila, who had made a deſcent into Italy, with many others, the remains of the forces of that barbarian.

Ver. 499. *To exile Actius* —] Actius and Conſtantius, ſons of Acarinus, being invaded by Odoacer, were deſpoiled of all their poſſeſſions, and obliged to abandon Italy.

Ver. 500. *Th' Erulean king.*] Odoacer, who was three times defeated by Theodoric Amalo, king of the Oſtrogoths,

Next, as his eye receiv'd the barbed ſteel,
A ſecond brave Epaminondas fell:
See! where with ſmiles he ſeems his life to yield,
Since Totila is fled, and ſafe his ſhield.
His ſon Valerian emulates his name,
And treads the footſteps of paternal fame:
Scarce yet a man, of manly force poſſeſs'd,
His daring hand th' encroaching Goth repreſs'd.

goths, and two years beſieged in Ravenna, and at laſt killed, after Actius and Conſtantius had recovered their poſſeſſions.

Ver. 502. —— *as his eye receiv'd the barbed ſteel.*] By the title of ſecond Epaminondas is meant Bonifacius. This event happened in the year 556, when Narſetes, ſent by the emperor Juſtinian, overcame Totila, king of the Goths; in which battle Bonifacius being preſent, was ſhot in the right eye by an arrow, which paſſed through the nape of his neck; he was carried on his ſhield into his tent, where he ſoon expired. The poet compares him to Epaminondas, the Theban general, of whom it is related, that at the battle of Mantanea, being carried mortally wounded into his tent, he demanded if his ſhield was ſafe, and being told it was, he ordered it to be brought to him, and having kiſſed it with great apparent ſatisfaction, immediately died.

Ver. 508. *Scarce yet a man* —] At the death of his father this youth was only fourteen years of age, and at that time was with Narſetes at the overthrow of the Goths.

Near

Near him with warlike mien Erneſtus roſe,
Who routs in field the rough Sclavonian foes.
With theſe intrepid Aldoard is ſhown,
Who 'gainſt the Lombard king defends Monſcelce's town,
Henry and Berengarius then appear'd,
Who ſerv'd where Charles his glorious banners rear'd.
Then Lewis follow'd, who the war maintain'd
Againſt his nephew that in Latium reign'd.

Next

Ver. 510. —— *Erneſtus roſe.*] Erneſtus, ſon of Eribert of Eſtè, performed many great actions in Dalmatia; which, from the name of Schiavi, took the name of Sclavonia: he defeated the Sclavonians ſo effectually in 711, that they were never again able to make head.

Ver. 512. *With theſe intrepid Aldoard* —] Agilulpho, by his marriage with Theodolinda, became king of the Lombards, and, making peace with France, invaded Italy, and took Padua, at firſt defended by the princes of the houſe of Eſtè; and he endeavoured to do the ſame by Monſcelce.

Ver. 514. *Henry and Berengarius* —] Henry, ſon of Erneſtus: Berengarius, ſon of Henry.

Ver. 515. *Who ſerv'd where Charles* —] Charles the Great, ſerved with great valour by Henry and Berengarius.

Ver. 516. *Then Lewis follow'd* —] After the death of Charles, Berengarius entered into the ſervice of his ſon Lewis,

Next Otho with his ſons, a friendly band;
Five blooming youths around their father ſtand.
There Almeric, Ferrara's Marquis, came,
(Ferrara, plac'd by Po's majeſtic ſtream)
See! where he lifts to heaven his pious eyes;
Beneath his care what hallow'd fanes ariſe!
The ſecond Actius fill'd a different ſide,
Who bloody ſtrife with Berengarius try'd;

wis, who was created emperor, and carried on a war againſt Bernardo the ſon of Pepin, the other ſon of Charles, who had been by his father made king of Italy: he was defeated by Berengarius, taken priſoner, and afterwards ſtript of his kingdom and deprived of his ſight, anno 819.

Ver. 518. *Next Otho with his ſons* —] Otho, brother to Berengarius: his five ſons were Marino, Sigifredo, Uberto, Hugo, and Amizono.

Ver. 520. *There Almeric* —] Almeric was ſon of Amizono: through the favour of Hugo king of Italy, by whom he was greatly eſteemed, Almeric was called to the government of Ferrara, where he ruled with ſovereign authority, and obtained the title of Marquis: he gave a conſiderable part of his revenues to the maintenance of churches and abbeys, and employed his private fortune in building others, amongſt which was the church of Saint George, afterwards the principal one of Ferrara.

Ver. 524. *The ſecond Actius* —] He carried on a war with Berengarius II. king of Italy, anno 950.

But,

But, after many various turns of fate,
Subdu'd his foe, and rul'd th' Italian ſtate:
Albertus now appear'd, his valiant ſon,
Who from Germania mighty trophies won;
Who foil'd the Danes; and to his nuptial bed,
With ample dowry, Otho's daughter led.
Next Hugo, who the haughty Romans quell'd,
And o'er the Tuſcan lands dominion held.
Tedaldo then; and now the ſculpture ſhow'd,
With Beatrice where Bonifacius ſtood.

No

Ver. 530. *Who foil'd the Danes; and to his nuptial bed, With ample dowry* —] He obtained from the emperor Otho his daughter Adelaide to wife, with the dowry of Friburg, in Germany, and ſeveral places in Italy, anno 973.

Ver. 532. *Next Hugo, who the haughty Romans quell'd.*] This Hugo perform'd many exploits againſt the Romans, in behalf of pope Gregory, and the emperor Otho, about the year 995.

Ver. 534. *Tedaldo then* —] Son of Actius II, duke of Ferrara, and marquis of Eſtè, count of Canoſſa, lord of Lucca, Placentia, Parma, and Rheggio, anno 970.

Ver. 535. *With Beatrice where Bonifacius ſtood.*] There were two of the name of Bonifacius, one ſon of the before-named Albertus, and the other ſon of Tedaldo, duke of Ferrara; this laſt ſucceeded to the poſſeſſions of his father, and

No male ſucceeding to the large domain,
No ſon the father's honours to maintain,
Matilda follow'd, who, with virtues try'd,
Full well the want of manly ſex ſupply'd:
In arts of ſway the wiſe and valiant dame
O'er crowns and ſceptres rais'd the female fame:
The Norman there ſhe chac'd! here quell'd in field
Guiſcard the brave, before untaught to yield:

and obtained beſides Mantua and Modena, and was imperial vicar anno 1007. He married Beatrice daughter of the Emperor Conrade II. and received Verona with her in dowry in 1034.

Ver. 536. *No male ſucceeded*—] Bonifacius left only one male child, which died under the care of its mother Beatrice.

Ver. 538. *Matilda follow'd*—] Daughter of Bonifacius and Beatrice, according to the poet, and ſo likewiſe delivered by Pigna; but other authors differ in the account of the parentage of this celebrated woman.

Ver. 542. *The Norman there ſhe chac'd!*—] The Normans had then, and ſome years before, under Roberto Guiſcardo, taken poſſeſſion of Puglia and Calabria, and endeavoured to lower the power of Matilda, but ſhe defeated them ſeveral times; and Roberto, having afterwards concluded a peace with this Matilda, joined with her in aſſiſting the pope againſt Henry IV.

Henry ſhe cruſh'd (the fourth that bore the name)
And with his ſtandards to the temple came;
Then in the Vatican, with honours grac'd,
In Peter's chair the ſovereign Pontiff plac'd.
See the fifth Actius near her perſon move,
With looks of reverence and of duteous love.
Actius the fourth a happier race has known;
Thence Guelpho iſſues, Kunigunda's ſon;

Retiring,

Ver. 544. *Henry ſhe cruſh'd*—]. The emperor Henry IV. a bitter enemy to the church: he endeavoured to deprive her of the right of creating biſhops, and proſecuted the legitimate popes, and twice created antipopes.

Ver. 545. *And with his ſtandards*—] This happened in Canoſſa, 1081, at the time Gregory IX. was beſieged there by Henry. This religious and magnanimous woman replaced two pontiffs in the papal chair; the one was Alexander II. who had been driven out by Giberto of Parma, ſent by the emperor Henry IV. into Italy, which Henry favoured Candalo, who probably by his means was made antipope; the other was Gregory IX. perſecuted by the ſame Henry.

Ver. 548. *See the fifth Actius*—] This, according to Pigna, was ſecond huſband to Matilda, after the death of her firſt huſband Gottifredo Gibboſo: but it being afterwards diſcovered that they were related, the marriage was annulled, and they were divorced by command of the pope.

Ver. 550. *Actius the fourth*—] This Actius was more fortunate in point of children than Boniſacius, who left only

Retiring, to Germania's call he yields,
By fate tranſplanted to Bavarian fields:
There on the Guelphian tree, with age decay'd,
Great Eſtè's branch its foliage fair diſplay'd:
Then might you ſoon the Guelphian race behold
Renew their ſceptres and their crowns of gold.
From hence Bertoldo roſe, of matchleſs fame;
Hence the ſixth Actius, bright in virtue, came.
Such were the chiefs whoſe forms the ſhield expreſs'd;
And emulation fir'd Rinaldo's breaſt:
In fancy rapt, each future toil he view'd,
Proud cities ſtorm'd, and mighty hoſts ſubdu'd.
Swift o'er his limbs the burniſh'd mail he throws,
Already hopes the day, and triumphs o'er the foes.
And now the Dane, who told how Sweno fell
In fatal fight beneath the Pagan ſteel,

only Matilda to ſucceed him; but this Actius had for his ſon Guelpho, by Kunigonda, daughter of Guelpho IV. duke of Bavaria.

Ver. 558. *From hence Bertoldo roſe.*—] Bertoldo ſon of Actius V. by Judith, born of Conrado II; and of her was born Actius VI. This Bertoldo was father of Rinaldo; ſo that this ſhield contained all his progeny from the firſt original.

To brave Rinaldo gave the deſtin'd blade;
In happy hour receive this ſword (he ſaid)
Avenge its former lord, whoſe worth demands,
Whoſe love deſerves, this vengeance at thy hands.
Then thus the hero—Grant, O gracious Heaven!
The hand to which this fated ſword is given,
With this may emulate its maſter's fame,
And pay the tribute due to Sweno's name.
So they. But now the ſage without delay
Impell'd the warriors on their purpos'd way:
Haſte, let us ſeek the Chriſtian camp (he cry'd)
Myſelf will thro' the waſte your journey guide.
He ſaid; and ſtrait his ready car aſcends;
(Each knight obſequious at his word attends:)
He gives the ſteeds the rein, the laſh applies:
Swift to the eaſt the rolling chariot flies.
Again the hoary hermit ſilence broke,
And ſudden, turning to Rinaldo, ſpoke.
To thee 'twas given the ancient root to trace,
Whence ſprang the branches of th' Eſtenſian race:
Still ſhall that ſtock ſucceeding years ſupply,
Nor, damp'd with age, the pregnant virtue die.
O! could I now, as late the paſt I told,
The future ages to thy view unfold,

Succeeding heroes ſhould thy wonder raiſe,
Great as the firſt in number as in praiſe:
But truths like theſe are hidden from my ſight,
Or ſeen through duſky clouds with doubtful light.
Yet hear, and truſt to what my words diſcloſe;
Since from a purer ſource this knowledge flows;
(From him*, to whoſe far-piercing mind 'tis given
To view, unveil'd, the deep decrees of Heaven)
Thy ſons, the heroes of the times to come,
Shall match the chiefs of Carthage, Greece, or Rome!
But o'er the reſt ſhall riſe Alphonſo's fame,
Alphonſo, ſecond of the glorious name!
Born when an age corrupt, to vice declin'd,
Shall boaſt but few examples to mankind:
He, while a youth, in mimic ſcenes of war,
Shall certain ſigns of early worth declare;
In foreſt wilds ſhall chace the ſavage train,
And the firſt honours of the liſt obtain;
In riper years in war unconquer'd prove,
And hold his ſubjects in the bands of love!
'Tis his to guard his realms from all alarms,
Midſt mighty powers and jarring ſtates in arms:
To cheriſh arts, bid early genius grow,
And ſplendid games and feſtivals beſtow;

* Peter.

In

In equal ſcales the good and bad to weigh;
And guard with care for every future day.
O! ſhould he riſe againſt that impious race,
Whoſe deeds ſhall then the earth and ſeas deface,
Who, in thoſe times, ſhall hold mankind in awe,
And give to more enlighten'd minds the law;
Then ſhall his righteous vengeance wide be known,
For ſhrines profan'd, and altars overthrown:
In that great hour, what judgment ſhall he bring
On the falſe ſect, and on their tyrant king!
The Turk and Moor, with thouſands in their train,
Shall ſeek to ſtop his conquering arms in vain:
Beyond the climate where Euphrates flows,
Beyond Mount Taurus, white with endleſs ſnows,
Beyond the realms of ſummer, ſhall he bear
The Croſs, the Eagle, and the Lily fair;
The ſecret ſource of ancient Nile ſhall trace,
And in the faith baptize the ſable race.

He ſpoke: and tranſport fill'd the warrior's breaſt,
To hear the glories of his line expreſt.
Now had the light proclaim'd the dawning day,
And the eaſt redden'd with a warmer ray;
When high above the tents they ſaw from far
The ſtreaming banners trembling in the air.

Then thus the reverend ſire began anew:
Before our eyes the ſun aſcending view!
Whoſe friendly rays diſcover wide around
The plains, the city, and the tented ground.
Hence may you paſs without a further guide:
A nearer proſpect is to me deny'd.
He ſaid; and inſtant bade the chiefs adieu;
And theſe, on foot, their ready way purſue.
Meanwhile the news of their arrival came
To all the camp, divulg'd by flying fame;
And Godfrey, riſing from his awful ſeat,
With ſpeed advanc'd, the welcome knights to meet.

THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO returns to the camp, and is graciouſly received by Godfrey. After offering his devotions on Mount Olivet, he enters upon the adventure of the enchanted wood. He withſtands all the illuſions of the Demons, and diſſolves the enchantment. The Chriſtians then build new machines: In the mean time Godfrey has intelligence of the approach of the Egyptian army to raiſe the ſiege. Vafrino is ſent as a ſpy to the Egyptian camp. Godfrey attacks the city with great reſolution: The Pagans make an obſtinate defence. Rinaldo particularly ſignalizes himſelf, and firſt ſcales the walls. Iſmeno is killed. The archangel Michael appears to the Chriſtian general, and ſhews him the celeſtial army, and the ſouls of the warriors, that were ſlain in battle, engaged in his cauſe. Victory now declares for the Chriſtians: Godfrey firſt plants his ſtandard on the wall, and the city is entered on all ſides.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

AND now they met: Rinaldo firſt began,
And thus ſincere addreſs'd the godlike man,
O prince! the care t'efface my honour's ſtain
Impell'd my vengeance on the warrior ſlain:
But, late convinc'd, the raſh offence I own;
And deep contrition ſince my ſoul has known.
By thee recall'd, I ſeek the camp again;
And may my future deeds thy grace obtain!
Him lowly bending, with complacent look
Godfrey beheld, embrac'd, and thus beſpoke.
No more remembrance irkſome truths ſhall tell;
The paſt ſhall ever in oblivion dwell:
Lo! all th'amends I claim—thy weapons wield,
And ſhine the wonted terror of the field.

'Tis thine t' aſſiſt thy friends, amaze thy foes,
And the dire fiends in yonder wood oppoſe.
Yon wood, from whence our warlike piles we made,
Conceals deep magic in its dreadful ſhade;
Horrid it ſtands! of all our numerous hoſt,
No hands to fell th' enchanted timbers boaſt.
Then go!—'tis thine the mighty taſk to try;
There prove thy valour, where the valiant fly.
Thus he. In brief again the warrior ſpoke,
And dauntleſs on himſelf th' adventure took.
Then to the reſt he ſtretch'd his friendly hand,
And gladly greeted all the ſocial band.
Brave Tancred now and noble Guelpho came,
With each bold leader of the Chriſtian name.
The vulgar next he view'd with gracious eye,
And affable receiv'd the general joy.
Nor round him leſs the ſhouting ſoldiers preſs'd,
Than if the hero, from the conquer'd eaſt,
Or mid-day realms, enrich'd with ſpoils of war,
Had rode triumphant on his glittering car.
Thence to his tent he paſs'd; there plac'd in ſtate,
Encircled by his friends, the champion ſate.
There much he anſwer'd; much to know deſir'd;
Oft of the war and wondrous wood enquir'd.

At

At length, the reſt withdrawn, the hermit broke
His ſilence firſt, and thus the youth beſpoke.
O chief! what wonders have thy eyes ſurvey'd!
How far remote thy erring feet have ſtray'd!
Think what thou ow'ſt to him who rules on high:
He gave thee from th' enchanted ſeats to fly:
Thee, from his flock a wandering ſheep, he ſought,
And, now recover'd, to his fold has brought:
By Godfrey's voice he calls thee to fulfil
The mighty purpoſe of his ſacred will.
But think not yet, impure with many a ſtain,
In his high cauſe to lift thy hand profane:
Nor Nile, nor Ganges, nor the boundleſs ſea,
With cleanſing tides, can waſh thy crimes away.
Sincere, to GOD thy ſecret ſins declare,
And ſorrowing ſeek his grace with fervent prayer.
He ſaid; and firſt the prince, in humble ſtrain,
Bewail'd his ſenſeleſs love and rage as vain:
Then low before the ſage's feet he kneel'd,
And all the errors of his youth reveal'd.
The pious hermit then abſolv'd the knight,
And thus purſu'd—With early dawn of light,

Ver. 56. *Bewail'd his ſenſeleſs love and rage as vain.*] His love for Armida, and his rage exerciſed againſt Gernando.

On

On yonder mount thy pure devotion pay,
That rears its front againſt the morning ray.
Thence ſeek the wood whoſe monſters thou muſt quell;
Let no vain frauds thy daring ſteps repel:
Ah! let no tuneful voice, nor plaints beguile,
Nor beauty win thee with enticing ſmile:
Sternly reſolv'd, avoid each dangerous ſnare,
And ſcorn the treacherous look and well-diſſembled prayer.
So counſel'd he. The youth obſequious heard,
And eager for th' important deed prepar'd:
In thought he paſs'd the day, in thought the night;
And, ere the clouds were ſtreak'd with growing light,
Enclos'd his limbs in arms, and o'er him threw
A flowing mantle of unwonted hue.
Alone, on foot, his ſilent way he took,
And left his comrades, and the tents forſook.
Now night with day divided empire held,
Nor this was fully ris'n, nor that expell'd:
The chearful eaſt the dawning rays diſplay'd,
And ſtars yet glimmer'd through the weſtern ſhade.
To Olivet the penſive hero paſs'd,
And, muſing deep, around his looks he caſt,

Alternate viewing here the ſpangled ſkies,
And there the ſpreading light of morning riſe.
Then to himſelf he ſaid—What beams divine
In heaven's eternal ſacred temple ſhine!
The day can boaſt the chariot of the ſun,
The night the golden ſtars and ſilver moon!
But ah! how few will raiſe their minds ſo high!
While the frail beauties of a mortal eye,
The tranſient lightenings of a glance, a ſmile
From female charms, our earthly ſenſe beguile!
While thus he mus'd, he gain'd the hill's aſcent,
There low on earth with humble knee he bent:
Then on the eaſt devoutly fix'd his eyes,
And rais'd his pious thoughts above the ſkies.
Almighty Father, hear!—my prayers approve!
Far from my ſins thy awful ſight remove:
O let thy grace each thought impure control,
And purge from earthly droſs my erring ſoul!
Thus while he pray'd, Aurora, riſing bright,
To radiant gold has chang'd her roſy light:
O'er all his arms th' increaſing ſplendor plays,
The hallow'd mount and grove reflect the rays.
Full in his face the morn her breeze renews,
And ſcatters on his head ambroſial dews:

His

His robe, with lucid pearls beſprinkled o'er,
Receives a ſnowy hue unknown before.
So with the dawn the drooping floweret blooms;
The ſerpent thus a ſecond youth aſſumes.
  Surpris'd his alter'd veſt the warrior view'd,
Then turn'd his ſteps to reach the fatal wood.
And now he came where late the bands retir'd,
Struck with the dread the diſtant gloom inſpir'd:
Yet him nor ſecret doubts nor terrors move,
But fair in proſpect roſe the magic grove.
While, like the reſt, the knight expects to hear
Loud peals of thunder breaking on his ear,
A dulcet ſymphony his ſenſe invades,
Of Nymphs or Dryads warbling through the ſhades,
Soft ſighs the breeze, ſoft purls the ſilver rill,
The feather'd choir the woods with muſic fill:
The tuneful ſwan in dying notes complains;
The mourning nightingale repeats her ſtrains:
Timbrels and harps and human voices join;
And in one concert all the ſounds combine!
  In wonder wrapt awhile Rinaldo ſtood,
And thence his way with wary ſteps purſu'd:
When lo! a cryſtal flood his courſe oppos'd,
Whoſe winding train the foreſt round enclos'd.

On

On either hand, with flowers of various dyes,
The ſmiling banks perfum'd the ambient ſkies.
From this a ſmaller limpid current flow'd,
And pierc'd the boſom of the lofty wood:
This to the trees a welcome moiſture gave,
Whoſe boughs, o'erhanging, trembled in its wave.
  Now here, now there, the ford the warrior try'd,
When ſudden rais'd a wondrous bridge he 'ſpy'd;
That, built of gold, on ſtately arches ſtood,
And ſhow'd an ample paſſage o'er the flood:
He trod the path, the further margin gain'd;
And now the magic pile no more remain'd:
The ſtream ſo calm, aroſe with hideous roar,
And down its foamy ſurge the ſhining fabric bore.
  The hero, turning, ſaw the tide o'erflow,
Like ſudden torrents ſwell'd with melting ſnow.
Then new deſires incite his feet to rove
Thro' all the deep receſſes of the grove.
As, ſearching round, from ſhade to ſhade he ſtrays,
New ſcenes at once invite him and amaze.
Where'er he treads, the earth her tribute pours
In guſhing ſprings, or voluntary flowers:
Here blooms the lily; there the fragrant roſe:
Here ſpouts a fountain; there a riv'let flows:

From every ſpray the liquid manna trills;
And honey from the ſoftening bark diſtills.
Again the ſtrange, the pleaſing ſound he hears
Of plaints and muſic mingling in his ears:
Yet nought appears that mortal voice can frame,
Nor harp nor timbrel whence the muſic came.

As fix'd he ſilent ſtands in deep ſurpriſe,
And reaſon to the ſenſe her faith denies;
He ſees a myrtle near, and thither bends,
Where in a plain the path far-winding ends:
Her ample boughs the ſtately plant diſplay'd
Above the lofty palm or cypreſs' ſhade;
High o'er the ſubject trees ſublime ſhe ſtood,
And ſeem'd the verdant empreſs of the wood.

While round the champion caſt a doubtful view,
A greater wonder his attention drew:
A labouring oak a ſudden cleft diſclos'd;
And from its bark a living birth expos'd;
Whence (paſſing all belief!) in ſtrange array,
A lovely damſel iſſu'd to the day.
A hundred different trees the knight beheld,
Whoſe fertile wombs a hundred nymphs reveal'd:
As oft in pictur'd ſcenes we ſee diſplay'd
Each graceful goddeſs of the ſylvan ſhade;

With

With arms expos'd, with veſture girt around,
With purple buſkins, and with hair unbound:
Alike to view, before the hero ſtood
Theſe ſhadowy daughters of the wondrous wood;
Save that their hands nor bows nor quivers wield;
But this a harp, and that a timbrel held.
Now, in a circle form'd, the ſportive train
With ſong and dance their myſtic rites began;
Around the myrtle and the knight they ſung:
And in his ear theſe tuneful accents rung,
  All hail! and welcome to this pleaſing grove,
Armida's hope, the treaſure of her love!
Com'ſt thou! (O long expected!) to relieve
The painful wounds the darts of abſence give?
This wood, that frown'd ſo late with horrid ſhade,
Where pale deſpair her mournful dwelling made,
Behold at thy approach reviv'd appears,
At thy approach a gentler aſpect wears!
  Thus they—Low thunders from the myrtle roſe,
And ſtrait the bark a cleft wide-opening ſhows;
In wonder wrapt have ancient times ſurvey'd
A rude Silenus iſſuing from the ſhade;
A fairer form the teeming tree diſplay'd.
A damſel thence appear'd, whoſe lovely frame
Might equal beauties of celeſtial name;

On

On her Rinaldo fix'd his heedful eyes,
And ſaw Armida's features with ſurpriſe:
On him a ſad, yet pleaſing look ſhe bends;
And in the glance a thouſand paſſions blends.
Then thus—And art thou now return'd from flight,
Again to bleſs forlorn Armida's ſight?
Com'ſt thou the balm of comfort to beſtow,
To eaſe my widow'd nights, my days of woe?
Or art thou here to work me further harms,
That thus thy limbs are ſheath'd in hoſtile arms?
Com'ſt thou a lover or a foe prepar'd;
Not for a foe the ſtately bridge I rear'd:
Not for a foe unlock'd th' impervious bowers,
And deck'd the ſhade with fountains, rills, and flowers.
Art thou a friend?—That envious helm remove;
Diſcloſe thy face, return the looks of love:
Preſs lips to lips, to boſom boſom join;
Or reach at leaſt thy friendly hand to mine!
Thus as ſhe ſpoke, ſhe roll'd her mournful eyes,
And bade ſoft bluſhes o'er her features riſe:
Unwary pity here, with ſudden charm,
Might melt the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
While, well adviſ'd, the knight no longer ſtay'd,
But from the ſcabbard bar'd the ſhining blade;

Then,

Then, ſwift advancing, near the myrtle drew:
With eager haſte to guard the plant ſhe flew;
The much-lov'd bark with eager arms enclos'd,
And, with loud cries, the threatening ſtroke oppos'd.
  Ah! dare not thus with ſavage rage invade
My darling tree, the pride of all the ſhade!
O cruel!—lay thy dire deſign aſide,
Or thro' Armida's heart the weapon guide!
To reach the trunk, this boſom ſhall afford
(And this alone) a paſſage to thy ſword!
  But, deaf to prayers, aloft the ſteel he rear'd;
When lo! new forms, new prodigies appear'd!
Thus, oft in ſleep we view, with wild affright,
Dire monſtrous ſhapes, the viſions of the night!
Her limbs enlarge; her features loſe their grace;
The roſe and lily vaniſh from her face:
Now, towering high, a giant huge ſhe ſtands,
An arm'd Briareus with a hundred hands.
With dreadful action fifty ſwords ſhe wields,
And ſhakes aloft as many claſhing ſhields;
Each nymph, transform'd, a horrid Cyclop ſtood;
Unmov'd the hero ſtill his taſk purſu'd;
Againſt the tree redoubled ſtrokes he bent;
Deep groans, at every ſtroke, the myrtle ſent:

Infernal glooms the face of day deform;
And winds, loud roaring, raiſe a hideous ſtorm:
With thunders hoarſe the diſtant fields reſound,
And lightenings flaſh, and earthquakes rock the ground.
But not theſe horrors can his force reſtrain,
And not a blow his weapon aims in vain:
Now, ſinking low, the nodding myrtle bends:
It falls—the phantoms fly—th' enchantment ends.
The winds are huſh'd, the troubled ether clears,
The foreſt in its wonted ſtate appears:
No more the dark retreat of magic made,
Though awful ſtill, and black with native ſhade.
Again the victor try'd if aught withſtood
The lifted ſteel to lop the ſpreading wood:
Then ſmiling thus he ſaid—O phantoms vain!
Shall theſe illuſions e'er the brave reſtrain?
Now to the camp with haſty ſteps he preſs'd;
Meanwhile the hermit thus the bands addreſs'd:
Already freed I ſee th' enchanted ground!
Behold the chief returns with conqueſt crown'd!
He ſaid; when from afar, confeſs'd to ſight,
In dazzling arms appear'd the victor knight:
High on his creſt the ſilver eagle ſhone,
And blaz'd with brighter beams againſt the ſun.

The troops ſalute him with triumphant cries;
From man to man the ſpreading clamors riſe.
Then to his valour pious Godfrey pays
The willing tribute of unenvy'd praiſe:
When to the leader thus Rinaldo ſaid:
At thy command I fought yon dreadful ſhade;
The deep receſſes of the grove I view'd,
The wonders ſaw, and every ſpell ſubdu'd:
Now may thy train the region ſafe explore,
No magic charms ſhall vex their labours more.
Thus he; and ſtrait the band the foreſt ſought,
Whence mighty timbers to the camp they brought.
O'er all their work an able chief preſides;
William, Liguria's lord, the labour guides.
But late the empire of the ſeas he held,
Till forc'd before the Pagan fleets to yield;
With all their naval arms the ſailor train
He brings, t' increaſe the forces on the plain.
To him ſuperior knowledge Heaven imparts:
A ſearching genius in mechanic arts!
A hundred workmen his commands obey,
Their taſks performing as he points the way.
Vaſt battering rams againſt the city riſe,
And miſſive engines of enormous ſize.

Ver. 298. *Vaſt battering rams* ——] The account of theſe military engines and towers is according to the hiſtory.

Of timbers huge he built a ſpacious tower;
A hundred wheels the mighty fabric bore:
With junctures ſtrong he fix'd the ſolid ſides,
And 'gainſt the fire ſecur'd with moiſten'd hides.
Suſpended from below, with horned head,
The ram reſiſtleſs on the bulwarks play'd;
While from the midſt a bridge was form'd to fall,
That join'd th' approaching engine to the wall:
And from the top was ſeen at will to riſe
A leſſer tower, high-pointing to the ſkies.
The gazing throngs admire in every part
The ſtrange invention and the workman's art:
Soon, like the firſt, two other piles they frame,
The ſame their figure and their height the ſame.
Thus they: While from the walls the Pagan ſpies
Obſerv'd the Chriſtian camp with heedful eyes;
They ſaw the pines and elms in many a load
Drawn to the army from the friendly wood:
They ſaw them riſe in warlike ſtructures high,
But ſcarce could thence their diſtant forms deſcry.
They too machines compoſe with equal care,
Their ramparts ſtrengthen, and their walls repair.
Iſmeno midſt the reſt his engines brought,
From Sodom's lake, with fatal ſulphur fraught,

From

From hell's black flood, whoſe waters foul and ſlow
Nine times enfold the realms of endleſs woe!
Horrid with theſe, a fiery peſt he ſtood,
Reſolv'd t' avenge his violated wood.

While thus the city and the camp prepar'd,
This to aſſault, and that the works to guard,
High o'er the tents in all the army's view,
An airy dove with rapid pinions flew;
Now, from the lofty clouds declining down,
With nearer flight approach'd the ſacred town:
When lo! a falcon chac'd her from above,
And threatening to the high pavilion drove:
Juſt as his claws the trembling bird oppreſs'd,
She ſhelter ſought in pious Godfrey's breaſt:
The pitying chief the dove from fate repriev'd,
Then round her neck a ſlender band perceiv'd:
Beneath her wing a tablet hung conceal'd,
Which, open'd, to his ſight theſe words reveal'd.

To thee th' Egyptian chief his zeal commends,
And health to great Judæa's Sovereign ſends.
Fear not, O Monarch! ſtill thy towers defend,
Till the fifth morn her welcome light extend:
Then ſhall our arms relieve your threaten'd wall;
Sion ſhall conquer, and the Chriſtians fall.

Such was the ſecret in the tablet ſeal'd,
In barbarous phraſe and characters reveal'd.
Theſe winged heralds thus the mandates bear
Of eaſtern nations through the fields of air.
The prince now ſet the captive dove at large,
But ſhe (a guiltleſs traitreſs to her charge)
As conſcious of th' event, no more return'd,
But diſtant from her lord in ſecret mourn'd.
The leader then conven'd the princely train,
The tidings ſtrait diſclos'd, and thus began.
Behold, O friends! how heaven's high Monarch ſhows
Th' important ſecrets of our wily foes,
No more delay—this preſent time demands
Our boldeſt hearts and moſt experienc'd hands.
Be every toil, be every peril try'd,
The way to conquer on the ſouthern ſide.
There, well by nature fenc'd on every part,
The forts are leſs ſecur'd by works of art:
There, Raymond, let thy ſtrength reſiſtleſs fall,
There, with thy engines, ſhake the doubtful wall.
While I, upon a different ſide, prepare,
Againſt the northern gate, the ſtorm of war.
So may the foes their forces thither bend,
And there, deceiv'd, our chief aſſault attend.

From

From thence convey'd, ſhall then my lofty tower
On other parts unlook'd-for vengeance pour.
Near me, Camillus, thou the toils ſhalt ſhare,
And the third pile be truſted to thy care.
He ceas'd: when Raymond, pondering in his breaſt
The public welfare, Godfrey thus addreſs'd.
So well for all, O chief! thy cares provide,
Nor aught can be retrench'd, nor aught ſupply'd.
Yet let me wiſh ſome artful ſpy were ſent
To Egypt's camp, to ſound their deep intent;
Who to our hoſt might all their motions tell,
And certain tidings of their force reveal.
Then Tancred ſpoke! a faithful ſquire is mine,
Who ſeems well form'd to further your deſign;
He every wile, with ready wit, prepares;
He dares all perils, yet with caution dares.
Swift in the race he lightly ſkims the field;
His pliant tongue in every ſpeech is ſkill'd:
He ſhifts his mien, his action and his tone,
And makes the modes of various climes his own.
The 'ſquire, now call'd, before th' aſſembly ſtands,
And cheerful hears the taſk his lord demands;
Then ſmiling thus: To me conſign the care,
This inſtant ſee me for th' attempt prepare:

Swift will I reach (an unexpected ſpy)
The diſtant land where Egypt's forces lie;
There pierce the ſwarming vale at noon of day,
And every man and every ſteed ſurvey.
I promiſe ſoon (nor vain eſteem my boaſt)
To bring the ſtate and numbers of their hoſt;
To penetrate their leader's ſecret thought,
And view each purpoſe in his boſom wrought.
Thus bold Vafrino ſpoke; nor more delay'd,
But ſwift in veſture long his limbs array'd:
He bar'd his neck, and round his forehead roll'd
A turban huge in many a winding fold:
His back the Syrian bow and quiver bore,
And all his looks a foreign ſemblance wore.
The wondering crowds admir'd his ready tongue,
On which each nation's different accent hung;
That Egypt well might claim him for her own,
Or Tyre receive him as her rightful ſon.
Now from the camp he iſſu'd on a ſteed
That ſcarcely bent the graſs beneath his ſpeed.
Ere yet they view'd the third ſucceeding day,
The Franks, induſtrious, gain'd the rugged way.
In vain the rolling hours to reſt invite,
They join to day the labours of the night:

Till

Till all is for the great aſſault prepar'd,
And nought remains that can their ſchemes retard.
The Chriſtian chief, on pious thoughts intent,
In humble prayer the day preceding ſpent,
And bade the faithful hoſt their ſins confeſs,
And take, from ſacred hands, the bread of peace.
He then began his vaſt machines to ſhow
On divers parts, t' amuſe the thoughtleſs foe.
The foe, deceiv'd, with joyful looks deſcry'd
His force directed on their ſtrongeſt ſide.
But, ſoon as evening ſtretch'd her welcome ſhade,
He thence with eaſe his warlike pile convey'd:
This tow'rds the ramparts' weaker parts he brought,
Where leſs expos'd his hardy ſoldiers fought.
Experienc'd Raymond with his lofty tower
Againſt the ſouthern hill his forces bore:
And, with the third, the brave Camillus preſs'd
Againſt the ſide declining to the weſt.
When now the chearful harbinger of day
Had ting'd the mountains with a golden ray;
The foes the mighty tower with terror view'd
Far diſtant from the place where late it ſtood;
And all around, till then unſeen, beheld
Enormous engines thickening o'er the field.

With

With every art the wary Pagans form
Their beſt defence againſt th' approaching ſtorm.
No leſs intent, the prudent chief, who knew
That nearer now th' Egyptian army drew,
Each paſs ſecures; and, calling from the bands
Guelpho and either Robert, thus commands.

You watchful on your ſteeds in arms remain,
While I attempt yon hoſtile wall to gain,
Where leaſt defence appears: be yours the care
To guard our rear from unexpected war.

He ceas'd: and, breathing courage man to man,
Three fierce aſſaults the Chriſtian powers began.
Then hoary Aladine, with cares decay'd,
In arms, long ſince diſus'd, his limbs array'd;
Trembling with feeble feet and tottering frame,
The aged king oppos'd to Raymond came.
Stern Solyman for Godfrey ſtood prepar'd;
And fierce Argantes good Camillus dar'd.
Here Tancred, led by fate, approach'd the wall,
Where by his arms his daring foe might fall.

The ready archers now their bows apply;
In deadly poiſon drench'd their arrows fly;
The face of heaven is all in darkneſs loſt,
Such clouds of weapons iſſue from the hoſt.

With

With greater force the mural engines pour
Their ſudden vengeance in a mingled ſhower.
Hence, ſheath'd with iron, javelins huge are thrown;
Hence rocky fragments thunder on the town.
Not in the wound the javelins loſe their force,
But furious hold their unremitted courſe;
Reſiſtleſs here their bloody entrance find,
And iſſuing there, leave cruel death behind!
Where'er the ſtones alight, with dreadful ſway
Through men and arms they force their horrid way;
Sweep life before 'em, cruſh the human frame,
And hide at once the figure and the name!
Still unappall'd the Pagan troops remain,
And boldly ſtill the bold aſſault ſuſtain:
Already had they ſpread with heedful care
Their woolly fences 'gainſt the threatening war;
And where expos'd the thickeſt ranks they 'ſpy,
With miſſile weapons ſend a fierce reply:
Yet undiſmay'd the brave aſſailants preſs,
Nor from the threefold charge, intrepid, ceaſe.
Some under vaſt machines ſecurely move,
While ſtorms of arrows hiſs in vain above.
Some wheel th' enormous engines near the foes:
The Syrians, from the walls, th' attempt oppoſe.

Each

Each ready tower to launch its bridge eſſays;
Its iron head each ram inceſſant plays.
Meanwhile in generous doubt Rinaldo ſtands,
No vulgar deeds his glorious arm demands:
He rolls his ardent eyes; his thoughts aſpire
To tempt the paſs from which the reſt retire.
Then to the warriors, late by Dudon led,
Th' intrepid hero turn'd, and thus he ſaid.
O ſhame to fight! while here our ſquadrons preſs,
Behold yon fortreſs ſtill remains in peace,
No perils e'er can brave deſigns control,
All deeds are open to the dauntleſs ſoul.
Haſte, let us thither march, and 'gainſt the foes
A ſure defence, with lifted ſhields, oppoſe.
He ſpoke: The warriors with one ſoul obey'd,
And o'er their heads extend an ample ſhade,
The bucklers join'd ſecur'd the moving train,
While from on high the ruins roll in vain.
Now to the walls they came; with eager haſte
A ſcaling-ladder bold Rinaldo plac'd;
A hundred ſteps it bore, the hero's hand
Aloft with eaſe th' enormous weight ſuſtain'd.
Spears, beams, and rafters from the ramparts pour;
Dauntleſs he mounts amid the ponderous ſhower:

Nor

Nor toils nor death the daring youth could dread,
Though pendent rocks had nodded o'er his head.
His ample ſhield receiv'd a feather'd wood;
His back ſuſtain'd a falling mountain's load:
This arm the bulwarks ſhook; and that before
His towering front the fencing buckler bore.
His great example every warrior fir'd;
Each gallant chief to ſcale the works aſpir'd.
But various fates they prove: Some headlong fall;
And ſome are ſlaughter'd ere they mount the wall;
While he, aſcending ſtill, ſecurely goes,
His friends encourages, and threats his foes.
The thronging numbers, with collected might,
Attempt in vain to hurl him from his height:
Still in th' unequal combat firm he ſtands,
And bears alone th' united furious bands.
And now his ſword the ſpacious rampart clears,
And frees the paſſage for his brave compeers.
To one the hero gave a wiſh'd relief,
(Euſtatius, brother to the pious chief)
With ready hand he ſtopp'd his fatal fall,
And friendly guarded while he gain'd the wall.
The Chriſtian leader, on a different ſide,
With various perils various fortune try'd:

Nor

Nor men with men alone the combat fought,
There pile with pile, with engine engine, fought.
Above the walls a trunk the Syrians raiſe;
(A veſſel's towering maſt in ancient days)
To this athwart a maſſy beam ſuſpend;
Thick iron plates the ſolid head defend:
This with ſtrong cables back the Pagans drew,
Then, ſwift recoiling, on the tower it flew.
The yielding timbers with the fury ſhook,
The joint gave way before the frequent ſtroke:
But ſoon the tower its needful arms ſupplies:
Two ſcythes prepar'd are rais'd of mighty ſize,
That, cloſing, with their ſharpen'd edge divide
The twiſted cords to which the beam is ty'd.
As, loos'd by time, or by rude tempeſts torn,
A rock's huge fragment from a mountain borne,
Impetuous whirling down the craggy ſteeps,
Woods, cots, and herds before its fury ſweeps:
So drew the dreadful engine, in its fall,
Arms, men, and ruins, from the ſhatter'd wall.
The tower's vaſt ſummit nodded from on high!
The bulwarks tremble, and the hills reply.
Victorious Godfrey now, advancing on,
Already deem'd the hoſtile ramparts won:

When

When from the foes, with roaring thunders, broke
Whirlwinds of flame and deluges of ſmoke!
Not Ætna from her raging womb expires
Such pois'nous ſtreams and ſuffocating fires;
Not ſuch dire fumes the clime of India yields,
When noxious vapours taint her ſultry fields.
Thick ſulphur pours and burning javelins fly;
Dark clouds ariſe, and intercept the ſky.
The tower's ſtrong planks the ſcorching miſchief meet;
The moiſten'd hides now ſhrivel in the heat:
Around aſcends a black and ſanguine flame,
And the laſt ruin threats the mighty frame.
Before the reſt the glorious leader ſtood,
With looks unchang'd the growing danger view'd,
And on the pile commands his troops to pour
The cooling waters in a copious ſhower.
Now deep diſtreſs the troubled hoſt aſſails;
The fire increaſes, and the water fails;
When from the north a ſudden wind aroſe,
And turn'd the raging flames againſt the foes:
The blazing fury on the Pagans falls,
Where numerous works were rais'd to guard the walls.
The light materials catch! the ſparks aſpire;
And all their fences crackle in the fire.

O favour'd

O favour'd chief! th' Almighty's care approv'd:
By him defended, and by him belov'd:
Heaven in thy cauſe auxiliar arms ſupplies,
And at thy trumpet's call the winds obedient riſe!
But dire Iſmeno, who the flames beheld
By Boreas' breath againſt himſelf repell'd,
Reſolv'd once more to prove his impious ſkill,
And force the laws of nature to his will.
With two magicians, that his arts purſue,
The dreadful ſorcerer towers in open view:
Black, ſqualid, foul! he riſes o'er the bands:
So 'twixt two furies Dis or Charon ſtands.
And now the murmuring of the words was heard
By Phlegethon and deep Cocytus fear'd:
Already now the air diſturb'd was ſeen,
The ſun with clouds obſcur'd his face ſerene:
When from an engine flew, with hideous ſhock,
A ponderous ſtone, the fragment of a rock,
Through all the three its horrid paſſage tore,
Craſh'd every bone, and drench'd their limbs in gore:

Ver. 606. *Through all the three*—] Though the particular character of Iſmeno is entirely the invention of the poet, yet hiſtory relates the death of certain magicians, that had placed themſelves on the walls of Jeruſalem, in order to oppoſe the machines of the Chriſtians.

With

With groans the ſinful ſpirits take their flight
From the pure air and ſeats of upper light,
And ſeek th' infernal ſhades of endleſs pain:
O mortals! hence from impious deeds refrain.

At length the tower, preſerv'd from threaten'd flame
By friendly winds, more near the ramparts came;
Now, from the midſt, the bridge was ſeen to fall,
And now was fix'd upon the lofty wall:
But thither Solyman intrepid flies,
And there to cut the bridge his falchion tries:
Nor had he try'd in vain, but, ſudden rear'd,
Another tower upon the firſt appear'd:
Above the loftieſt ſpires was ſeen on high
The wondrous fabric riſing to the ſky.
Struck with the ſight th' aſtoniſh'd Pagans ſtood,
While far beneath the pile the town they view'd.
But ſtill the fearleſs Turk his poſt maintain'd,
Though on his head a rocky tempeſt rain'd;
Nor yet deſpairs to part the bridge, and loud,
With threats and cries, incites the timorous crowd.

To Godfrey then, unſeen by vulgar eyes,
Appear'd th' Archangel Michael from the ſkies,

In

Ver. 628. *To Godfrey then*—] This fiction ſeems to be taken from miracles recorded in the hiſtory of the cruſade. The

In glorious panoply, divinely bright,
More dazzling than the ſun's unclouded light.
  Lo! Godfrey (he began) the hour at hand
To free from bondage Sion's ſacred land:
Decline not then to earth thy looks diſmay'd:
Behold where Heaven aſſiſts with heavenly aid!
I now remove the film, and teach thy ſight
To bear the preſence of the ſons of light.
The ſouls of thoſe, now heavenly beings, view,
That champions once for CHRIST their weapons drew:
With thee they fight, with thee they come to ſhare
The glorious triumph of the ſacred war.
There, where thou ſeeſt the duſt and ſmoak on high
In mingled waves, where heaps of ruin lie,
There, wrapt in darkneſs, Hugo holds his place,
And heaves the bulwark from its loweſt baſe.

archbiſhop of Tiro relates, that the Chriſtians being engaged with the Infidels, and nearly defeated, a ſoldier was ſeen to deſcend from Mount Olivet, bearing a ſhield of wonderful luſtre, who encouraged the Chriſtians to renew the battle with double vigour, and immediately diſappeared. It was likewiſe ſaid, that at the ſiege of Antioch, Pyrrhus, a Turk, ſaw an infinite army of ſoldiers on white horſes, with white arms and veſtments, who fought on the ſide of the Chriſtians. Theſe afterwards diſappeared, and were ſuppoſed to be angels and the ſouls of the bleſſed, ſent from God to ſuccour the Chriſtians.

See! Dudon, arm'd againſt the northern towers,
With fire and ſword celeſtial vengeance pours.
Yon ſacred form that on the mount appears,
Who ſolemn robes with wreaths of prieſthood wears,
Is Ademar; a ſaint confeſs'd he ſtands;
See! ſtill he follows, bleſſes ſtill the bands.
But higher raiſe thy looks, behold in air
Where all the powers of heaven combin'd appear.
The hero rais'd his eyes, and ſaw above
A countleſs army of celeſtials move.
Three ſquadrons rang'd the wondrous force diſplay'd,
Three fulgent circles every ſquadron made,

Orb

Ver. 650. *Is Ademar*—] The Archbiſhop of Tiro gives the following extraordinary account. "That day Ademar, biſhop of Poggio, a man of exemplary virtue and piety, who loſt his life near Antioch, was ſeen by numbers in the holy city: and numbers, whoſe teſtimony is worthy of credit, affirmed that they ſaw him among the firſt to ſcale the walls, and inciting others to enter the town." All theſe traditions were authority ſufficient for the beautiful machine with which Taſſo has adorned his poem: the whole paſſage of which is taken from the ſublime fiction of Virgil, in the 2d Æneid, where Æneas ſees the gods of Greece engaged in the deſtruction of his native city.

Ver. 656. *Three ſquadrons rang'd*—] The Italian commentator explains theſe to mean the three celeſtial hierarchies, each divided into three orders: the firſt, ſeraphim, cherubim,

Orb within orb; by juſt degrees they roſe,
And nine bright ranks the heavenly hoſt compoſe.

and thrones: the ſecond, dominations, principalities, and powers: the third, virtues, angels, and archangels—this opinion is according to St. Gregory and St. Bernard, from which other authors have differed.

Ver. 658. *Orb within orb; by juſt degrees they roſe,*
And nine bright ranks the heavenly hoſt compoſe.] Some theologiſts have ſaid that theſe circles diminiſhed till they came to an indiviſible point, wherein was centered the eſſence of Divinity. This abſtruſe and whimſical doctrine is mentioned by Dante, which paſſage may not be unpleaſing to the curious reader; where he ſpeaks of theſe nine choirs or orders in the following manner.

Un punto vidi, che raggiava lume
Acuto sì, che'l viſo ch'egli affoca,
Chiuder convienſi per lo forta acume:
Diſtante intorno al punto un cerchio d'igne
Si girava ſi ratto, ch' avria vinto
Quel moto che piu toſto il mondo cigne,
E queſto era d'un altro circoncinto
E quel del terzo e'l terzo poi dal quarto
Dal quinto il quarto, e poi dal ſeſto il quinto
Sovra ſeguia il ſettimo ſi ſparto
Già di larghezza che'l mezzo di Giuno
Intero a contenerlo ſarebbe arto.
Coſi l'ottavo, e'l nono: e ciaſcheduno
Più tardo ſi movea, ſecondo ch'era,
In numero diſtante, più da l'uno.

PARADISO, Canto XXVIII.

His

His ſenſe no more ſuſtain'd the blaze of light,
And all the viſion vaniſh'd from his ſight.
Then round the plain his martial bands he 'ſpy'd,
And ſaw how conqueſt ſmil'd on every ſide.
With brave Rinaldo numbers ſcale the wall;
Before his arms in heaps the Syrians fall;
No longer Godfrey then his zeal reſtrain'd,
But ſnatch'd the ſtandard from Alfiero's hand;
And, ruſhing o'er the bridge, the paſſage try'd:
The furious Turk all paſſage there deny'd:
A little ſpace is now the glorious field
Where valour's deeds a great example yield!
Here let me nobly fall! (the Pagan cries)
Be glory mine, let life the vulgar prize.
O burſt the bridge! and me alone expoſe;
I ſhall not meanly ſink beneath the foes.
But now he ſees th' affrighted numbers fly,
And now beholds the dread Rinaldo nigh:
What ſhould I do? (the wavering Soldan ſaid)
If here I fall, in vain my blood is ſhed.
Then, other ſchemes revolving in his mind,
He ſlowly to the chief the paſs reſign'd,
Who threatening follow'd, with impetuous haſte,
And on the wall the holy ſtandard plac'd.

The conquering banner, to the breeze unroll'd,
Redundant ſtreams in many a waving fold :
The winds with awe confeſs the heavenly ſign,
With purer beams the day appears to ſhine:
The ſwords ſeem bid to turn their points away,
And darts around it innocently play :
The ſacred mount the purple croſs adores,
And Sion owns it from her topmoſt towers.

Then all the ſquadrons rais'd a ſhouting cry,
The loud acclaim of joyful victory !
From man to man the clamor pours around:
The diſtant hills re-echo to the ſound.
And now, incens'd, impatient of delay,
Againſt Argantes Tancred forc'd his way;
At once he launch'd his bridge, the paſſage made,
And ſtraight his ſtandard on the walls diſplay'd.

But tow'rds the ſouth where aged Raymond fought,
And 'gainſt the Pagan king his forces brought;
There deeper toil engag'd the Chriſtian power,
There rocky paths delay'd the cumbrous tower.
At length th' aſſailants and defenders hear
The echoing ſhouts of conqueſts from afar.
To Aladine and Raymond ſoon 'tis known,
That tow'rds the plain are Sion's ramparts won:

The

Then thus the earl aloud—O hear, my friends!
Before the Chriſtian arms the city bends!
And does ſhe, when ſubdu'd, our courage dare?
Shall we alone no glorious triumph ſhare?

But ſoon the Syrian king withdrew his force,
Nor longer ſtrove t' oppoſe the victor's courſe;
Retreating thence a lofty fort he gain'd,
From which he hop'd their fury to withſtand.

Now all the conquering bands, oppos'd no more,
Swarm o'er the walls and through the portals pour,
The thirſty ſword now rages far and wide,
Death ſtalks with grief and terror at his ſide:
Blood runs in rivers, or in pools o'erflows,
And dead and dying, heap'd, a horrid ſcene compoſe!

THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

TANCRED and Argantes retire together from the walls, and engage in ſingle combat: After an obſtinate defence, the latter is ſlain; and Tancred himſelf, weakened by the loſs of blood, falls into a ſwoon. In the mean time Rinaldo purſues the Infidels, and compels many of them to take refuge in Solomon's temple. Rinaldo at length burſting open the gate, the Chriſtian troops enter, and make a terrible ſlaughter. Solyman and Aladine fortify themſelves in David's tower. Solyman defends the paſs with great intrepidity, but at laſt retires within the fort at the appearance of Godfrey and Rinaldo: Night puts an end to the operations on both ſides. Vafrino enters the Egyptian camp, where he meets with Erminia. In their way to the Chriſtian tents, they find Tancred in appearance dead: Erminia's lamentation; ſhe recovers Tancred from his ſwoon, and, at his deſire, he is conveyed with the body of Argantes to the city. Vafrino gives an account to Godfrey of the diſcoveries he has made; upon which the general determines to hold his army in readineſs to encounter the Egyptian forces.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

NOW wide-deſtroying death, or pale affright,
Remov'd the Pagans from their ramparts' height:
Alone, ſtill fix'd to triumph or to fall,
Argantes turns not from th' abandon'd wall;
Secure he ſtands, his front undaunted ſhows,
And ſingly combats midſt a hoſt of foes:
Far more than death he dreads a ſully'd name,
And, if he dies, would cloſe his days with fame.
Before the reſt intrepid Tancred flies,
And lifts his falchion, and the chief defies:
Well, by his mien and arms confeſs'd to view,
His plighted foe the fierce Argantes knew.
Thus doſt thou, Tancred! keep thy faith? (he cry'd)
Late art thou come our battle to decide:

We

We meet not here as heroes heroes dare;
Thou com'ſt a baſe artificer of war!
Thoſe engines are thy guard, thoſe troops thy ſhield;
Thou bring'ſt ſtrange weapons to diſgrace the field!
Yet hope not from this hand, in dreadful ſtrife,
(Thou woman's murderer!) now t' eſcape with life!
He ſaid; and Tancred, ſmiling with diſdain,
In words indignant thus reply'd again.
Late am I come?—Suppreſs thy ſenſeleſs ſcorn;
Soon ſhalt thou find too ſpeedy my return;
When thou ſhalt wiſh, to eaſe thy doubtful ſoul,
That 'twixt us Alps might riſe, or oceans roll;
And know, by fatal proof too well diſplay'd,
Nor fear detain'd my arms, nor ſloth delay'd.
Come, glorious chief! thou terror of the plain,
By whom are heroes quell'd and giants ſlain!
With me retire, and prove thy boaſted might,
The woman's murderer dares thee to the fight!
Then to his troops—With-hold your wrathful hands,
This warrior now my ſword alone demands;
No common foe; by challenge, him I claim;
By former promiſe mine, and mine by fame.
Deſcend (again the proud Circaſſian cry'd)
Or ſingly, or with aid, the cauſe decide:

The

The place frequented or the deſart try;
With every odds thy proweſs I defy!
  The ſtern convention made, at once they move,
With mutual ire, the dreadful fight to prove.
Already Tancred hopes the glorious ſtrife,
And burns with zeal to take the Pagan's life:
He claims him wholly, all his blood demands,
And envies even a drop to vulgar hands.
He ſpreads his ſhield, forbids the threatening blow,
And guards from darts and ſpears his mighty foe.
They leave the walls, impatient of delay,
And through a winding path purſue their way.
At length, amid ſurrounding hills, they view'd
A narrow valley black with ſhady wood;
That ſeem'd a ſylvan theatre, deſign'd
For chace or combat with the ſavage-kind.
Here both the warriors ſtopp'd; when, penſive grown,
Argantes turn'd to view the ſuffering town.
Tancred, who ſaw his foe no buckler wield,
Straight caſt his own at diſtance on the field;
Then thus began—What means this ſudden gloom?
Think'ſt thou, at laſt, thy deſtin'd hour is come?
If ſuch foreboding thoughts a doubt create,
Too late thy preſcience, and thy fears too late.

Yon city fills my mind (the chief reply'd)
The queen of nations, and Judæa's pride,
That vanquiſh'd now muſt fall, while I in vain
Attempt her ſinking ruins to ſuſtain:
How poor a vengeance can thy life afford,
Thy life by Heaven devoted to my ſword!
He ceas'd; then wary each to combat drew:
For each his adverſe champion's valour knew.
Tancred was light, his joints were firmly knit,
Swift were his hands, and ready were his feet.
Argantes tower'd ſuperior by the head,
With larger limbs, with ſhoulders broader ſpread.
Now Tancred wheels, now bends t' elude the foe,
Now, with his ſword, averts th' impending blow.
But high, erect, the bold Argantes ſtood,
And equal art, with different action, ſhow'd:
Now here, now there, impetuous from above,
Againſt the prince the brandiſh'd ſteel he drove.
That, on his art and courage moſt relies;
This, on his mighty ſtrength and giant ſize.
Two veſſels thus their naval ſtrife maintain,
When no rude wind diſturbs the watery plain:
Their bulk though different, equal is the fight,
In ſwiftneſs one, and one excels in height.

But

But while the Chriſtian ſeeks to reach the foe,
And ſhuns the ſword that ſeems to threat the blow,
Full at his face the point Argantes ſhook;
Then ſwift, as Tancred turn'd to ward the ſtroke,
He pierc'd his flank, and, loud exulting, ſaid:
Behold the crafty now by craft betray'd!

With rage and ſhame indignant Tancred burn'd,
And all his thoughts to glorious vengeance turn'd;
Then with his falchion to the boaſt replies,
Where to his aim the vizor open lies.
Argantes breaks the blow: with ſhorten'd ſword
On him intrepid ruſh'd the Chriſtian lord:
The Pagan's better hand he ſeiz'd, and dy'd
With many a ghaſtly wound his bleeding ſide.
Receive this anſwer (loud the hero cries)
The vanquiſh'd to his victor thus replies!

The fierce Circaſſian foams with rage and pain,
But ſtrives to free his captive arm in vain:
At length, dependent from the chain, he leaves
The truſty falchion, and his hand reprieves.
Each other now in rude embrace they preſs'd,
Arms lock'd in arms, and breaſt oppos'd to breaſt.

Ver. 105. —— *from the chain* ——] In Arioſto it is frequently mentioned, that the ſword was faſtened to the wriſt by a chain, though this is the only paſſage where ſuch a cuſtom is alluded to by Taſſo.

Not

Not with more vigor, on the ſandy field,
Great Hercules the mighty giant held.
Such is their conflict, ſo the warriors ſtrain,
Till both together, ſidelong, preſs the plain.
Argantes, as he fell, by chance or ſkill,
Bore high his better arm releas'd at will:
But Tancred's hand, that ſhould the weapon wield,
Was held beneath him priſoner on the field.
Full well the Frank th' unequal peril view'd,
And, ſoon recovering, on his feet he ſtood.
More ſlow the Saracen the ground forſook,
And, ere he roſe, receiv'd a ſudden ſtroke.
But as the pine, whoſe leafy ſummit bends
To Eurus' blaſt, at once again aſcends:
So from his fall aroſe the Pagan knight
With equal wrath and unabated might.
Again, with flaſhing ſwords, the war they wag'd:
Now leſs of art and more of horror rag'd.
From Tancred's wounds appear'd the trickling blood;
But from Argantes pour'd a crimſon flood:
Tancred full ſoon his feeble arm beheld
Slow and more ſlow the weighty falchion wield:
All hatred then his generous breaſt forſook,
And, back retreating, mildly thus he ſpoke.
Yield, dauntleſs chief! enough thy worth is ſhown;
Or me, or fortune, for thy victor own:

I aſk

I aſk no ſpoils, no triumph from the fight,
Nor to myſelf reſerve a conqueror's right.
At this with rage renew'd the Pagan burn'd:
Uſe what thy fortune gives—(he fierce return'd)
And dar'ſt thou then from me the conqueſt claim?
Shall baſe conceſſions ſtain Argantes' fame?
Alike thy mercy and thy threats I prize;
This arm ſhall yet thy ſenſeleſs pride chaſtiſe.
As, near extinct, the torch new light acquires,
Revives its flame, and in a blaze expires:
So he, when ſcarce the blood maintain'd its courſe,
With kindled ire recruits his dying force;
Reſolv'd his laſt of days with fame to ſpend,
And crown his actions with a glorious end.
Graſp'd in each hand, his vengeful ſteel he took:
In vain the Chriſtian's ſword oppos'd the ſtroke:
Full on his ſhoulder fell the deadly blade,
Nor, deaden'd there, its eager fury ſtay'd,
But, glancing downward, deeply pierc'd his ſide,
And ſtain'd his armour with a purple tide.
Yet Tancred's looks nor doubt nor fear confeſs'd;
For Nature's ſelf had ſteel'd his dauntleſs breaſt.
A ſecond ſtroke the haughty Pagan try'd;
The wary Chriſtian now his purpoſe 'ſpy'd,
And ſlipt, eluſive, from the ſteel aſide.

Then, ſpent in empty air thy ſtrength in vain,
Thou fall'ſt, Argantes! headlong on the plain:
Thou fall'ſt! yet (unſubdu'd alike in all)
None but thyſelf can boaſt Argantes' fall!
  Freſh ſtream'd the blood from every gaping wound,
And the red torrent delug'd all the ground:
Yet on his arm and knee the furious knight
His bulk ſupported, and provok'd the fight.
Again his hand the courteous victor ſtay'd:
Submit, O chief! preſerve thy life (he ſaid:)
But, while he paus'd, the fierce inſidious foe
Full at his heel directs a treacherous blow,
And threats aloud: Then flaſh from Tancred's eyes
The ſparks of wrath, while thus the hero cries:
And doſt thou, wretch! ſuch baſe return afford
For life ſo long preſerv'd from Tancred's ſword?
  He ſaid; and as he ſpoke, no more delay'd,
But through his vizor plung'd th' avenging blade.
Thus fell Argantes; as he liv'd he dy'd;
Untam'd his ſoul, unconquer'd was his pride:
Nor droop'd his ſpirit at th' approach of death,
But threats and rage employ'd his lateſt breath.
  Then Tancred in the ſheath his ſword beſtow'd,
And paid to God the thanks his conqueſt ow'd:

But

But dear his triumph has the victor coſt:
His ſenſes fail, his wonted ſtrength is loſt.
Again he ſtrives to paſs the valley o'er,
And tread the ſteps his feet had trod before.
Not far his tottering knees their load ſuſtain,
His utmoſt ſtrength he tries, but tries in vain.
Now, laid on earth, his arm ſupports his head,
(His arm, that trembles like a feeble reed)
Each object ſwims before his giddy ſight;
The cheerful day ſeems chang'd to duſky night;
He faints;—he ſwoons! and ſcarce to mortal eyes
The victor differing from the vanquiſh'd lies.

While theſe, inflam'd with private hate, engag'd,
The wrathful Chriſtians through the city rag'd.
What tongue can tell the woes that then were known,
And ſpeak the horrors of a conquer'd town!
Each part is fill'd with death, with blood defil'd;
The ghaſtly ſlain appear in mountains pil'd.
There on th' unbury'd corſe the wounded ſpread;
The living here interr'd beneath the dead.
With flowing hair pale mothers fly diſtreſs'd,
And claſp their harmleſs infants to the breaſt:
The ſpoiler here, impell'd by thirſt of prey,
Bears on his laden back the ſpoils away:

The ſoldier there, by luſt ungovern'd ſway'd,
Drags by her graceful locks th' affrighted maid.
But tow'rds the mountain where the temple ſtood,
The bold Rinaldo drove the trembling crowd:
Nor helm nor buckler could his force withſtand;
Th' unarm'd alone eſcap'd his vengeful hand.
He ſought the brave, but ſcorn'd with great diſdain
To wreak his fury on a helpleſs train.
Then might you wondrous deeds of valour view,
How theſe he threatening chac'd, and thoſe he ſlew;
How with unequal riſk, but equal fear,
The arm'd and naked fugitives appear.
Already, mingled with th' ignobler band,
A troop of warriors had the temple gain'd,
That, oft o'erthrown, and oft conſum'd by flame,
Still bears its antient founder's glorious name.
Great Solomon the ſtately fabric rear'd,
Where marble, gold, and cedar once appear'd:
Leſs coſtly now; but 'gainſt the hoſtile powers
Secur'd with iron gates, and guarded towers.
Rinaldo rais'd his threatening looks on high,
And view'd the fortreſs with an angry eye:
Now here, now there, he ſeeks ſome paſs to meet,
And twice ſurrounds it with his rapid feet.

So

So when a wolf, beneath the friendly ſhades,
With hopes of prey the peaceful fold invades;
He traverſes the ground with fruitleſs pain,
Licks his dry chaps, and thirſts for blood in vain.
The chief now paus'd before the lofty gate,
The Pagans, from above, th' encounter wait.
While thus the hero ſtood, by chance he 'ſpies
A beam beſide him of enormous ſize;
(Whate'er the uſe deſign'd) ſo high, ſo vaſt,
The largeſt ſhip might claim it for a maſt:
This in his nervous arms aloft he ſhook,
And with repeated blows the portal ſtruck:
Not the ſtrong ram with greater fury falls,
Nor bombs more fiercely ſhake the tottering walls.
Nor ſteel nor marble could the force oppoſe;
The fence gives way before the driving blows:
The bars are burſt, the ſounding hinges torn,
And hurl'd to earth the batter'd gates are borne.
Swift through the paſs, the victor to ſuſtain,
Fierce as a torrent ruſh th' exulting train.
Then, dire to ſee! the dome devote to GOD,
With carnage ſwell'd, and pour'd a purple flood.
O! ſacred juſtice of th' Almighty, ſhed,
Tho' late, yet certain, on the guilty head!

Thy awful providence now ſtands confeſs'd,
And kindles wrath in every pious breaſt.
The Pagan with his blood muſt cleanſe from ſtain
Thoſe ſacred ſhrines which once he durſt profane.
But Solyman, meanwhile, to David's tower
Retreated with the remnant of his power;
His troops with ſudden works the fort encloſe,
And ſtop each entrance from th' invading foes.
And Aladine the tyrant thither flies;
To whom aloud th' intrepid Soldan cries;
Come, mighty monarch! haſte! the fortreſs gain,
Whoſe ſtrength ſhall yet preſerve thy threaten'd reign;
Here may'ſt thou ſtill defend thy life, ſecur'd
From the dire fury of the waſting ſword.
Ah me! relentleſs fate (the king reply'd)
O'erturns the city, levels all her pride!—
My days are run—my empire now is o'er—
I liv'd—I reign'd—but live and reign no more!
'Tis paſt!—we once have been! behold our doom—
The laſt, th' irrevocable hour is come!
To whom with generous warmth the Soldan ſaid:
Where, prince! is all thy antient virtue fled?

Ver. 260. —*David's tower*] The citadel of Jeruſalem was ſo called.

Though

Though of his realms by fortune diſpoſſeſs'd,
A monarch's throne is ſeated in his breaſt.
But come, and, here ſecur'd from hoſtile rage,
Refreſh thy limbs decay'd with toils and age.
Thus counſel'd he; and ſtrait, with careful haſte,
The hoary king within the bulwarks plac'd.
Himſelf to guard the dangerous paſs appear'd,
With both his hands an iron mace he rear'd:
He girt his truſty falchion to his ſide,
And all the forces of the Franks defy'd.
On every part his thundering weapon flew,
And theſe he overturn'd, and thoſe he ſlew.
All fled the guarded fort, with wild affright,
Where'er they ſaw his mace's fury light.
Now, led by fortune, with his dauntleſs train,
The fearleſs Raymond ruſh'd the paſs to gain:
Againſt the Turk in vain he aim'd the blow;
But not in vain return'd his haughty foe:
Full in his front the reverend chief he found,
And ſtretch'd him pale and trembling on the ground.
Again the vanquiſh'd breathe, the victors fly,
Or in the well-defended entrance die.
The Soldan then, who, midſt the vulgar dead,
Beheld on earth the Chriſtian leader ſpread,

Incites his followers, with repeated cries,
To drag within the works their proſtrate prize.
All ſpring to take him (a determin'd band)
But toils and dangers their attempt withſtand.
What Chriſtian can his Raymond's care forego?
At once they fly to guard him from the foe.
There rage, here piety, maintains the fight;
No common cauſe demands each warrior's might:
For Raymond's life or freedom they contend;
And thoſe would ſeize the chief, and theſe defend.
Yet had the Soldan's force at length prevail'd,
For ſhields and helms before his weapon fail'd;
But ſudden, to relieve the faithful band,
A powerful aid appear'd on either hand;
At once the chief of chiefs, reſiſtleſs, came,
And he *, the foremoſt of the martial name.
As when loud winds ariſe, and thunders roll,
And glancing lightenings gleam from pole to pole,
The ſhepherd-ſwain, who ſees the darkening air,
Withdraws from open fields his fleecy care;
And, thence retreating, to ſome covert flies
To ſhun the fury of th' inclement ſkies;
And with his voice and crook his flock conſtrains;
Himſelf, behind them, laſt forſakes the plains.

* Rinaldo.

So

So the fierce Pagan, who the ſtorm beheld,
That like a whirlwind ſwept the duſty field,
Who heard the ſhouts of legions rend the air,
And ſaw the flaſh of armour from afar,
Compell'd his troops within the ſheltering tower;
Himſelf, reluctant, from ſuperior power
Retires the laſt, with unabated heat,
In caution brave, intrepid in defeat.

Scarce were they enter'd, when, with headlong haſte,
Rinaldo o'er the broken fences paſs'd;
Deſire to vanquiſh one ſo fam'd in fight,
His plighted vows the hero's ſoul excite:
For ſtill he keeps his ſolemn oath in view,
To take the warrior's life who Sweno ſlew.
Then had his matchleſs arm the walls aſſail'd,
Then had their ſtrength to ſhield the Soldan fail'd:
But here the general bade ſurceaſe the fight,
For all th' horizon round was loſt in night.
There Godfrey ſtrait encamp'd his martial train,
Reſolv'd at morn the hoſtile fort to gain.
Then chearful thus his liſtening hoſt he warms:
Th' Almighty favours now the Chriſtian arms!
At early dawn yon fortreſs ſhall be ours;
The laſt weak refuge of the faithleſs powers!

Meantime

Meantime your thoughts to pious duties bend,
The ſick to comfort, and the wounded tend.
Go—pay the rites thoſe gallant friends demand,
Who purchas'd with their blood this fated land;
This temper better ſuits the Chriſtian name,
Than ſouls with avarice or revenge on flame.
Too much, alas! has ſlaughter ſtain'd the day;
Too much has luſt of plunder borne the ſway.
Then ceaſe from ſpoil, each cruel deed forbear;
And let the trumpet's ſound our will declare.
He ſaid; and went where, ſcarce repriev'd from death,
Still Raymond groan'd with new-recover'd breath.
Nor Solyman leſs bold, his friends addreſs'd,
While in his thought the chief his doubts ſuppreſs'd.
O warriors! ſcorn the change of fortune's power;
Still cheerful hope maintains her blooming flower;
Safe is your king, and ſafe his choſen train:
Theſe walls the nobleſt of the realm contain.
Then let the Franks their empty conqueſt boaſt;
Swift fate impends o'er all th' exulting hoſt:
While rage and plunder every ſoul employ,
And luſt and murder are their ſavage joy:
Amidſt the mingled tumult ſhall they fall,
And one deſtructive hour o'erwhelm 'em all;

If Egypt's troops, now haſtening to our aid,
With numerous force their ſcatter'd bands invade.
From hence our miſſile weapons can we pour,
To whelm the city with a rocky ſhower;
And with our engines from afar defend
The paths that to the ſepulchre aſcend.
While deeds like theſe were wrought, Vafrino goes;
A truſty ſpy, amidſt a hoſt of foes:
The camp he left, his lonely way he took,
What time the ſun the weſtern ſky forſook;
By Aſcalon he paſs'd, ere yet the day
Shed from his orient throne the golden ray:
And when his car had reach'd the midmoſt height,
The hoſtile camp appear'd in open ſight.
There, pitch'd around, unnumber'd tents he ſees,
Unnumber'd ſtreamers waving to the breeze.
Diſcordant tongues aſſail his wondering ears;
Timbrels and horns and barbarous notes, he hears.
The elephant and camel mix their cries;
The generous ſteed, with ſhriller ſound, replies.
Surpris'd he ſees ſuch numerous forces join'd,
Where Aſia's realms and Afric's ſeem combin'd.
Now here, now there, his watchful looks he throws,
And marks what different works the camp encloſe;

Nor

Nor ſeeks in unfrequented parts to lie;
Nor ſhuns the obſervance of the public eye;
But boldly to each high pavilion goes,
And fearleſs communes with th' unconſcious foes.
Wiſe were his queſtions, well his anſwers made,
And deepeſt prudence all his actions ſway'd.
The warriors, ſteeds, and arms, attract his view;
Full ſoon each leader's rank and name he knew.
At length, as wandering through the vale he went,
Chance led his footſteps to the general's tent:
There, while immers'd in deepeſt thought he ſtay'd,
His ſearching eyes a friendly gap ſurvey'd;
From this each voice within diſtinct was heard,
Through this reveal'd th' interior parts appear'd.
There watch'd Vafrino, while he ſeem'd employ'd
To mend the torn pavilion's opening ſide.

Bare-headed there he ſaw the chief confeſs'd,
With limbs in armour ſheath'd, and purple veſt:
Two pages bore his helmet and his ſhield;
His better hand a pointed javelin held;
He view'd a warrior, who beſide him ſtood,
Of limbs gigantic, and of ſemblance proud.
Vafrino ſtay'd, intent their words to hear,
And ſudden Godfrey's name aſſail'd his ear.

Think'ſt thou (the leader thus the knight beſpoke)
That Godfrey ſure ſhall fall beneath thy ſtroke?
Then he: He ſurely falls! and here I ſwear
Ne'er to return, but victor from the war.
This hand my fellows' ſwords ſhall render vain;
And let my deed this ſole reward obtain;
A glorious trophy of his arms to raiſe
In Cairo's town, and thus inſcribe my praiſe:
" Theſe from the Chriſtian chief, whoſe force o'er-
" run
" All Aſia's lands, in battle Ormond won;
" And fix'd them here, that future times might tell
" How, by his proweſs vanquiſh'd, Godfrey fell."
Think not our grateful king (the leader cries)
Will view th' important act with thankleſs eyes:
Full gladly will he yield to thy demand,
And crown thy ſervice with a bounteous hand.
But now with ſpeed the veſts and arms prepare;
The approaching day of combat claims thy care.
All, all is now prepar'd—the knight reply'd:
And here the converſe ceas'd on either ſide.
Thus they: A ſtranger to the hidden ſenſe,
The words Vafrino heard in deep ſuſpenſe;
Oft-times debating, in his anxious mind,
What arms were purpos'd, and what wiles deſign'd.

He

He parted thence, and ſleepleſs paſs'd the night,
And watch'd impatient for the dawning light;
But when the camp, as early morning ſhin'd,
Unfurl'd the waving banners to the wind,
Mix'd with the reſt he went, with theſe he ſtay'd;
And round from tent to tent uncertain ſtray'd.

One day he came to where, in regal ſtate,
Amidſt her knights and dames Armida ſate:
Penſive ſhe ſeem'd, with various cares oppreſs'd,
A thouſand thoughts revolving in her breaſt:
On her fair hand her lovely cheek ſhe plac'd,
And prone to earth her ſtarry eyes ſhe caſt,
All moiſt with tears: Full oppoſite he ſaw
Adraſtus motionleſs with ſilent awe:
Fix'd on her charms, he gaz'd with fond deſire,
And with the proſpect fed his amorous fire.
But Tiſaphernes both by turns beheld,
While different paſſions in his boſom ſwell'd:
His changing looks a quick ſucceſſion prove,
Now fir'd with hatred, now inflam'd with love.
From thence Vafrino caſt his ſight aſide,
And midſt the damſels Altamorus 'ſpy'd;
Who curb'd the licence of his roving eyes,
Or ſnatch'd his wary glances by ſurpriſe;

Her

Her hand, her face, with ſecret rapture view'd,
And oft, by ſtealth, a ſweeter ſearch purſu'd,
T' explore the paſſage where th' uncautious veſt
Reveal'd the beauties of her ivory breaſt.

At length her downcaſt looks Armida rears,
While through her grief a tranſient ſmile appears.
O brave Adraſtus! in thy glorious boaſt,
I feel (ſhe cries) my former anguiſh loſt:
And ſoon I truſt a ſweet revenge to find;
For ſweet is vengeance to an injur'd mind.

To whom the Indian—Bid thy ſorrows ceaſe,
O royal fair! compoſe thy ſoul to peace.
Doubt not to view (ere many days are fled)
Caſt at thy feet Rinaldo's impious head;
Elſe ſhall he come, if ſo thy will ordains,
To ſervile dungeons, and eternal chains.

To Tiſaphernes ſmiling then ſhe ſaid:
And wilt not thou, O chief! Armida aid?

It ſuits not me (he taunting thus reply'd)
With ſuch a knight to combat ſide by ſide.
But I more ſlow, in fields of battle new,
Muſt far behind thy champion's ſteps purſue.

Sternly he ſaid; the word the monarch took,
And ſtrait incens'd with pride ungovern'd ſpoke:

'Tis

'Tis thine, indeed, a diſtant war to wage,
Nor dare like me in nearer fight engage.
  Then Tiſaphernes ſhook his haughty head:
O were I maſter of this arm! (he ſaid)
Could I at will this faithful falchion wield,
We ſoon ſhould ſee who beſt could brave the field:
Fierce as thou art, thy threats with ſcorn I hear!
Not thee, but Heaven and tyrant love, I fear.
  He ceas'd: Adraſtus ſtern his force defy'd;
But here Armida interpos'd, and cry'd:
  O warriors! wherefore now, your promiſe vain,
Will you ſo ſoon reſume your gift again?
My champions are ye both—let this ſuffice
To bind your jarring ſouls in friendly ties:
At my command, this raſh contention ceaſe;
He meets my anger firſt who wounds the peace.
  Thus ſhe: At once the rage their breaſt forſook,
And hearts diſcordant bow'd beneath her yoke.
  Vafrino, preſent, all their converſe knew,
Then, penſive, from the lofty tent withdrew;
He ſaw, though deeply yet in clouds enſhrin'd,
Some treaſon 'gainſt the Chriſtian chief deſign'd:
He queſtion'd oft, reſolv'd each means to try
To bear the ſecret thence, or bravely die.

In

In vain his ſearch—till chance at length diſplay'd
The treacherous ſnares for pious Godfrey laid.
Again he ſought the tent, and view'd again
The princeſs ſeated midſt her warrior train:
Then near a damſel with familiar air
He drew, and ſportive thus addreſs'd the fair.
I too would gladly draw th' avenging blade,
Th' elected champion of ſome lovely maid:
Perhaps this arm Rinaldo's ſelf may feel,
Or Godfrey breathleſs ſink beneath my ſteel.
Aſk from this hand (to me that ſervice owe)
The head devoted of ſome barbarous foe.
So ſpoke the ſquire; and ſmiling as he ſpoke,
A virgin view'd him with attentive look:
Sudden her eyes his well-known face confeſs'd,
Beſide him ſoon ſhe ſtood, and thus addreſs'd.
From all the train I here thy ſword demand,
Nor aſk ignoble ſervice at thy hand:
I chuſe thee for my champion; hence retire,
I now thy converſe, as my knight, require.
She ſaid; and drew him from the throng aſide:
I know thee well, Vafrino! (then ſhe cry'd)
Know'ſt thou not me?—Confus'd the Chriſtian ſtood,
Till with a ſmile he thus his ſpeech renew'd.

Ne'er have I ſeen thy charms, exalted fair,
Nor is the name thou ſpeak'ſt the name I bear:
Born on Biſerta's ſhore, my birth I claim
From Leſbin', and Almanzor is my name.
Long have I known thee (thus the maid reply'd)
Then ſeek no more in vain thyſelf to hide:
Diſmiſs thy fear—thou ſeeſt a faithful friend
For thee prepar'd her deareſt life to ſpend.
Behold Erminia! born of royal kind,
And once with thee in Tancred's ſervice join'd:
Two happy moons, a bliſsful captive there,
I liv'd in peace beneath thy gentle care.
Then on her face he bent his earneſt view,
And ſoon the features of Erminia knew.
Reſt on my faith ſecure (the damſel cries)
I here atteſt the ſun and conſcious ſkies!
Ah! let me now thy pitying aid implore;
Erminia to her former bonds reſtore!
In irkſome freedom ſince my hours were led,
Care fills my days, and ſlumber flies my bed.
Com'ſt thou the ſecrets of the hoſt to ſpy?
In happy time—on me thou may'ſt rely:
I ſhall at full their purpos'd frauds explain,
Which thou, perchance, had'ſt long explor'd in vain.

Thus

Thus ſhe; while doubtful ſtill Vafrino mus'd
In ſilent gaze, with various thoughts confus'd:
He call'd Armida's former arts to mind:
Woman's a changeful and loquacious kind:
A thouſand ſchemes their fickle hearts divide,
Inſenſate thoſe that in the ſex confide!
At length he ſpoke: If hence you ſeek to fly,
Haſte, let us go—your truſty guide am I.
Be this reſolv'd—but let us yet beware,
And further ſpeech, till fitter time, forbear.
Thus having ſaid, they fix'd without delay,
Before the troops decamp'd, to take their way.
Vafrino parted thence; the cautious maid
Awhile in converſe with the damſels ſtay'd,
Amus'd them with her champion lately gain'd,
And with a plauſive tale each ear detain'd:
Till at th' appointed time the ſquire ſhe join'd;
Then mounts her ſteed, and leaves the camp behind.
The Pagan tents were vaniſh'd from the view;
And near an unfrequented place they drew;
When bold Vafrino ſpoke—Now, courteous fair!
The treaſon, fram'd for Godfrey's life, declare.
Eight knights (ſhe cry'd) the dire adventure claim,
But Ormond fierce excels the reſt in fame:

Theſe, urg'd by hatred, or inflam'd with ire,
In murderous league againſt your chief conſpire:
Then hear their arts—what time on Syria's plain
Th' embattled hoſt contend for Aſia's reign;
Theſe on their arms the purple Croſs ſhall bear,
Diſguis'd as Franks in white and gold appear,
Like Godfrey's guard, amid the mingled war.
But on his helm, ſhall each a ſignal ſhow,
Which, in the thickening fight, their friends may know.
Theſe ſhall the Chriſtian leader's life purſue,
And deadly venom ſhall their ſteel imbrue.
To me 'twas given each falſe device to frame;
Compell'd to act what now I loath to name!
Hence from the camp I fly with juſt diſdain,
From the dire mandates of an impious train:
I ſcorn my thoughts with treaſon to defile,
T' aſſiſt the traitor, and partake the guile.
For this—yet not for this alone, I fled—
She ceas'd; and ceaſing bluſh'd with roſy red:
Declin'd to earth ſhe held her modeſt look,
And half again recall'd what laſt ſhe ſpoke.
But what her virgin ſcruples ſtrove to hide,
He ſought to learn, and gently thus reply'd.

Why

Why wilt thou ſtrive thy ſorrows to conceal,
Nor to my faithful ear thy cares reveal?
She breath'd a ſigh that inſtant from her breaſt,
Then, with a faltering voice the ſquire addreſs'd.
Farewel, ill-tim'd reſerve! no more I claim
The modeſty that fits a virgin's name.
Such thoughts ſhould long ere this my heart have ſway'd;
But ah! they ſuit no more a wandering maid;
That fatal night, my country's overthrow,
When Antioch bow'd before the Chriſtian foe;
From that, alas! my following woes I date,
The early ſource of my diſaſtrous fate!
Light was a kingdom's loſs, an empire's boaſt,
For with my regal ſtate myſelf I loſt!
Thou know'ſt, Vafrino! how I trembling ran,
Midſt heaps of plunder and my ſubjects ſlain,
To ſeek thy lord and mine, when, firſt in view,
All ſheath'd in arms he near my palace drew:
Low at his feet I breath'd this humble prayer:
Unconquer'd chief! a helpleſs virgin hear!
Not for my life I now thy mercy claim;
But ſave my honour, guard my ſpotleſs fame!
Ere yet I ceas'd, my hand the hero took,
And rais'd me from the earth, and courteous ſpoke:

O lovely maid! in vain thou ſhalt not ſue;
In me thy friend, thy kind preſerver, view.
He ſaid; a ſudden pleaſure fill'd my breaſt,
A ſweet ſenſation every thought poſſeſs'd,
That, deeply ſpreading through my ſoul, became
A wound incurable, a quenchleſs flame!
He ſaw me oft; he gently ſhar'd my grief;
With words of comfort gave my woes relief.
To thee (he cry'd) thy freedom I reſign;
Nor aught of all thy treaſures ſhall be mine.
O cruel gift! O bounty vainly ſhown!
For, giving me myſelf, myſelf he won!
And while he thus reſtor'd th' ignobler part,
Uſurp'd the ſovereign empire o'er my heart.
Alas! in vain I ſought to hide my ſhame—
How oft with thee I dwelt on Tancred's name!
Thou ſaw'ſt the tokens of a mind diſtreſs'd,
And ſaid'ſt—Erminia! love diſturbs thy breaſt.
Still I deny'd, but ſtill deny'd in vain:
My looks, my ſighs, reveal'd my ſecret pain.
At length, reſolv'd my wiſhes to purſue,
Love all reſpect of fear and ſhame o'erthrew.
To ſeek my lord I went, in luckleſs hour:
(He gave the wound, and he alone could cure.)

But lo! new dangers in my way I met,
A band of barbarous foes my ſteps beſet:
From theſe I ſcarce with life and freedom fled:
Thence to the diſtant woods my courſe I ſped;
There choſe with ſhepherd-ſwains retir'd to dwell,
An humble tenant of the lonely cell.
But when my flame, awhile by fear ſuppreſs'd,
Once more, returning, kindled in my breaſt;
Again I ſought the paths I ſought before;
Again was croſs'd by fickle Fortune's power;
A troop of ſpoilers in my way I found;
(Egyptian forces, and to Gaza bound)
Me to their chief they led: with gentle ear
Their chief vouchſaf'd my mournful tale to hear:
So was my virtue ſafe preſerv'd from ſtain,
Till plac'd in ſafety with Armida's train,
Behold me thus (ſo changing fate decreed)
Now made a captive, now from bondage freed;
Yet thus enſlav'd, and thus releas'd again,
I ſtill am held in fond affection's chain.
O thou! for whom ſuch ſoft diſtreſs I prove,
Repulſe not with diſdain my proffer'd love;
But to a maid a kind reception give,
And to her bonds a wretch forlorn receive.

Thus ſpoke Erminia. All the night and day
They journey'd on, and commun'd on their way.
Vafrino ſhun'd the beaten track, and held
His courſe through ſhorter paths, and ways conceal'd.
Now near the town they came at evening light,
What time the ſhade foretold th' approach of night:
When here they ſaw the ground diſtain'd with blood,
And, ſtretch'd on earth, a ſlaughter'd warrior view'd:
His face was upward turn'd, with dauntleſs air,
His aſpect menac'd, ev'n in death ſevere.
In him, as near the ſquire attentive drew,
Some Pagan warrior by his arms he knew.
Not far from thence another prone was ſeen,
His garb was different, different was his mien.
Behold ſome Chriſtian there (Vafrino ſaid)
Then mark'd his well-known veſt with looks diſmay'd:
He quits his ſteed, the features views, and cries—
Ah me! here ſlain unhappy Tancred lies!
Meanwhile th' ill-fated maid behind him ſtood,
And with attentive gaze the Pagan view'd:
But ſoon her ear the cruel ſounds confeſs'd,
As if a ſhaft had pierc'd her tender breaſt.
At Tancred's name ſhe ſtarts in wild deſpair,
No bounds can now reſtrain th' unhappy fair:

She

She ſees his face with paleneſs all o'er-ſpread,
She leaps, ſhe flies impetuous from her ſteed;
Low-bending o'er him, forth her ſorrow breaks;
And thus, with interrupted words, ſhe ſpeaks.
  Was I for this, by fortune here convey'd?
O dreadful object to a love-ſick maid!
Long have I ſought thee with unweary'd pain,
Again I ſee thee:—yet I ſee in vain!
Tancred no more Erminia preſent views;
And, finding Tancred, I my Tancred loſe!
Ah me!—and did I think thou e'er ſhould'ſt prove
A ſight ungrateful to Erminia's love?
Now could I wiſh to quench the beams of light,
And hide each object in eternal night!
Alas! where now are all thy graces fled!
Where are thoſe eyes that once ſuch luſtre ſhed!
Where are thoſe cheeks, replete with crimſon glow!
Where all the beauties of thy manly brow!
But ſenſeleſs thus and pale thou ſtill canſt pleaſe!
If yet thy gentle ſoul my ſorrow ſees,
Yet views, not wholly fled, my fond deſires,
Permit th'embolden'd theft which love inſpires:
Give me (ſince fate denies a further bliſs)
From thy cold lips to ſnatch a parting kiſs:

Thoſe

Thoſe lips from whence ſuch ſoothing words could flow,
To eaſe a virgin's and a captive's woe!
Let me, at leaſt, this mournful office pay,
And rend in part from death his ſpoils away.
Receive my ſpirit ready wing'd for flight,
And guide from hence to realms of endleſs light.
She ſaid; her boſom ſwell'd with labouring ſighs,
And briny torrents trickled from her eyes.
At this the knight, who ſeem'd of ſenſe depriv'd,
Waſh'd with her tears, by ſlow degrees reviv'd;
A ſigh he mingled with the virgin's ſighs;
He ſigh'd, but rais'd not yet his languid eyes.
His breath, returning, ſoon the dame perceiv'd;
A dawn of hope her fainting ſoul reliev'd.
See, Tancred! ſee! (exclaim'd the tender maid)
The mournful rites by dear affection paid,
Behold I come, thy fortune to divide—
Thus will I ſink, thus periſh by thy ſide!
Yet, yet awhile thy fleeting life retain—
O! hear my laſt requeſt, nor hear in vain!
Then Tancred ſtrove to view the cheerful light,
But ſoon again withdrew his ſwimming ſight:
Again Erminia vents her tears and ſighs;
Again ſhe mourns: Forbear! (Vafrino cries)

Still,

Still, ſtill he breathes, be then our care eſſay'd
To heal the living ere we weep the dead.
He ſtrait diſarms the chief, ſhe trembling ſtands,
And to the office lends her friendly hands;
Then views the hero's wounds with ſkilful eyes,
And feels new hopes within her boſom riſe:
But midſt thoſe deſarts nought the fair can find,
Nought but her ſlender veil, his wounds to bind:
Yet love, inventive, every ſcheme ran o'er;
Love taught her various arts untry'd before.
Her locks ſhe cut, with theſe ſhe gently dry'd
The clotted blood; the bandage theſe ſupply'd.
Though there nor dittany nor crocus grew,
Yet different herbs of lenient power ſhe knew.
Already now, his mortal ſleep diſpell'd,
The languid prince again his eyes unſeal'd:
He view'd his ſquire, he ſaw th' attending maid
In foreign veſture clad, and faintly ſaid;
From whence, Vafrino! doſt thou hither ſtray?
And who art thou, my kind preſerver! ſay?
She doubtful ſtill, 'twixt joy and ſorrow, ſighs;
Then bluſhes roſy red, and thus replies:
All ſhalt thou know; but now from converſe ceaſe:
Hear my commands, and calm thy thoughts to peace.

I, your phyſician, will your health reſtore;
Be grateful for my care—I aſk no more.
  Then in her lap his head ſhe gently laid:
In anxious doubt awhile Vafrino ſtay'd,
How to the camp his wounded lord to bear,
Ere dewy night advanc'd to chill the air:
When ſudden near a band of warriors drew,
And ſoon his eyes the troops of Tancred knew;
Who hither came, by happy fortune brought,
As fill'd with fear their abſent chief they fought.
Theſe rais'd th' enfeebled hero from the field,
And gently in their faithful arms upheld.
Then Tancred thus:—Shall brave Argantes ſlain
Be left, a prey to vultures, on the plain?
Ah no!—forbid it, Heaven! nor let him loſe
A ſoldier's honours, or ſepulchral dues.
I wage no battle with the ſilent dead;
In fight the glorious debt he boldly paid:
Then on his worth the rightful praiſe beſtow;
'Tis all the living to the lifeleſs owe.
  So he. Obſequious to their lord's command,
His breathleſs foe they rear'd from off the land.
Behind they bore him, while with guardian care
Vafrino rode beſide the royal fair.

Then ſpoke the prince, as thus they journey'd on:
Seek not my tents, but ſeek th' imperial town:
What chance ſoe'er this mortal frame ſhall meet,
There let me find it, in that holy ſeat:
From thence, where CHRIST a prey to death was given,
My ſoul may wing her readier flight to heaven:
So ſhall I then my pilgrimage have made,
And the laſt vows of my devotion paid.
He ſaid: to Sion's walls the train addreſs'd
Their ready courſe: There ſoon the warrior preſs'd
The welcome couch, and ſunk to gentle reſt.
And now Vafrino for the virgin-fair
A ſecret place provides with ſilent care:
That done, to Godfrey's ſight with ſpeed he goes;
And enters boldly, (none his ſteps oppoſe)
Where fate the leader, bending o'er the bed
On which the wounded Raymond's limbs were ſpread;
And round their prince (a great aſſembly!) ſtand
The beſt, the wiſeſt, of the Chriſtian band.
All gaz'd in ſilence, with attentive look,
While thus Vafrino to the general ſpoke.
O ſacred chief! thy high commands obey'd,
I ſought the faithleſs crew, their camp ſurvey'd:

But

But here my ſkill, to tell their number, fails;
I ſaw them hide the mountains, fields, and vales:
Their thirſt the copious ſtreams and fountains dries;
And Syria's harveſt ſcarce their food ſupplies.
But many a troop of horſe and foot, in vain,
Unſkill'd in battle, load th' encumber'd plain:
Nor order theſe obey, nor ſignals hear,
Nor draw the ſword, but wage a diſtant war:
Yet ſome are forces prov'd, not new to fame,
Who once beneath the Perſian ſtandards came:
But chief o'er all thoſe mighty warriors ſtand,
Th' Immortal Squadron call'd, the Monarch's choſen band.
The ranks unthinn'd no ſlaughter can deface;
Still, as one falls, another fills his place.
Brave Emirenes leads the numerous hoſt;
And few can equal ſkill or courage boaſt;
And him, in every art of battle ſkill'd,
The Caliph truſts to draw thee to the field.
Ere twice returning morn the day renew,
Expect to find th' Egyptian camp in view.
But thou, Rinaldo! moſt thy life defend;
For which, ere long, ſuch warriors ſhall contend:
For this the nobleſt champions wield their arms;
With rival hate each breaſt Armida warms:

For

For with her beauty ſhall his deed be paid,
Who from the battle brings thy forfeit head.
Midſt theſe, the noble chief from Perſia's lands,
Samarcand's monarch, Altamorus ſtands.
Adraſtus there is ſeen, of giant ſize,
Whoſe kingdom near Aurora's confines lies:
No common courſer in the field he reins;
His bulk a towering elephant ſuſtains.
There Tiſaphernes boaſts his glorious name,
Who bears in hardy deeds the foremoſt fame.
Thus he: Rinaldo, fill'd with generous ire,
Darts from his ardent eyes the ſparkling fire:
He burns with noble zeal to meet the foes,
And all his ſoul with martial ardor glows.
Then to the chief the ſquire his ſpeech renew'd:
Yet more remains to ſpeak (he thus purſu'd);
For thee the Pagans deeper wiles prepare;
For thee has treaſon ſpread its blackeſt ſnare!
He ſaid; and to the liſtening peers explain'd
The fatal purpoſe of th' inſidious band;
Fierce Ormond's boaſt and proud demand diſclos'd,
And all the murderous fraud at full expos'd.
Much was he aſk'd; and much again reply'd:
Short ſilence then enſu'd on every ſide.

At length the leader, loſt in various thought,
From hoary Raymond's wiſdom counſel ſought.
Then he: Attend my words—at morning hour,
With forces deep encloſe yon hoſtile tower;
And let the troops awhile recruit their might,
And rouze their vigour for a greater fight.
Thou, as ſhall beſt beſeem, O chief! prepare,
For open action, or for covert war.
Yet this I moſt o'er every care commend,
In every chance thy valu'd life defend:
Thou giv'ſt ſucceſs to crown our favour'd hoſt;
And who ſhall guide our arms, if thou art loſt?
That all the Pagan fraud may ſtand confeſs'd,
Command thy guard to change their wonted veſt:
So ſhall the traitors through the field be known,
And on their heads their impious treaſon thrown.
O ſtill the ſame! (the leader thus replies)
Thou ſpeak'ſt the friend, and all thy words are wiſe!
Now hear the purpoſe in our thoughts decreed:
Againſt the foe our battle will we lead:
In walls or trenches ne'er ſhall baſely reſt
A camp triumphant o'er the ſpacious eaſt!
'Tis ours to meet yon barbarous troops in fight,
And prove our former worth in open light.

Before

Before our ſwords ſhall fly the trembling train:
Thus ſhall we firmly fix our future reign:
The tower ſhall ſoon our ſtronger force obey,
And, unſupported, yield an eaſy prey.
He ceas'd; and to his tent his ſteps addreſs'd;
For now the ſinking ſtars invite to reſt.

THE END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Egyptian army arrives; the generals, on both ſides, prepare for the battle. The ſpeeches of Godfrey and Emirenes. The Chriſtians make the onſet: Gildippe ſignalizes herſelf and engages Altamorus, who had made great havock of the Chriſtians. Ormond is killed by Godfrey; and his aſſociates are all cut to pieces. Rinaldo attacks the Moors and Arabs, and defeats them with great ſlaughter: He paſſes by Armida's chariot; her behaviour on that occaſion. Solyman, from the tower, takes a proſpect of the battle, and, fired with emulation, leaves his fortreſs: Aladine, and the reſt of the Pagans, accompany him. Raymond is felled to the ground by Solyman; but Tancred, hearing the tumult, iſſues from the place where he lay ill of his wounds, and defends him from the enemy. Aladine is ſlain by Raymond. The Soldan, having forced his way through the Syrians and Gaſcons that ſurrounded the tower, enters the field of battle. The deaths of Edward and Gildippe. Adraſtus is killed by Rinaldo, and Solyman falls by the ſame hand. Emirenes endeavours, in vain, to rally his troops. Tiſaphernes performs great actions, till he is ſlain by Rinaldo. Armida flies from the field; Rinaldo purſues her: The interview between them. Godfrey kills Emirenes, and takes Altamorus priſoner. The Pagans fly on all ſides; and Godfrey enters the temple victorious, and pays his devotions at the tomb.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ſun had rouz'd mankind with early ray,
And up the ſteep of heaven advanc'd the day:
When from the lofty tower the Pagans 'ſpy
A duſty whirlwind, that obſcur'd the ſky,
Like evening's ſhade: At length, reveal'd to ſight,
Th' Egyptian hoſt appear'd in open light:
The numerous ranks the ſpacious champaign fill'd,
Spread o'er the mountains, and the plains conceal'd.
Then ſudden, from the troop beſieg'd aſcends
A general ſhout, that all the region rends.
With ſuch a ſound the cranes embody'd fly
From Thracian ſhores, to ſeek a warmer ſky;
With noiſe they cut the clouds, and leave behind
The wintry tempeſt, and the freezing wind.

Now hope, rekindling, fires the Pagan band;
Swells every threat, and urges every hand.
This ſoon the Franks perceiv'd, and inſtant knew
From whence their foes' recover'd fury grew.
They look'd; and midſt the rolling ſmoke, beheld
The moving legions that o'erſpread the field.
At once a generous rage each boſom warms;
At once each valiant hero pants for arms:
Around their chief with eager looks they ſtand,
And loud the ſignal for the war demand.
But, well advis'd, the prudent chief denies
To wage the battle till the morn ariſe:
He rules their ardor, he controls their might,
And points a fitter ſeaſon for the fight.
They hear, obſervant, and his voice obey,
But burn impatient for the dawning ray.
At length, high ſeated on her eaſtern throne,
The breezy morn with welcome luſtre ſhone;
Wide o'er the ſkies ſhe ſhed her ruddy ſtreams,
And glow'd with all the ſun's enlivening beams;
While heaven, ſerene and cloudleſs, would ſurvey
The glorious deeds of that auſpicious day.

Ver. 35. *While heaven, ſerene and cloudleſs,* —] The hiſtory relates, that the morning on which the armies engaged was uncommonly fine.

Soon

Soon as the dawn appears, with early care,
His army Godfrey leads in form of war;
But leaves, t' encloſe the foes' beleaguer'd tower,
Experienc'd Raymond with the Syrian power,
That from the neighbouring lands auxiliar came,
And hail'd with joy their great deliverer's name;
A numerous throng!—nor theſe alone remain,
To theſe he adds the hardy Gaſcon train.
Now tow'rd the leader, with exalted mien,
While certain conqueſt in his eyes was ſeen,
With more than wonted ſtate he ſeem'd to tread;
A ſudden youth was o'er his features ſpread:
Celeſtial favour beam'd in every look,
And every act a more than mortal ſpoke.
Now near advanc'd, the pious hero view'd
Where, deeply throng'd, th' Egyptian ſquadrons ſtood;
And ſtrait to ſeize a favouring hill he ſends,
Whoſe height his army's left and rear defends.
His troops he rang'd; the midſt the foot contain'd;
In either wing the lighter horſe remain'd.
The left, that to the friendly hill was join'd,
The chief to either Robert's care conſign'd:
The midſt his brother held; himſelf the right,
Where open lay the dangers of the fight:

Here mix'd with horſe, accuſtom'd thus t' engage,
A diſtant war on foot the archers wage.
Behind, th' advent'rers to the right he led,
And plac'd the bold Rinaldo at their head.
In thee, intrepid warrior! (Godfrey cries)
Our ſtrong defence, our hope of conqueſt, lies.
Behind the wing awhile remain conceal'd:
But when the foes advance t' invade the field,
Aſſail their flank, as vainly they contend
To wheel around us, and our rear offend.
Then on a rapid ſteed, in open view,
From rank to rank, 'twixt horſe and foot, he flew:
From his rais'd helm his piercing looks he caſt;
His eyes, his figure, lighten'd as he paſs'd!
The chearful he confirm'd, the doubtful rais'd,
And, for their former deeds, the valiant prais'd.
He bade the bold their antient boaſts regard;
Some urg'd with honour's, ſome with gold's reward.
At length he ſtays where thickening round him ſtand
The firſt, the braveſt of the martial band:
Then from on high his ſpeech each hearer warms,
Swells the big thought, and fires the ſoul to arms.
As from ſteep hills the ruſhing torrents flow,
Increas'd with ſudden falls of melting ſnow:

So

So from his lips, with ſwift effuſion, pours
Melliſluous eloquence in copious ſhowers.
O you, the ſcourge of Jesus' foes profeſs'd,
O glorious heroes! conquerors of the eaſt!
Behold the day arriv'd, ſo long deſir'd,
The wiſh'd-for day to which your hopes aſpir'd!
Some great event th' Almighty ſure deſigns,
Who all his rebels in one force combines:
See! in one field he brings your various foes,
That one great battle all your wars may cloſe.
Deſpiſe yon Pagans, an ungovern'd hoſt,
Loſt in confuſion, in their numbers loſt!
Our mighty force can troops like theſe ſuſtain?
A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train!
From ſloth or ſervile labours brought from far,
Compell'd, reluctant, to the taſk of war!
Their ſwords now tremble, trembles every ſhield;
Their fearful ſtandards tremble on the field.
I hear their doubtful ſounds, their motions view,
And ſee death hovering o'er the fated crew.
Yon leader fierce and glorious to behold,
In flaming purple and refulgent gold,
Might quell the Mooriſh and Arabian train,
But here his valour, here his worth is vain;

Wiſe

Wiſe though he be, what methods ſhall he prove
To rule his army, or their fears remove?
Scarce is he known, and ſcarce his troops can name,
Nor calls them partners of his former fame:
We every toil and every triumph ſhare,
Fellows in arms, and brothers of the war!
Is there a warrior but your chief can tell
His native country, and his birth reveal?
What ſword to me unknown? What ſhaft that flies
With miſſile death along the liquid ſkies?
I aſk but what I oft have gain'd before:
Be ſtill yourſelves, and Godfrey ſeeks no more.
Preſerve your zeal! your fame and mine attend:
But, far o'er all, the faith of CHRIST defend!
Go—cruſh thoſe impious on the fatal plain:
With their defeat your ſacred rights maintain.
What ſhould I more?—I ſee your ardent eyes!
Conqueſt awaits you!—ſeize the glorious prize.
  He ceas'd; and inſtant, like a flaſhing light,
When ſtars or meteors ſtream through duſky night,
A ſudden ſplendor on his brow was ſhed,
And lambent glories play'd around his head.
All wondering gaze! and ſome the ſign explain,
The certain omen of his future reign.

Perchance

Perchance (if mortal thoughts ſo high may ſoar,
Or dare the ſecrets of the ſkies explore)
From heavenly ſeats his guardian angel flew,
And o'er the chief his golden pinions threw.

While Godfrey thus the Chriſtian hoſt prepares;
Th' Egyptian leader, preſs'd with equal cares,
Extends his numerous force to meet the foes:
The midſt the foot, the wings the horſe compoſe:
Himſelf the right; the midſt Mulaſſes guides:
There, in the central war, Armida rides,
In pomp barbaric near the leader ſtand
India's ſtern king, and all the regal band:
There Tiſaphernes lifts his haughty head;
But where the ſquadrons to the left were ſpread,
(A wider ſpace) there Altamorus brings
His Afric Monarchs, and his Perſian Kings:
From thence their ſlings, their arrows they prepare,
And all the miſſile thunder of the war.

Now Emirenes every rank inſpires,
The fearful raiſes, and the valiant fires:
To thoſe he cry'd—What mean your looks depreſs'd?
What fear unmanly harbours in your breaſt?
Our near approach ſhall daunt yon hoſtile train,
Our ſhouts alone ſhall drive them from the plain.

To

To theſe—No more delay, ye generous bands!
Redeem the pillage from the ſpoilers' hands.
In ſome he 'waken'd every tender thought,
Each lov'd idea to remembrance brought:
O! think by me your country begs (he cries)
And thus, adjuring, on your aid relies!
Preſerve my laws, preſerve each ſacred fane,
Nor let my children's blood my temples ſtain;
Preſerve from ruffian force th' affrighted maid;
Preſerve the tombs and aſhes of the dead!
To you! oppreſs'd with bending age and woe,
Their ſilver locks your hoary fathers ſhow:
To you, your wives, your liſping infants ſue;
All aſk their ſafety, and their lives from you.

He ſaid, and ceas'd; for nearer now was ſeen
Th' advancing powers, and ſmall the ſpace between.
Now front to front in dreadful pauſe they ſtand,
Burn for the fight, and only wait command.
The ſtreaming banners to the wind are ſpread,
The plumage nods on every creſted head;
Arms, veſts, devices, catch the ſunny rays,
And ſteel and gold with mingled ſplendor blaze!
Each ſpacious hoſt on either ſide appears
A ſteely wood, a grove of waving ſpears.

They bend their bows, in reſt their lances take,
They whirl their ſlings, their ready javelins ſhake:
Each generous ſteed to meet the fight aſpires,
And ſeconds, with his own, his maſter's fires;
He neighs, he foams, he paws the ground beneath,
And ſmoke and flame his ſwelling noſtrils breathe.

Even horror pleas'd in ſuch a glorious fight,
Each beating boſom felt ſevere delight:
While the ſhrill trumpets, echoing from afar,
With dreadful tranſports animate the war.
But ſtill the faithful bands ſuperior ſtood,
More clear their notes, more fair their battle ſhow'd:
Their louder trumpets rouz'd a nobler flame,
And from their arms a brighter luſtre came!

The Chriſtians ſound the charge; the foes reply;
And the mix'd clangors rattle in the ſky:
Strait on their knees the Franks the ſoil adore,
And kiſs the hallow'd earth, and Heaven implore.
And now between the troops the ſpace is loſt;
With equal ardor joins each adverſe hoſt.

What hero firſt, amidſt the Chriſtian name,
Gain'd from the faithleſs bands a wreath of fame?
'Twas thou, Gildippe! whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
O'erthrew Hircanes, who in Ormus reign'd:

(Such

(Such glory Heaven on female arms diſplay'd)
Deep in his breaſt the ſpear a paſſage made;
Headlong he falls; and, falling, hears the foe
With joyful ſhouts applaud the forceful blow.
Her javelin broke, her truſty ſword ſhe drew,
And pierc'd the Perſians, and Zopyrus ſlew;
Cleft where the circling belt his armour bound,
He falls, divided, on the purple ground.
Through fierce Alarcus' throat her weapon hew'd
The double paſſage of the voice and food;
Then Artaxerxes in the duſt ſhe laid,
And through Argeus thruſt her furious blade.
At Iſhmael's arm her rapid ſteel ſhe guides,
And the cloſe juncture of the hand divides:
The ſever'd hand at once the rein forſook;
Above the ſtartled courſer hiſs'd the ſtroke;
He rear'd aloft, and, ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Broke through the ranks, and diſcompos'd the fight.
All theſe, and numbers more, her fury feel,
Whoſe names in ſilence ages paſt conceal:
But 'gainſt her now the thronging Perſians came,
And Edward ran t' aſſiſt the matchleſs dame.
With force united then, the faithful pair
Undaunted bore the ruſhing ſtorm of war.

Neglectful

Neglectful of themſelves amidſt the ſtrife,
Each guards, with pious care, the other's life.
Her ready ſhield the warlike damſel ſpread,
And turn'd the weapons aim'd at Edward's head.
He, o'er his ſpouſe, his fencing buckler throws:
Each ſeeks for each the vengeance on the foes.
By him the daring Artaban was ſlain,
Who in Boëcan's iſland held his reign:
By him his inſtant fate Alvantes found,
Who durſt at fair Gildippe aim the wound.
Then Arimontes' brow ſhe cleft in two,
Who, with drawn ſword, againſt her conſort flew.
While theſe reſiſtleſs midſt the Perſians rag'd;
More dire Samarcand's king the Franks engag'd.
Where-e'er he turn'd his ſteed, or drove his ſteel,
The horſe and foot before his fury fell:
And thoſe that 'ſcape the falchion's milder death,
Beneath the courſer's feet groan out their ſtruggling breath!

Ver. 230. *Each guards, with pious care, the other's life.*] The circumſtance of a male and female warrior, ſo tenderly connected with each other, makes a beautiful and affecting picture, and adds variety to the poem: it ſeems to have been firſt introduced by Taſſo, and has already been obſerved to have its foundation in hiſtory. See note to Book i. ver. 424.

By

By Altamorus on the dreadful plain,
Brunello ſtrong, Ardonio huge, was ſlain:
Of that the helm and head the ſword divides;
The gory viſage hangs on equal ſides.
This pierc'd where laughter firſt derives its birth,
And the glad heart dilates to pleaſing mirth,
(Wondrous and horrid to the gazer's eyes!)
Now laughs conſtrain'd, and as he laughs he dies!
With theſe Gentonio, Guaſco, Guido dy'd:
And good Roſmondo ſwell'd the crimſon tide.
What tongue can tell the throng depriv'd of breath,
The wounds deſcribe, or dwell on every death?
None yet appear'd, of all the warring band,
Who durſt ſuſtain his valour hand to hand.
Alone Gildippe 'gainſt the monarch came;
No fear could damp her generous thirſt of fame.
Leſs bold on fair Thermodoön's winding ſhore,
Each warlike Amazon her buckler bore,
Or rear'd her axe; than now, with glorious heat,
Gildippe ruſh'd the Perſian's rage to meet.
She rais'd her ſword, and ſtruck the regal crown
That round his helm with pomp barbaric ſhone.
The glittering honours from his brows ſhe rent;
Beneath the force the mighty warrior bent.

The

The king with ſhame the powerful arm confeſs'd,
And ſwift t' avenge the blow his ſteel addreſs'd:
Full on her front ſo fierce the dame he ſtruck,
That ſenſe her mind, and ſtrength her limbs forſook.
Then had ſhe fall'n, but near with ready hand
Her faithful lord her ſinking weight ſuſtain'd.
No more the lofty foe his ſtroke purſu'd,
But with diſdain an eaſy conqueſt view'd:
So the bold lion, with a ſcornful eye,
Scowls on the proſtrate prey, and paſſes by.
Meantime fierce Ormond, who, with murderous care,
Had ſpread for Godfrey's life the fatal ſnare,
Diſguis'd, was mingled with the Chriſtian band,
And near their chief his dire aſſociates ſtand.
So prowling wolves an entrance ſeek to gain,
Like faithful dogs, amongſt the woolly train;
They watch the folds when welcome ſhades ariſe,
And hide their quivering tails between their thighs.
Th' inſidious band advanc'd, and now in view
Near pious Godfrey's ſide the Pagan drew.
Soon as the prince the white and gold ſurvey'd,
(The certain token which their wile betray'd)
Behold the traitor there confeſs'd (he cries)
Who veils his treaſon with a Frank's diſguiſe!

At me his followers aim the deadly blow—
He ſaid, and ruſh'd againſt the treacherous foe:
On Ormond ſwift th' avenging blade he rais'd;
Th' aſtoniſh'd wretch, without reſiſtance, gaz'd:
And, while a ſudden terror froze his blood,
With ſtiffening limbs, a ſenſeleſs ſtatue ſtood.
Each ſword was turn'd againſt the fraudful crew,
At theſe the ſhafts from every quiver flew:
In pieces hewn their bodies ſtrew the plains;
And not a ſingle corſe entire remains!

Now, ſtain'd with ſlaughter, Godfrey bent his courſe
To where the valiant Altamorus' force
His ſquadrons pierc'd, that fled with timorous haſte,
Like Afric ſands before the ſouthern blaſt.
Loud to his troops th' indignant hero cry'd,
Stay'd thoſe that fled, and him that chac'd defy'd.

Between thoſe mighty chiefs a fight enſu'd,
More dire than Ida or Scamander view'd.
Meanwhile betwixt the foot the battle bled;
Thoſe Baldwin rul'd, and theſe Mulaſſes led.
Nor leſs, in other parts, the conflict rag'd,
Where next the mountain, horſe with horſe engag'd.
There Emirenes dealing fate was found;
There fought the two * in fields of death renown'd.

* ADRASTUS and TISAPHERNES.

Two

Two Roberts there the Pagan force defy'd:
With Emirenes one the combat try'd,
While conqueſt yet declar'd on neither ſide:
But one, with armour pierc'd and helmet hew'd,
In harder conflict with Adraſtus ſtood.
Still Tiſaphernes finds no equal foe
To mate his ſtrength, and meaſure blow for blow;
But ruſhes where he ſees the thickeſt train,
And with a mingled carnage heaps the plain.
Thus far'd the war; while neither part prevails,
And hope and fear are pois'd in equal ſcales.
O'erſpread with ſhatter'd arms the ground appears,
With broken bucklers, and with ſhiver'd ſpears.
Here ſwords are ſtuck in hapleſs warriors kill'd,
And uſeleſs there are ſcatter'd o'er the field.
Here, on their face, the breathleſs bodies lie;
There turn their ghaſtly features to the ſky!
Beſide his lord the courſer preſs'd the plain;
Beſide his ſlaughter'd friend the friend is ſlain;
Foe near to foe; and on the vanquiſh'd ſpread
The victor lies; the living on the dead!
An undiſtinguiſh'd din is heard around,
Mix'd is the murmur, and confus'd the ſound:
The threats of anger, and the ſoldiers' cry,
The groans of thoſe that fall, and thoſe that die.

The ſplendid arms that ſhone ſo gay before,
Now, ſudden chang'd, delight the eyes no more.
The ſteel has loſt its gleam, the gold its blaze:
No more the vary'd colours blend their rays:
Torn from the creſt the ſully'd plumes are loſt,
And duſt and blood deform the pomp of either hoſt!
Now, on the left, with Ethiopia's train,
The Moors and Arabs wheel around the plain.
The ſlingers next, and archers from afar,
Pour'd on the Franks a thick and miſſile war:
When lo! Rinaldo with his ſquadron came,
Dire as an earthquake, ſwift as lightening's flame!
From Meroë, firſt of Ethiopia's bands,
Full in his paſſage Aſſimirus ſtands:
Rinaldo reach'd him, where the ſable head
Join'd to the neck, and mix'd him with the dead.
Soon as his ſword the taſte of blood confeſs'd,
New ardor kindled in the hero's breaſt.
Through all the throng the dreadful victor ſtorm'd,
And deeds, tranſcending human faith, perform'd.
As, when th' envenom'd ſerpent ſhoots along,
Furious he ſeems to dart a triple tongue:
At once the chief appears three ſwords to wield,
And hurl a threefold vengeance round the field.

The

The ſwarthy kings, the Libyan tyrants die;
Drench'd in each other's blood confus'd, they lie.
Fierce with the reſt his following friends engage,
His great example animates their rage.
Without defence th' aſtoniſh'd vulgar fall;
One univerſal ruin levels all!
'Twas war no more, but carnage thro' the field;
Thoſe lift the ſword, and theſe their boſoms yield.
No longer now the Pagans ſink, oppreſs'd
With wounds before, all honeſt on the breaſt;
Loſt are their ranks, they fly with headlong fear,
And pale confuſion trembles in their rear:
Behind, Rinaldo pours along the plain,
And breaks and ſcatters wide the timorous train.
At length his generous arm from ſlaughter ceas'd,
And 'gainſt a flying foe his wrath decreas'd.
So when high hills or tufted woods oppoſe,
With double force the wind indignant blows;
No more oppos'd, no more its rage prevails,
But o'er the lawn it breathes in gentle gales.
So midſt the rocks the ſea reſounding raves,
But, unconfin'd, more calmly rolls its waves.
Next on the foot the warrior bent his force,
Where late the Afric and Arabian horſe

The ſquadrons flank'd; but now diſpers'd around,
They take their flight, or gaſp upon the ground.
Swift on th' unguarded files Rinaldo flew;
As ſwift behind his brave compeers purſue:
Spears, darts, and ſwords, in vain his might withſtand,
Whole legions fall beneath his dreadful hand!
Not with ſuch rage a burſting tempeſt borne,
Sweeps o'er the field, and mows the golden corn.
The ſtreaming blood in purple torrents ſwell'd,
And arms and mangled limbs the earth conceal'd:
There, uncontrol'd, the foaming courſers tread,
Bound o'er the plain, and trample on the dead!

Now came Rinaldo where, with martial air,
Appear'd Armida in her glittering car.
A train of lovers near her perſon wait,
A glorious guard, the nobles of the ſtate!
She ſees! ſhe knows!—conflicting paſſions riſe,
Deſire and anger tremble in her eyes.
A tranſient bluſh the hero's viſage burns;
But heat and cold poſſeſs her heart by turns.
The knight, declining from the car, withdrew,
Not unregarded by the rival-crew;
Thoſe lift the ſword, and theſe the lance protend;
Ev'n ſhe prepares her threatening bow to bend,

She

She fits the ſhaft, diſdain her thoughts impell'd,
But love awhile the purpos'd ſtroke with-held;
Thrice in her hand the miſſile reed ſhe tries;
And thrice her faltering hand its ſtrength denies.
At length her wrath prevails, ſhe twangs the ſtring,
And ſends the whizzing arrow on the wing:
Swift flies the ſhaft—as ſwiftly flies her prayer,
That all its fury may be ſpent in air!
She hopes, ſhe fears, ſhe follows with her eye,
And marks the weapon as it cuts the ſky.
The weapon, not unfaithful to her aim,
Againſt the warrior's ſtubborn corſlet came;
Harmleſs it fell; aſide the hero turn'd:
She deem'd her power deſpis'd, her anger ſcorn'd:
Again ſhe bent her bow, but fail'd to wound,
While love with ſurer darts her boſom found.
And is he then impervious to the ſteel,
And fears he not (ſhe cry'd) the ſtroke to feel?
Does tenfold adamant his limbs inveſt,
That adamant which guards his ruthleſs breaſt?
So well ſecur'd, that ſafely he defies
The ſword of battle, or the fair one's eyes?
What further arts for wretched me remain?—
Attempt no more—for every art is vain!

Arm'd or diſarm'd an equal fate I know,
Alike contemn'd, a lover or a foe!
Where now, alas! is every former boaſt?—
Behold my warriors faint!—my hopes are loſt!
Againſt his valour every ſtrength muſt fail;
Nor courage can withſtand, nor arms avail!
While thus ſhe thought, her champions round ſhe view'd
O'erthrown, or ta'en, or weltering in their blood.
What ſhould ſhe do?—alone, unhelp'd remain?
Already now ſhe dreads the victor's chain:
Nor dares (the bow and javelin at her ſide)
In Pallas' or Diana's arms confide.
As when the fearful cygnet ſees on high
The ſtrong-pounc'd eagle ſtooping from the ſky,
Trembling ſhe cowers beneath th' impending fate;
So ſeem'd Armida, ſuch her dangerous ſtate.
But Altamorus, who from ſhameful flight
Still held the Perſians, and maintain'd the fight,
Her peril view'd, and, careleſs of his fame,
His troops forſook, and to her reſcue came.
With rapid ſword he breaks amid the war,
And wheels around her, and defends the car;
While dire deſtruction rages through his bands,
O'erthrown by Godfrey and Rinaldo's hands.

This

This ſees th' unhappy prince, but ſees in vain:
Armida ſuccour'd, now he turns again,
But flew too late t' aſſiſt his routed train!
There all was loſt; a general panic ſpread;
Diſpers'd, around the broken Perſians fled.
In other parts the fainting Chriſtians yield;
Two Roberts there in vain direct the field;
One ſcarce eſcap'd with life; his wounded breaſt
And bleeding front the hoſtile ſteel confeſs'd;
While fierce Adraſtus one his priſoner made:
Thus equal chance the dubious battle ſway'd.

But Godfrey now his hardy warriors warm'd,
Again to fight his ready bands he form'd;
Then bravely on the victor-forces flew;
They join, they thicken, and the war renew.
Each ſide appears diſtain'd with adverſe gore;
Each ſide the glorious ſigns of triumph bore.
Conqueſt and fame on either part are ſeen,
And Mars and Fortune doubtful ſtand between.

While thus the combat rages on the plain
Betwixt the Chriſtian and the Pagan train;
High on the tower the haughty Soldan ſtood,
From whence, intent, the diſtant ſtrife he view'd;
Struck with the ſight, his breaſt with envy ſwell'd,
He burn'd to mingle in the fatal field.

All

All arm'd beſides, he ſnatch'd with eager haſte,
And on his head his radiant helmet plac'd:
Riſe! riſe! (he ſaid) no longer ſlothful lie—
Behold the time to conquer or to die!
Then, whether Heaven's high providence inſpir'd
His daring purpoſe, and his fury fir'd,
That thus at once the Pagan reign might end,
And all its glories on that day deſcend:
Or whether, conſcious of his death to come,
He felt an impulſe now to meet his doom:
Sudden he bade the ſounding gates unbar,
And iſſu'd forth with unexpected war;
Nor waits his following band, but ſingly goes;
Himſelf alone defies a thouſand foes.
But ſoon the reſt his martial rage partook,
Ev'n aged Aladine the fort forſook:
The baſe, the cautious, catch at once the fires;
Nor hope excites them, but deſpair inſpires.
The firſt the Turk before his paſſage found,
His valour tumbled breathleſs to the ground.
So ſwift he thunder'd on the faithful train,
That, ere they view th' aſſault, their friends are ſlain.
Firſt of the Chriſtians, ſtruck with panic fear,
The trembling Syrians for their flight prepare.

But ſtill unrouted ſtood the Gaſcon band,
Though nearer theſe the Soldan's rage ſuſtain'd,
And fell in heaps beneath his ſlaughtering hand.
Not with ſuch wrath the ſavage beaſt indu'd,
Leaps o'er the fold, and dies the ground with blood:
Not with ſuch fury, through th' ethereal ſpace,
Voracious vultures rend the feather'd race.
Through plated ſteel his ſtrength reſiſtleſs drives,
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives!
With Aladine the Pagans quit the tower,
And furious on their late beſiegers pour.

But Raymond now advanc'd with fearleſs haſte,
And ſaw where Solyman his ſquadron preſs'd;
Nor yet the hoary chief his ſteps forbore,
Nor ſhunn'd that arm whoſe force he felt before.
Again to combat he defies the foe,
Again his front receives a dreadful blow:
Again he falls; in vain declining age,
With ſtrength unequal, would ſuch power engage.
Behold a hundred ſwords and ſhields diſplay'd;
And theſe defend the knight, and thoſe invade.
But thence with ſpeed th' impetuous Soldan flies;
(He deems him ſlain, or deems an eaſy prize)
Deſcending, o'er the ruin'd works he goes
To diſtant plains, where fiercer battle glows:

Far

Far other ſcenes his barbarous rage demands,
Far other deaths muſt glut his cruel hands!
Meanwhile around the late beleaguer'd tower,
New vigour had inſpir'd the Pagan power;
The warmth their leader breath'd they ſtill retain;
And with the Chriſtians ſtill their fears remain.
Thoſe ſeek to finiſh what their chief began;
And theſe, retreating, ſeem to quit the plain:
In due array the hardy Gaſcons yield;
The Syrians wide are ſcatter'd o'er the field.
The tumult thickens near where Tancred lies,
He hears the din of arms, the ſoldiers' cries:
Strait from the couch his wounded limbs he rears,
And lo! at once the mingled ſcene appears:
He ſees on earth th' ill-fated Raymond laid,
Some ſlowly yield, and ſome in flight ſurvey'd.
That courage true to every noble breaſt,
Nor loſt by weakneſs, nor by pain ſuppreſs'd,
Now ſwell'd the hero's ſoul; he graſp'd his ſhield,
Nor ſeem'd too faint the ponderous orb to wield;

Ver. 550. —— *from the couch his wounded limbs he rears.*] Taſſo ſeems to have caught this circumſtance from an incident in Boyardo, where Sacripant, in like manner, iſſues forth, armed only with his ſword and ſhield, againſt Agrican, who had gained an entrance into Albracca.

His right hand held unſheath'd his glittering blade,
Nor other arms he ſought, nor more delay'd;
But iſſuing thus—O! whither would you fly,
And leave your lord neglected here to die?
Shall then theſe Pagans rend his arms away,
And in their fanes ſuſpend the glorious prey?
Go—ſeek your country—to his ſon reveal
That, where you fled, his noble father fell!
He ſaid; and durſt againſt a thouſand foes
His breaſt, ſtill feeble with his wounds, oppoſe;
While with his ample ſhield (a fencing ſhade,
With ſeven tough hides and plates of ſteel o'erlaid)
He kept the hoary Raymond ſafe from harms,
From ſwords, and darts, and all the miſſile arms:
He whirls his falchion with reſiſtleſs ſway:
The foes repuls'd forego their wiſh'd-for prey.
But ſoon the venerable hero roſe,
His face with ſhame, his heart with anger, glows;
In vain he ſeeks the chief by whom he fell,
Then 'gainſt the vulgar turns his vengeful ſteel.
The Gaſcons, rally'd, ſoon the fight renew,
And ſtrait their gallant leader's ſteps purſue:
Now fears the troop that danger late diſdain'd,
And courage now ſucceeds where terror reign'd.

They

They chace that yielded, thoſe that chac'd give way:
So chang'd at once the fortune of the day!
While Raymond rag'd with unreſiſted hand,
And ſought the nobleſt of the hoſtile band:
The realm's uſurper, Aladine, he view'd,
Who midſt the thickeſt preſs the fight purſu'd;
He ſaw, and 'gainſt him rais'd his fatal ſteel,
Cleft through the head the dying monarch fell;
Prone on his kingdom's ſoil reſign'd his breath,
And groaning bit the bloody duſt in death.
Now various paſſions move the Pagan foes:
Some 'gainſt the ſpear their deſperate breaſts oppoſe;
While ſome, with terror ſeiz'd, the fight forſake,
And in the fort their ſecond refuge take:
But entering, mix'd with theſe, the victor-train
At once the conqueſt of the fortreſs gain.
Now all is won—in vain the Pagans fly;
Within they fall, or at the portal die.
Sage Raymond then aſcends the lofty tower,
The mighty ſtandard in his hand he bore,
There full in view, to either hoſt diſplay'd,
The Croſs triumphant to the winds he ſpread;
Unſeen of Solyman, who thence afar,
Impatient flew to mingle in the war:

And now he reach'd the fatal ſanguine field,
Where more and more the purple torrent ſwell'd.
There death appear'd to hold his horrid reign,
There raiſe his trophies on the dreadful plain.
The Soldan ſeiz'd a ſteed, the combat fought,
And ſudden to the fainting Pagans brought
A ſhort but glorious aid—So lightening flies,
And unexpected falls, and inſtant dies;
But leaves in rifted rocks, with furious force,
The tokens of its momentary courſe.
A hundred warriors, great in arms, he ſlew;
Yet from oblivion fame has ſnatch'd but two.
O Edward and Gildippe! faithful pair!
Your hapleſs fate, your matchleſs deeds in war,
(If equal praiſe my Tuſcan muſe can give)
Conſign'd to diſtant times ſhall ever live!
Some pitying lover, when the tale he hears,
Shall grace your fortune and my verſe with tears.
  Th' intrepid heroine ſpurr'd her ſteed, and flew
To where the raging Turk the troops o'erthrew:
Two mighty ſtrokes her valiant arm impell'd,
One reach'd his ſide, one pierc'd his plated ſhield:
The furious chief her well-known veſt deſcry'd:
Behold the ſtrumpet with her mate (he cry'd)

Hence

Hence to thy female taſks! the diſtaff wield,
Nor dare with ſpear and ſword to brave the field.
He ſaid, and dreadful as the words he ſpoke,
His thundering weapon through her corſlet broke:
Deep in her breaſt the ruthleſs falchion drove,
Her gentle breaſt, the ſeat of truth and love!
Her languid hand foregoes the uſeleſs rein;
Approaching death creeps cold in every vein.
To ſave his wife, unhappy Edward flies!
Too late he comes—his lov'd Gildippe dies!
What ſhould he do?—diſtracting thoughts prevail,
Pity and wrath at once his heart aſſail:
That, bids his arm a kind ſupport beſtow,
This, prompts his vengeance on the barbarous foe.
While with his left he ſeeks to hold the fair,
His better hand provokes th' unequal war:
But vain his effort to ſupport his bride,
Or reach the murderous chief by whom ſhe dy'd.
The ſword the Pagan through his arm impell'd,
That with a fruitleſs graſp his conſort held.
As when an axe the ſtately elm invades,
Or ſtorms uproot it from its native ſhades,
It falls—and with it falls the mantling vine,
Whoſe curling folds its ample waiſt entwine:

So

So Edward ſunk beneath the Pagan ſteel; —
So, with her Edward, fair Gildippe fell.
They ſtrive to ſpeak, their words are loſt in ſighs,
And on their lips th' imperfect accent dies.
Each other ſtill with mournful looks they view,
And, cloſe embracing, take the laſt adieu:
Till, loſing both the cheerful beams of light,
Their gentle ſouls together take their flight!
Soon ſpreading fame the dire event declares,
And ſoon the tidings to Rinaldo bears:
Compaſſion, grief, and wrath at once conſpire,
And all his generous thoughts to vengeance fire:
But firſt Adraſtus, in the Soldan's ſight,
His paſſage croſs'd, and dar'd him to the fight.
Then thus the king—By every ſign diſplay'd,
Thou ſure art he for whom my ſearch is made.
Each buckler have I long explor'd in vain,
And oft have call'd thee through th' embattled plain.
Now ſhall my former vows be fully paid,
And juſtice fated with thy forfeit head:
Come!—let us here our mutual valour ſhow,
Armida's champion I, and thou her foe!
Boaſtful he ſpoke; then whirl'd his flaſhing ſteel;
Swift on the Chriſtian's head the tempeſt fell:

In vain—the temper'd caſque the force withſtood;
But oft the warrior in the ſaddle bow'd:
Rinaldo's falchion then Adraſtus found,
And in his ſide impreſs'd a mortal wound:
Prone falls the giant-king, no more a name!
One fatal blow concludes his life and fame!

With horror ſeiz'd, the gazing Pagans ſtood,
While fear and wonder froze their curdling blood.
Ev'n Solyman ſurpris'd the ſtroke beheld,
His alter'd looks his troubled thoughts reveal'd:
He ſees his doom, and (wondrous to relate!)
Suſpended ſtands to meet approaching fate.
But Heaven's high will, for ever uncontrol'd,
Unnerves the mighty, and confounds the bold!
As oft the ſick in dreams attempt to fly,
What time the fainting limbs their ſpeed deny;
In vain their lips a vocal ſound eſſay,
Nor cries nor voice can find their wonted way.
So ſtrove the Soldan now th' aſſault to dare,
He rouz'd his ſoul to meet the threaten'd war;
In vain—no more the thirſt of fame prevail'd;
His ſpirits droop'd, his wonted vigour fail'd;
He ſcorn'd to yield or fly: yet, unreſolv'd,
A thouſand thoughts his wavering mind revolv'd.

While

While thus he paus'd, the conquering chief drew nigh,
Furious he ruſh'd, tremendous to the eye!
He ſeem'd to move with more than mortal courſe,
And look'd a match for more than mortal force.
The Pagan ſcarce reſiſts, yet even in death
Preſerves his fame, and nobly yields his breath;
Nor ſhuns the ſword, but, midſt his ruin great,
Without a groan receives the ſtroke of fate!
Thus he, who, when ſubdu'd by ſtronger foes,
From every fall like old Antæus roſe
With force renew'd, now reach'd his deſtin'd hour,
And preſs'd at length the earth, to riſe no more.
Then fame from man to man the tidings bears;
A doubtful face no longer fortune wears;
No longer then the war's event ſuſpends,
But joins the Chriſtians, and their arms befriends.
Soon from the fight recede the regal band,
The pride, the ſtrength, of all the eaſtern land;
Once call'd Immortal; now the name is loſt,
And ruin triumphs o'er an empty boaſt!
Th' aſtoniſh'd bearer with the ſtandard fled,
Him Emirenes ſtopp'd, and ſternly ſaid.
Art thou not he, ſelected from the train,
Our monarch's glorious banner to ſuſtain?

Was it for this (O! ſcandal to the brave!)
That to thy hand th' important charge I gave?
And canſt thou, Rimedon, thy chief ſurvey,
Yet baſely leave him, and deſert the day?
What doſt thou ſeek?—thy ſafety?—here it lies—
With me return—death waits for him who flies.
Here let him bravely fight who hopes to live;
Here honour's deeds alone can ſafety give.
He heard, and inſtant to the field return'd;
Diſdain and ſhame his conſcious boſom burn'd.
No leſs the reſt th' intrepid chief retain'd,
Theſe urg'd by threats, and thoſe by force conſtrain'd.
Who dares to fly from yonder ſwords, (he cries)
Who dares to tremble, by this weapon dies!
Thus rang'd again his routed files he view'd,
The war rekindled, and his hopes renew'd:
While Tiſaphernes with reſiſtleſs might
Maintain'd the combat, and forbade the flight.
Brave deeds that day renown'd the warrior's hand;
His ſingle force diſpers'd the Norman band:
By him were chac'd the Flemings from the plain,
And Gernier, Gerrard, and Rogero ſlain.
When acts like theſe had grac'd his laſt of days,
And crown'd his ſhort but glorious life with praiſe;

As

As careleſs what ſucceeding fate might yield,
He ſought the greateſt perils of the field;
He ſaw Rinaldo, well the youth he knew,
Though all his arms were dy'd to ſanguine hue.
Lo! there the terror of the plain (he cries)
May Heaven aſſiſt my daring enterprize!
So ſhall Armida her revenge obtain:
O! Macon! let my ſword this conqueſt gain,
And his proud arms ſhall hang devoted in thy fane.
Thus pray'd the knight; his words are loſt in air,
No Macon hears his unavailing prayer.
As the bold lion, eager to engage,
With laſhing tail provokes his native rage:
So fares the furious warrior; love inſpires,
Swells all his ſoul, and rouſes all his fires.
He bears aloft his ſhield; he ſpurs his ſteed;
The Latian hero ruſh'd with equal ſpeed.
At once they meet; at once, on either hand,
In deep ſuſpenſe the gazing armies ſtand.
Such ſkill, ſuch courage, either champion ſhows,
So ſwift their weapons, and ſo fierce their blows;
Each ſide awhile forget their wonted rage,
And drop their arms, to ſee the chiefs engage.
In vain the Pagan ſtrikes; ſecur'd from harms,
The Chriſtian combats in ethereal arms;

From him more fatal every ſtroke deſcends;
The foe from wounds no temper'd ſteel defends;
His ſhield is rent away, his helm is hew'd,
And the plain bluſhes with a ſtream of blood.

The fair enchantreſs, who the fight ſurvey'd,
Beheld how faſt her champion's ſtrength decay'd.
She ſaw the reſt, a pale and heartleſs train,
That ſcarce from flight their trembling feet reſtrain;
Till ſhe, who late ſuch guards around her view'd,
Alone, forſaken, in her chariot ſtood:
She loaths the light, and ſervitude ſhe fears,
Of conqueſt or revenge alike deſpairs.
Then, leaping from her car in pale affright,
She mounts a ſteed, and takes her ſpeedy flight.
But, like two hounds that ſnuff the tainted dew,
Anger and love her parting ſteps purſue.
When Cleopatra, by her fears betray'd,
Of old from Actium's fatal conflict fled;
And left, to Cæſar's happier arms expos'd,
Her * Roman lord with perils round enclos'd;
He ſoon, forgetful of his former fame,
Spread every ſail to join the flying dame:
So Tiſaphernes (but his foe withſtood)
Had from the field Armida's flight purſu'd:

* Mark Anthony.

His

His fair-one vaniſh'd from his longing eyes,
The ſun ſeem'd blotted from the cheerful ſkies:
Fierce at Rinaldo then, in wild deſpair,
He rais'd aloft his vengeful blade in air.
Not with ſuch weight, to frame the forky brand,
The ponderous hammer falls from Brontes' hand.
Full on his front the thundering ſtroke he ſent:
Beneath the force the ſtaggering warrior bent;
But ſoon recovering, whirl'd his beaming ſword:
The thirſty point the Pagan's boſom gor'd;
A furious paſſage through his cuiraſs made,
Till at his back appear'd the reeking blade:
The ſteel, drawn forth, a double vent ſupply'd;
The ſoul came floating in a purple tide.
  Rinaldo, pauſing, caſt around his view,
To mark what friends to aid, what foes purſue.
Wide o'er the field he ſees the Pagans fly;
On earth their broken arms and enſigns lie.
And now his thoughts recall th' unhappy fair,
Who furious fled abandon'd to deſpair;
Her woeful ſtate might well his pity claim,
Her love neglected, and her ruin'd fame!
For ſtill in mind his tender faith he bore,
Her champion plighted when he left her ſhore.

Then, where her rapid courſer's track he view'd,
Th' impatient knight the flying dame purſu'd.
Meanwhile Armida chanc'd a vale to find
That ſeem'd for dire deſpair and death deſign'd:
Well-pleas'd herſelf ſhe ſaw by fate convey'd
To end her woes in ſuch a grateful ſhade.
There, 'lighting from her ſteed, ſhe laid aſide
Her bow, her quiver, all her martial pride.
Unfaithful arms! (ſhe cries) eſſay'd in vain,
Return'd unbath'd from ſuch a ſanguine plain;
Here bury'd lie, and prove the field no more,
Since you ſo ill aveng'd the wrongs I bore.
If vainly thus at other hearts you fly,
Dare you a female's wretched boſom try?
Here—enter mine, that naked meets the blow;
Here raiſe your trophies, here your triumph ſhow!
Love knows how well this breaſt admits the dart;
Love, that ſo deep has pierc'd my tender heart!
Unbleſt Armida! what is now thy fate,
When this alone can cure thy wretched ſtate?
The weapon's point muſt heal the wound of Love,
And friendly Death my heart's phyſician prove.
Fond Love, farewel!—but come, thou fell Diſdain!
For ever partner with my ghoſt remain;

Together let us riſe from realms below,
To haunt th' ungrateful author of my woe;
To bring dire viſions to his fearful ſight,
And fill with horror every ſleepleſs night!
She ceas'd; and, fix'd her mournful life to cloſe,
The ſharpeſt arrow from her quiver choſe;
When lo! Rinaldo came and ſaw the fair
So near the dreadful period of deſpair:
Already now her frantic hand ſhe rear'd,
And death already in her looks appear'd:
He ruſh'd behind her, and reſtrain'd the dart;
The fatal point juſt bent againſt her heart.
Armida turn'd, and ſtrait the knight beheld,
(Unheard he came, and ſudden ſtood reveal'd)
Surpris'd ſhe ſees, and, ſhrieking with affright,
From his lov'd face averts her angry ſight;
She faints! ſhe ſinks!—as falls a tender flower,
Whoſe feeble ſtem ſupports the head no more:
His arms he threw around her lovely waiſt,
Her weight ſupported, and her zone unbrac'd;
While, gently bending o'er the fair diſtreſs'd,
His ſorrows bath'd her face and lovely breaſt.
As, wet with pearly drops of morning dews,
The drooping roſe her wonted grace renews:

So ſhe, recovering ſoon, her viſage rears,
All moiſt and trickling with her lover's tears.
And thrice ſhe rais'd her eyes the youth to view,
Thrice from his face her ſight averſe withdrew.
Oft from the ſtrict embrace in vain ſhe ſtrove,
With languid hand, his ſtronger arm to move;
The pitying warrior ſtill his graſp retain'd,
And cloſer to his breaſt the damſel ſtrain'd.
At length, as thus in dear reſtraint ſhe lay,
Her words with guſhing torrents found their way:
Yet ſtill on earth ſhe bent her ſteadfaſt look,
Nor dar'd to meet his glance, while thus ſhe ſpoke,
O cruel! when thou left'ſt me firſt to mourn!
And O! as cruel now in thy return!
Why wouldſt thou then thy fruitleſs cares employ
To ſave a life thy perjuries deſtroy?
Say, to what future wrongs, what future ſhame,
What woes unknown is doom'd Armida's name?
Full well thy wily purpoſe I deſcry—
But ſhe can little dare, who dares not die.
One triumph ſtill to grace thy pomp remains;
A hapleſs princeſs bound in captive chains;
At firſt betray'd, then made by force thy prize;
From acts like theſe thy mighty glories riſe!

Once

Once life and happineſs 'twas thine to give;
Now death alone my ſufferings can relieve!
But not from thee this bleſſing I demand;
All gifts are hateful from Rinaldo's hand!
Yet, cruel as thou art, myſelf can find
Some friendly way t' elude the ills deſign'd:
If to a helpleſs wretch in bondage ty'd,
Are poiſonous drugs and piercing ſteel deny'd;
Yet (thanks to Heaven!) a path remains to death;
Thou ſhalt not long detain this hated breath:
Ceaſe then thy ſoothing arts, thy feints give o'er,
And move my ſoul with flattering hopes no more.
  Thus mournful ſhe; while love and anger drew
Faſt from her beauteous eyes the briny dew.
He, touch'd with pity, melts with equal woe,
And, mix'd with hers, his kindly ſorrows flow.
At length with tender words he thus reply'd;
Armida! lay thy doubts, thy fears, aſide:
Live—not to ſuffer ſhame, to empire live;
In me thy champion, not thy foe, receive.
Behold theſe eyes, if ſtill thou doubt'ſt my zeal,
Let theſe, the truth of what I ſpeak, reveal.
I ſwear to place thee on thy regal throne,
The ſeat of ſplendor where thy fathers ſhone.

O! would

O! would to Heaven! the rays of truth as well
Might from thy mind the Pagan miſt diſpel,
As I ſhall raiſe thee to ſo high a ſtate,
No eaſtern dame ſhall match thy glorious fate.
He ſpoke; and, ſpeaking, ſought her breaſt to move
With ſighs and tears, the eloquence of love!
Till, like the melting flakes of mountain ſnow,
Where ſhines the ſun, or tepid breezes blow;
Her anger, late ſo fierce, diſſolves away,
And gentle paſſions bear a milder ſway.
Ah me! I yield! (the ſoften'd fair replies)
Still on thy faith my eaſy heart relies!
'Tis thine at will to guide my future way,
And, what thou bid'ſt, Armida muſt obey!
Thus they. Meanwhile th' Egyptian chief beheld
His regal ſtandard caſt upon the field;
And Rimedon all breathleſs preſs the plain,
By one fierce ſtroke from mighty Godfrey ſlain.
Or kill'd, or routed, all his troops appear,
Yet, to the laſt, he ſcorns ignoble fear;
And ſeeks, what now his hopes alone demand,
A death illuſtrious from a noble hand.
He ſpurs his ſteed, and ſwift on Godfrey flies;
No greater foe amid the plain he ſpies:

Fierce

Fierce as he thunders through the ranks of war,
He ſhows the laſt brave tokens of deſpair:
Then to the chief he rais'd his voice on high:
I come by thee in glorious ſtrife to die!
'Tis death I ſeek—but, ere I yield to fate,
I truſt to cruſh thee with my ſinking weight!

Thus he. At once they ruſh to meet the fight:
At once, on either ſide, their ſwords alight.
The Pagan's ſteel the Chriſtian's buckler cleaves;
His hand, diſarm'd, the ſudden wound receives.
From Godfrey next deſcends a mightier blow
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe:
Half back he fell: and, while to riſe he ſtrove,
Deep in his groin the Frank his falchion drove.

Now, Emirenes dead, but few remain
Of all the numbers of th' Egyptian train:
While Godfrey theſe from place to place purſu'd,
Brave Altamorus on the field he view'd,
Who midſt his foes th' unequal fight maintain'd,
Alone, on foot, with hoſtile blood diſtain'd;
With broken ſword and ſhield the king appears,
And cloſe ſurrounded with a hundred ſpears.

Then to his warriors pious Godfrey cry'd:
Forbear, my friends! and lay your arms aſide:

And thou, O chief! no more conteſt the field;
Forego thy weapons, and to Godfrey yield.
He ſaid; and he, who till that fatal hour
Ne'er bow'd his lofty ſoul to human power,
Soon as the great, the glorious name he heard,
(A ſound from Libya to the pole rever'd)
At once reſign'd his ſword to Godfrey's hands:
I yield! (he cry'd) nor leſs thy worth demands.
Thy triumph gain'd o'er Altamorus' name,
Is crown'd no leſs with riches than with fame.
My kingdom with its gold, my pious wife
With jewels, ſhall redeem my forfeit life.
Heaven has not given me (thus the chief replies)
A mind to covet gold, or jewels prize:
Still keep whate'er is thine from India's ſhore,
And ſtill in peace enjoy thy Perſian ſtore:
No price for life, no ranſom I demand;
I war, but traffick not, in Aſia's land.
He ceas'd; and with his guards the monarch plac'd,
Then from the field the ſcatter'd remnants chac'd;
Theſe to the trench in vain their flight purſue;
Inſatiate death o'ertakes the trembling crew;
Gigantic ſlaughter ſtalks on every ſide,
And ſwells from tent to tent the dreadful tide:

Helms,

Helms, creſts, and radiant ſhields are purpled o'er,
And coſtly trappings drop with human gore!
Thus conquer'd Godfrey; and as yet the day
Gave from the weſtern waves the parting ray,
Swift to the walls the glorious victor rode,
The domes where CHRIST had made his bleſt abode:
In ſanguine veſt, with all his princely train,
The chief of chiefs then ſought the ſacred fane;
There o'er the hallow'd tomb his arms diſplay'd,
And there to Heaven his vow'd devotions paid.

THE END OF THE TWENTIETH AND LAST BOOK.

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